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A

DESCRIPTIVE LIST

OF

BRITISH NOVELS.

COMPILED BY

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DEVOTED TO PLACES.



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It is a very pleasant thing to finish reading a book and feel that one has made a charming new acquaintance.* Men and women who are entirely congenial and delightful are by no means common in this world, even if one lives in the midst of its best society; and some of our dear friends are people who live all the year round in the little three-walled houses made by book-covers. Yet *their* every-day life is as real to us as *ours*; their houses and their fortunes and misfortunes are well known to us, and we are sure of a thousand things about them that we never saw in print. The inner circle of our friends might be a broken one if it were not rounded and completed with such companionships as these. But one thinks not so much of the luxury of having these friendships as of the necessity for them, and of the good it does everybody to know nice people, of the elevating power a novel may have if it carries its readers among people worth knowing. It is certainly a great force in raising the tone of society; it is a great help in the advance of civilization and refinement. A good story has a thousand readers where a biography has ten. Who is not better for having associated with the ladies and gentlemen to whom certain novelists have presented us? One instinctively tries to behave his very best after meeting them, and admires their hospitality, their charity, their courage in adversity, their grace and good-breeding. How many tricks of speech and manner we have caught in such society! How often we have been moved to correct some carelessness or rudeness, of which we were unconscious until they taught us better! Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, a hundred others, have unwittingly done much more than entertain us with their stories: they have taught many people good manners; they have set copies for us to follow in little things and great. To have spent a Week in a French Country House—as I hope we have all been lucky enough to do—will save us from seeming awkward on any repetition of that charming visit. If we have never been abroad at all we feel that when we are in France, by and by, and go into the country, it will not seem at all strange. It is a pity that so little is known of *our* pleasant people from the story-books. The best of our gentlemen and ladies have kept very much to themselves; at any rate, they have few representatives in fiction, and do not mix much with the familiar types of character in American novels. Do they have themselves privately printed, and are they not to be so shy as they are, and to keep their fashion of doing things to themselves? Are the authors who write about American life afraid of seeming to copy foreign stories if they say too much of the people who, from a social point of view, are best worth knowing and reading about? The country life and local dialects and peculiarities, with their ridiculousness and pathos, the energy and restlessness and flashiness and unconventionality, the ostentation, of Americans have been held up for us to look at again and again. There are many of our neighbors across the water who think the American girl of the period, with whom they have become acquainted, is the best type that can be found. It is too bad that there have been so few stories of agreeable, high-bred American men and women, and that our best society has been so seldom represented in fiction. It is certainly not because it does not exist, and more books which show us such characters as these would do much good. [Atlantic.

BRITISH NOVELS.

The object of this list is to direct readers, such as would enjoy the kind of books here described, to a number of novels, easily obtainable, but which, in many cases, have been forgotten within a year or two after publication. That the existence of works of fiction is remembered so short a time is a pity, since, for every new book of merit, there are, in most libraries, a hundred as good or better, unknown to the majority of readers. It is hoped that the publication of this and similar lists will lessen, in some measure, the disposition to read an inferior NEW book when superior OLD books, equally fresh to most readers, are at hand.

This list will be followed by others describing EUROPEAN, ECCENTRIC, and FANCIFUL novels and tales. The compiler would be pleased to have his attention called to any works deserving a place which have escaped his attention. It may be observed that the compiler has tried to include only such works as are well-written, interesting, and free from sensationalism, sentimentality, and pretence. But in a few cases, books have been noticed on account of the reputation of their authors, or their great popularity, rather than their merit.

The selected "notices" here given are generally abridged.

ACADEMICIAN (THE) [by H: ERROLL: *Bentley*, 1888.] "impresses one as being pleasant and lit, yet by no means shallo. The heroin, a charming person, improves as her story advances, for her 'niceness' is sufficiently qualified to preserve her from any suspicion of insipidity. The dialog is smart and neat, but is never fatiguingly over clever or over subtle. . . . The book's main interest is artistic." [Athenæum. **1025**

ACROSS THE GARDEN WALL [by — () GREENE: *F. V. White*, 1886.] "is a little comedy which occupies the reader's attention very pleasantly. A novel which affords simple relaxation, and makes one forget to criticize, should meet with grateful recognition." [Athenæum. **1026**

ADAM AND EVE = No. 579

ADAM BEDE [by "G: ELIOT," i. e.,

M.. A.. (Evans) Cross: *Blackwood*, 1859.] "is remarkable, not less for the unaffected saxon style which upholds the graceful fabric of the narrativ, and for the naturalness of its scenes and characters, so that the reader at once feels happy and at home among them, than for the general perception of those universal springs of action which control all society, the patient unfolding of those traits of humanity with which commonplace writers get out of temper and rudely dispense. The place and the people and the language ar of the simplest; and what happens from day to day, and from year to year, in the period of the action, mit happen in any little village. We do not kno where to look, in the whole range of contemporary fictitious literature, for pictures in which the sober and the brilliant tones

almost from starvation." [Church Monthly. **1032**

AGAINST TIME [by ALEX. INNES SHAND: *Smith*, 1870.] "is a really interesting novel, free from cant, verbiage, or undue sensation—the work of a man endowed with a clear and fertile fancy, who can describe the scenes and people of the present day without depressing the reader with the sense of their vulgarity. He is modern, but not mean, and imaginatively without being maudlin. Equally at home in the City and on the Highland hills, he gives a vivid and enthusiastic, yet truthful, description of both. . . . The characters are all excellent, and many original." [Athen. **1033**

AGATHA'S HUSBAND [by DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK: *Chapman*, 1850.] "is, in its strong interest, a painful book; and for this reason it is more likely to be a favorite with the young, the hopeful, and the enthusiastic—who, after all, are the great novel readers—than with those whose lives and thoughts belong to the sober realities of life, and whose experience of sorrow inclines them to shrink from the exposition of mimic woes. Agatha herself is drawn with such power and delicate skill that she lives in the memory with the individuality of a well-known personage. She is a true woman of the high-toned class. Her 'husband,' tho' apparently representing the author's ideal of a man, pleases us much less. The simile of the 'oak and the ivy' is all very pretty for poetry, and possibly for sylvan vegetable life. But the human ivy, we suspect, sometimes grows sadly tired of doing all the twining, and at any rate would like the oak to bend its branches and somewhat reciprocate the embrace. Nevertheless, we know there is a large class of women who admire the 'style'; and while a tender-hearted, demonstra-

tive man is often in life wedded to a shrew, or an automaton, we as usually find his generous-natured women lavishing their affection on some calm, stern, self-possessed ideal, like the Nathanael of the present volumes." [Ladies' Companion. **1034**

AGNES HOPETOUN'S SCHOOLS AND HOLIDAYS [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*, 1872.] "is a very pleasant story. The heroine is a rather bad-tempered and intractable little girl, who, through painful discipline, learns how to be good and useful." [Boston "Literary World." **1035**

AILEEN FERRERS. [by SUSAN MORLEY: *H. S. King*, 1874.] "Those who prefer quality to quantity of fiction will here not be disappointed. The young lady with the pretty Irish name is an admirable heroine, whose sound sense, womanly heart, and fine discretion by no means detract from her character as the central figure of a neat little romance. Nor is Aileen alone in the possession of qualities which, however they may influence our common life, are generally deemed quite unworthy of fiction. Aileen's patrician aunt and plebeian grandmother vie with each other in the justness of their views, and the tact with which they treat their young relative." [Athenæum. **1036**

AIRY FAIRY LILIAN. [by MA. (ARGLES) HUNGERFORD: *Lippincott*, 1879.] "We have here a thoroughly delightful novel, to be read with interest, laid over, and enjoyed from beginning to end by everybody who likes to look into English country life in its sunniest mood, to know intimately a small party of pleasant people, to be a party to sparkling and witty conversation, to make the acquaintance of one of the most engaging young ladies whom recent fiction has presented, and to watch the

course of 2 very pretty love affairs throu a tortuous and troubled grōth to a happy consummation. The book is as fresh, fragrant, brit, and exhilarating as a June morning. The only clouds in the sky ar made to be radiant; no disagreeable villains ar allowed; no taint debases the life recorded; Lady Chetwood is just a lovely old lady; and the 'airy fairy Lillian' is all which the epithets attached to her name suggest. The dainty social slang in which she and her irrepressible cousin Taffy indulge, givs special zest to the book." [Boston "Literary World." **1037**

ALDERSYDE [by ANNIE S. SWAN, N.Y., *Carter*, 1880.] is "a quaint, tender, pathetic story, illustrativ of a fāse of the social life of the Scottish border seventy years ago." **1038**

ALDYTH. [by JESSIE FOTHERGILL: *H. S. King*, 1877.] "There is some power in Miss Fothergill's domestic story. The sad trials throu which Aldyth passes (first in refusing, from a sense of duty to her younger sisters, to emigrate with the man to whom she is engaged, and lastly in being treacherously supplanted in his love by her younger sister, when 10 years of waiting have spoiled her looks) serve only to make her character hier and purer than before. The minor personages hav all their distinctiv traits. The style is simple and correct." [Athen. **1039**

ALEC FORBES of Howglen. [by G: MACDONALD: *Hurst*, 1865.] "It is something to rejoice the heart that even in these days a novel can be written full of strong human interest without any aid from melodramatic scene-painting, social mysteries, and the fysical force of incidents. 'Alec Forbes' is merely the history of some of the inhabitants of an obscure village in the north of Scotland. A country lass, left an orfan,

and a boy, the son of a wido, a little better placed in the world, ar the main figures in the story; but innumerable threads of interest ar interwoven with them: the human hearts by which they all liv ar opened to the reader; and this is the real source of interest—an interest deeper and stronger than can be woven out of mere circumstances, however complicated or perilous....The sketches of university life in Glasgow ar very good; the temptations and fall of Alec ar firmly handled, and the friendship of the whimsical and learned librarian is admirably introduced and worked out. But the reader must read for himself; no account of the story would giv any idea of the profound interest which pervades the work from the first page to the last. 'Alec Forbes' is the work of a poet. The ballads and poems, which ar introduced here and there, ar all touched with grace and beauty." [Athenæum. **1040**

ALEXIA. [by ELEANOR C. PRICE: *Bentley*, 1887.] "It is not often that so much delicate art is displayed in the telling of so slit a story. Not only is the plot so skilfully interwoven with the finer passion of the tale that it is almost spun, as it wer, out of the very texture of that passion....but all the sketches of character ar complete to just the same extent and depth, so that we seem to be looking at a fine bas-relief whêre every figure is definitely, tho only superficially, chiselled out, and each is in keeping with the others. Miss Price tells us quite truly and simply at the conclusion of her tale: 'This is only a sketch of a few years in a girl's life, and there is no need to carry it on any further. Alexia and Charlie wer, of course, meant for each other from the beginning; they wer lovers always, and I shall be surprised if they do not continue lovers to

the end. They wer neither of them faultless, and both made mistakes in their lives. which mit very easily hav severed them for ever.' But what interests us in this brief but delicate story is the beauty and simplicity of the workmanship, — the perfect ease with which not only the hero's and heroin's far from faultless characters ar drawn and made visible, but the secondary figures ar sketched in, so as to enhance the vividness of the principal interest... In a story so sliit, we hav seldom seen so true an art displayed, so much finish and simplicity in delineating the relation between the characters, and so much skill in weaving a plot which shall really express, as human destinies very rarely seem to express, both what is truest and what is faultiest in the characters concerned, and that shall correspond so accurately, and yet so naturally, to the expectations and wishes of the reader." [Spectator.

1041

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD [by ALEX. SMITH: *Strahan*, 1866.] "is a very charming tale.... Quiet, thöroly good, capitally told, with every here and thère a sprinkle of really beautiful, poetic prose. Thère is also a relish of mild Scottism, not only whère the characters speak, but whère the author himself speaks, which is of itself a charm in these days of clipped hedges and wire fences. The book mit almost hav for its second title 'Quarrels made up.' The chief figure in it next to its hero, is a rich old aunt, who has fallen out with her well-descended niece for marrying beneath her, but who does all kind things under her crabbed surface of pride: one great kind act above all others, buying a partnership for Alfred Hagart, of which, to the end, the recipient never knös. Then we hav a lovers' quarrel, very well told, and nobly ad-

justed, by the working of a hint given by the same original old lady. Next to her character, the best drawn in the book is that of Alfred Hagart himself. The intermixture of the folly of the head with the wisdom of the heart; the combination of restlessness and yearning for change with safe anchorage in affection and respect for a good wife, ar capitally described." [Contemp. Review. 1042

ALICE DUGDALE. [with "Why Frau Frohmann" by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Isbister*, 1882.] "Mr. Trollope fully succeeds in making Alice Dugdale really lovable and charming, in spite of the drudgery in which she is always engaged, the unromantic butteriness of her little brother's kisses, and the much pricked fore-finger which has gone throu so many trials in the mending of torn clothes. Nay, he makes, as, of course, he öt to make, the buttery kisses and the pricked forefinger essential parts of the loveliness of the girl who carries her dignity so well throu all her trials, and wins her prize at last, by virtue, almost, of her resolv to thro it away." [Spectator.

1043

ALICE GRAEME [*Chapman*, 1868.] "is a charming story. The personages ar well-drawn, and with the exception of the one incident (the father's acceptance of the proposal of a french nobleman to hav Alice taken abroad and educated for a public singer), all is quiet and life-like. The peaceful household and sunny garden of the scotch school-master touch the reader like a pleasant home whère he would like to dwell; the motherly Mrs. Graeme, the stern father, the old grandmother, ar like good dutch portraits. The sudden shame and grief which come to them throu thèir son, the sorro which overtakes the beautiful Alice ar well done. The mystery of affliction which is meted out to the whole house-

hold, is full of subtle teaching in the good that is worked out of trials which seem only dark and hard and cruel at the time. The picture of Alice when forsaken by her lover, her misery and her temptations are well told. The author justifies the seeming cruelty of the trial by the beauty and delicacy with which the purifying influence of sorrow is shown. Alice begins by being a lovely girl; she ends by becoming an angel." [Athenæum. **1044**

ALICIA TENNANT [by F. M. PEARD: *Bentley*, 1886.] "is a story of good society, written in that pleasant and refined style to which readers of Miss Peard's books are accustomed. Her characters are well drawn, even the men, one of whom is particularly good, a precise, well-bred gentleman, studious and irreproachable, but a dreadful bore; and though as a rule they are a little wanting in incisiveness, there are delicate touches about them which are admirable.... but Miss Peard has been cruel in bringing her story to so sad an end." [Ath. **1045**

ALL IN THE DARK [by JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU: *Harper*, 1866.] "is a simple story excellently told, a reproduction of certain quaint fables in life, which, while they display no lofty power, are marked by much artistic excellence, and a series of pictures and incidental descriptions not extraordinarily brilliant, but evidently drawn and colored after nature. The mind of the reader is never unduly excited by overwrought scenes of passion, and not even a sprinkling of crime disturbs the smooth current of the story, which flows so easily and is so charmingly related that each character seems to be the portraiture of an old friend whom we rejoice to meet, and from whom we are unwilling to part even when assured of his ultimate felicity." [Round Table. **1046**

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. [by W. A. BESANT and J. A. RICE: *Harper*, 1882] "One of the most attractive elements in the stories of Besant and Rice has been the genial belief in human nature, and we are not surprised to find this becoming at last the dominant element in a story written with a purpose. 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' is the record of a young lady who, having become an heiress by her father's immense operations in beer, decides to forego the privileges of her position, and live among the people from whom she has sprung. She is convinced that she can do more good by her presence than by her money, but she very prudently takes the money too; establishes herself as a dressmaker, under an assumed name, in a co-operative association where the employees are given opportunities to rest, to eat, and to play tennis; and finally builds 'A Palace of Delight' for the poor. She discards all known theories of political economy, and it is an excellent point in the story that she labors, not to foster a spirit of content in the humble, but to rouse discontent with misery and wretched surroundings which is known, when it appears in literary circles, by the name of aspiration. To the same boarding-house comes a young gentleman who, having learned that he was not entitled by birth to the social privileges he had enjoyed, decided to return to his people and become a cabinet-maker." [Critic.] — "Rice and Besant worked together with ease. One or both of them was gifted with a sort of French vivacity of description and narration which prevented their stories from ever being dull, and one or both of them had a considerable power of humorous caricature — enough to make extravagant characters entertaining when most unreal.... Among other queer

characters is an american heir, who has come to England to get his rits and be restored to his title. He and his wife, respectable citizens of Canaan City, N.H., ar knon among their friends as Lord and Lady Davenant, but their claim to the name has not received legal recognition, oing to a difficulty in making out the chain of descent. This difficulty is never overcome, but they, like everybody else in the book, ar taut a wholesom lesson, and kindly provided for out of the ample purse of the benevolent heroin." [Nation. **1047**

ALMA [by EMMA () MARSHALL: *Sonnenschein*, 1888.] "is a simple offering to the now neglected shrine of poetic justice. Out of hackneyed materials is woven a graceful, tho improbable romance of the struggles and ultimate success of a girl reduced by poverty to teaching." [Ath. **1048**

AMERICAN SENATOR (THE) [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman and Hall*, 1877.] "mit just as well have been called 'The Chronicle of a Winter at Dillsborough' This name will conjure to readers of Mr. Trollope's books a picture of pleasant recollections. Dillsborough is not, it is true, a cathedral city, nor even an assize town; but is buried in the depths of the country and apparently exists for no purpose whatever. This is Mr. Trollope's proper ground. He has made it familiar to his readers, but they see it again and again without weariness. Those who try to analyse the charm will fail to detect in what it consists. The detail is minute, often, as it seems, irrelevant, but there is an indefinable humor running throu it, and all helps to produce the general effect." [Athenæum. **1049**

AMONG STRANGERS [by "E. S. MAINE": *Smith*, 1870.] "is simple and unpretentious, but is told in so fresh and

graceful a manner as to render it most acceptable. ... It will be seen that the story is of the simplest kind; but the book possesses a charm rarely to be met. Naturally and pleasingly written, it should find a place in many a home circle." [Athenæum. **1050**

AMOR VINCIT [by M.. E. MARTIN: *Ward & Downey*, 1887.] "is a pretty, unpretentious story of a girl who was kidnapped from her mother by her grandmother, and who does not seem to have been in any sense the worse for it. She is brit and loving, the favorit of all whom she meets; and two or three eligible young men ar in due time captivated by her charms. To one of these, the humblest in worldly advantages, she is attracted; and tho her mother turns out to be a fine lady, and eventually recovers her lost child, the legend of the title-page is illustrated by the romantic fidelity of Lois Stanley. The central incident of the narrativ is painful, but it is not too obtrusiv, since the reader is interested from the beginning in the love story of Lois and Alan. The kidnapping grandmother, too, is not so repellent as mit be supposed." [Athenæum. **1051**

AMY WYNTER [by T. A. PINKERTON: *Tinsley*, 1880.] "is a pleasant story of simple life, warm with kindly feeling and redolent of natural charms. The prolog is a romance in itself, and serves, as a good prolog must, to secure the interest of the reader for the more detailed narrativ which folloes." [Athenæum. **1052**

ANGUS GRAY. [by "E. S. MAINE": *Smith*, 1878.] "The characters of Eveleigh and his dauter ar well imagined and successfully developed. The sudden fury which places the easy-going unprincipled virtuoso in such imminent danger, his wild despair and the

ALMOST A HEROINE [by E. . S. . SHEPPARD: *Hurst, Ticknor, 1859.*] "may fairly take its place among the many which liv happily throu a season, and ar then forgotten. Ernest Loftus, its hero, is so unskilled in the ways of men as tō be "almost a heroin" . . . The plan succeeds admirably. Ernest sets off with his £20, leaving the old servant so disconsolate that he wil eat nothing but bread and cheese, and continues his menial work during the whole epoch of his wealth. Meanwhile the hero, when he has only sixpence left, finds a friend in a philanthropic nobleman, whō has established a mad-house, using, tō keep the patients in order, a young lady whō is possessed of a marvelous magnetic influence. With her Ernest falls in lōve, but insanity runs in her blood, and marriage is thērefore impossible. We need not follo him throu the 3 years in which many lāfable, even despicable, weaknesses ar mixed with several strong qualities. The development of his character is an impossible one, and the author in painting it, has endeavored tō combine cōlors which can not effectivly be blended. A much worthier creation is that of Loftus' friend, Arnold Major, a man whō struggles bravely against a crowd of troubles, and, in the end, stands victoriously upon them. His persistent lōve, marred as its working is by jealousy and pride, is powerfully described. He and the sparkling, wayward, noble-hearted woman whō becomes his wife ar the true hero and heroin. The book has cleverness and good purpos, which make it worth reading; but it also has many failings." [Examiner.]—"If ever the pulses of a wom-

an's soul wer laid bare, they ar so in this book; and this is dōne quite as much by what is written in the character of the professed relator of the story whō is a man, and in the description of the hero and his life, as by the thōts and acts which ar attributed tō her whōm the author styles "almost a heroin." This "almost," by the way, is a bit of affectation which has only its shado of reason in the fact that "Horatia" is not a faultless and (happily) impossible creature, but only one of the lōveliest, most lōvable, and most lōving of women. The story can not be told in epitome; for its incidents ar trifling, disconnected, every-day occurrences. The interest of the book is tō be found in its characters and in its masterly portrayal of emotion, and its exquisitly delicate anatomy of passion;—not only of the master passion, lōve, but of all others. Its hero and its heroin ar London people of hī birth and culture: he, poor, and a man of letters; she a rich independent woman of fashion. Oddly enuf they dō not see each other til the story is half told, altho it prōves in the end that they hav met before tō their cost; and no small part of the development of the grand passion tō the workings of which the book is devoted is made throu a description of thēir behavior, while a third person (the relator) is talking tō each about the other. The style of the book certainly can not be commended for its purity, its clearness, or its eloquence. It is fragmentary, disjointed, elliptical, affected, and contaminated with not a little slang. The thōt, too, which this style convēys is feverish and hī-strung." [Albion.

breaking down of all his prejudices under the reaction of unexpected relief as forcibly dramatic. The true nobility which, overlaid with selfishness in the father, has unfettered sway in his innocent, unselfish child, and atones for the perversities of both, reflects credit on the writer. Angus is more commonplace, but in gentle manliness contributes as much as he gains from his educated friends." [Athenæum. **1053**

ANNE FURNESS. [by F. ELEANOR (TERNAN) TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1871.] "It is impossible here to do justice to the rare merits of 'Anne Furness.' By adopting the autobiographic form the author has voluntarily encountered peculiar difficulties, with which a true artist alone can cope successfully. In saying that the author has succeeded, we mean that we recognize evidences of genius — marvellous imaginativ power, delicate humor, and great power of analyzing character. The subject of the memoir is a woman of a rare type, with all the instincts, tact, and sympathy, without the littleness of the feminine nature. Her lot is cast in the néborhood of a town in Yorkshire. Much of her early life is spent in the house of her grandfather, with whose nature and household she feels herself more in sympathy than at home, and there she meets, while a mere child, a scotch lad, whom she worships from the first." [Ath. **1054**

ANNE WARWICK. [by GEORGIANA MARION (CRAIK) MAY: *Hurst*, 1876.] "The hero's one thôt is to secure the heroin from want. Hence he prevails upon her to marry him on what he supposes to be his death-bed. But she is not to kno what his real object is. She is to look upon it as the half-capricious request of a man doomed to die. The reader, of course, forsees that he recovers. How she is won to love him is the real sub-

ject of the story, which is told with much skill. The diplomacy of Mrs. Travers is especially clever. The reader will not find many novels more readable and pleasant than this." [Spectator. **1055**

ANNIS WARLEIGH'S FORTUNES. [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1864.] "From this point the interest of the story naturally increases, and is sustained without a check to the close. The character of the heroin, a wild and wilful little soul, who, tho in poverty and subjection, has all the instincts of her class, and all the family spirit in her disposition, is graphically drawn, and ably and consistently worked out, as is the retribution or the destiny due from the hands of ideal justice to all connected with her. Thère is plenty of variety, both of scenery and incident, in these pages, and many agreeable pictures of quiet domestic life in rural rectories and sea-side cottages. That the whole ends happily for Annis Warleigh, and those who had cherished and benefited the little wildling in her days of peril and adversity, we need not say." [London Review. **1055a**

ANTHONY FAIRFAX [Bentley, 1885.] "is pleasant and full of promise. The author has not aimed hi, but the interest is maintained throuout and the characters ar consistent and true to nature. The secularist working man and his wife ar excellent portraits, and in Beatrice Clare we hav a charming picture of a healthy and rit-minded girl. Thère ar abundant evidences in the pages of this novel of a close, but not unkindly study of human nature." [Athenæum. **1056**

APRIL DAY (AN) [by PHILIPPA PRITTIE JEPHSON: *F. V. White*, 1883.] "is well named. Thère is the tearful britness of the spring about Kathleen

Desmond's love idyl. When the gallant hussar seems to love and ride away there is a sad contrast between the sombreness of her lonely days and the pleasant companionship in the glen which made her country life so endurable; and in proportion to the melancholy which, in spite of herself, has overshadowed her brave tho tender heart is the joy which dispels all sorrow when her warrior returns. We are bound to say that in life the earl who makes so praiseworthy and adventurous an effort to learn the character of the charmer who has bewitched his son would have promptly married her himself; but both Lord Lowestoft and Mr. Desmond are models of chivalry, and Kate's constancy is undisturbed by selfish machinations. There is enough which is local in description to mark the scene of action sufficiently; but this graceful story is a love-tale, and not a book on the savage realities of life in Ireland." [Athenæum. **1057**

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE. [by WALTER BESANT: *Harper*, 1890] "Of all the novelists Mr. Besant is the most fertile, fluent, and uniformly agreeable. Dear to him is every kind of romance, and doubly dear the romance of love. He can tell a stirring tale of military adventure, a pathetic tale of the grievances of the poor, the sorrows of the oppressed; an amusing tale of transient fashionable follies — but he is most at home and most attractive when he is leading young lovers through deep waters of affliction to joy everlasting. The romance of 'Armored of Lyonesse' is a very pretty one, packed full of romantic events and situations for which no apology is offered. . . . The singleness of her devotion to her prince when, after several years, she finds him again, a pauper and bond slave to a cruel-hearted

villain, is quite beautiful to dwell upon; so are the combined delicacy and pluck with which she forces him to strike for freedom and lay the villain low. Laying him low is no child's play, for his villainy is not vulgar and superficial; it is subtle, intellectual, with ramifications many and deep. He preys upon the brains of the needy, buying very cheaply their stories, their poems, their paintings, and, thus being enabled to pose as a universal genius, waxes fat, famous and fashionable at their expense. Thanks to the fidelity and courage of the girl from Scilly, his discomfiture is complete. Nobody can feel quite sure after reading 'Armored of Lyonesse' that the most cunning sinner may not dig pits for his betrayal, or that righteousness never triumphs in a wicked world." [Nation. **1058**

ASPEN COURT. [by [C: W:] SHIRLEY BROOKS: *Bentley*, 1855.] "Mr. Brooks has written no book to compare with this in matter — so full of thought, humor, and observation. To a style at all times lit, airy, brilliant, he has now added more serious graces. We have the airy satire, the fresh expression, the humorous suggestion; but we have these in a closer relation than was the wont of this lit and graceful writer, to the more sacred sympathies of human life." [Athenæum. **1059**

ASPHODEL [by M.. E.. (BRADDON) MAXWELL: *Maxwell*, 1881.] "is a story written in Miss Braddon's later manner. It does not depend upon intricacy of plot, upon crime or mystery; it is as simple a tale as could be contrived, with its interest centered upon one character. The style is wonderfully easy and fluent; the conversations are brilliant, pointed, and vigorous; and the description, of which there is a great deal, is always vivid enough not to be tedious. The tale is one of mutual

love at first sight. The early scenes are charming. There is a school girl sketching in the forest of Fontainebleau while her friend sits apart doing wool-work. A stranger looks over the artist's shoulder, amused at her energy, and makes a comment upon her work. Then comes an extemporized picnic, and next day a more or less accidental meeting at the château. The girl is perfectly frank and perfectly inquisitive, and amongst other things finds out that the stranger is engaged to be married. Soon afterwards she goes home, and when her sister's fiancé appears, he turns out to be the stranger of Fontainebleau. Then the trouble begins. Both strive against their love, and it is not till near the end of the story that it bursts out on both sides. The power of the author is shown not so much in her invention as in the ease with which she makes events suit her purpose and happen so naturally as to leave the impression that they could not have been otherwise. Here and there a masterly touch is obvious. The love of the two sisters for each other shows an imagination and delicacy which those who have read only the author's earlier works would hardly expect from her. The book also shows skill of a kind which is rather to be regretted. Having really but a short story to write, Miss Braddon fills it out by taking her people to **Switzerland**, when the book becomes in effect what used to be called a 'picturesque tour.' But in spite of all this the reader will find himself forced to admit that it is readable throughout." [Athenæum.

1060

AT ANY COST [by "E. GARRETT," i. e., I. Fyfe Mayo: *Oliphant*, 1884.] "is the old story of the good boy and the bad boy, without the old ending. The heroes do not meet with

their traditional fate: outward prosperity comes to them both, but they bear it with a difference. Robert Sinclair and Tom Ollison are natives of the Shetland Isles; it is among 'the crags and storms of the far, far North' that we first make their acquaintance. They set forth to seek their fortune. Cold and selfish Robert Sinclair is bound for a Surrey village where his mother's old friend, the miller, is to take him in, while the brave and cheery Tom Ollison is to be assistant to an old London bookseller. On the road they came across Mr. Brander, a rich stockbroker, and his daughter. The handsome face and bright ways of Tom Ollison attract Mr. Brander, but the attraction is not mutual; Tom draws back, and his more worldly-wise companion steps into the breach, and the journey becomes Robert's stepping-stone to fortune. His sojourn in Surrey is short; he is taken into Mr. Brander's office. London life tries the lads, and brings out their strength and their weakness. The tale is admirably told, and we can strongly recommend it." [Athenæum.] — The book "is quietly, calmly written, and is the story of one who believes in having not love, or money, or power, 'at any cost,' but truth. Nor does it refer to religious truth, but simply the truth about ourselves and others, too often concealed from mistaken ideas of what is best. The plot, tho' the hackneyed one of an illegitimate child deserted by his mother, is original in having the child knowing always who he is, and the mother ignorant that the man who has sheltered her is her son, while he knows that he is her son." [Critic. 1061

AT FAULT [by HAWLEY SMART: *Chapman*, 1883.] "is a tale which he who runs may read. No psychological analysis or subjective philosophy causes mis-

givings in the heart of the unspeculativ reader who likes his fiction lit and frothy. The gravest problem in the book is the dual identity of Fosdyke or Foxborough, the mysterious adventurer who is at once a 'topping' solicitor in rural Philistia and manager of a bohemian music-hall. [Compare the plot of 'The Hundredth Man,' — No. 275] As the hero has a wife to share either fate of his fortunes, it may be supposed how complicated is the strain upon his energies and affections. His secret is not unravelled until the violent close of his life at the hands of an enemy, who, having endeavored to trade on his discovery of the truth, makes full use of the mystery to escape for some time the hands of justice. On the whole, the plot is well imagined and sustained. Marlinson, the old-fashioned inn-keeper, Sturton, the Radical, but fashionable tailor, and other minor characters are very lifelike." [Athenæum.

1062

AT HIS GATES. [by MA. O. (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Scribner*, 1873.] "Robert Drummond, a painter of fair repute, has a wife (Helen) and a daughter, whom he maintains in comfort by the practice of his profession. Reginald Burton, a cousin and rejected suitor of Helen, and now a rich merchant, becomes a frequent guest at Drummond's house, and infects him with the itch for rapid money-getting. Finally the artist is induced to become a director, with Burton, in a great banking-house. Not long after, Burton withdraws from the institution, pleading a press of other business. . . . At last the bank 'bursts,' and Robert finds that he has been a tool for working the ruin of many of his friends who had intrusted their funds to the bank. He writes a letter to his friend Dr. Maurice, announcing his intention to leave the world, and adds:

'Burton and Golden have done it. Secretly he disappears. . . . How time brôt about its revenges, how, in many years, fact after fact cropped out, throwing a gleam on the mysterious tragedy; how, almost simultaneously, Burton fled, a hunted fugitive, and Drummond, a white-haired, broken man, reappears on this earthly scene, — the telling of all this makes up the bulk of the story. But, long before this consummation, a new generation of personages come on the stage, — children of the original characters, — complicating the relations of these, and adding the disturbing element of love to the already tempestuous *res gestæ*. Mrs. Oliphant is not a mere fabricator of fiction; she is a thinker, a philosopher; and for the development of a plot which is in no respect remarkable, she has created sundry characters, original, individual, and finished, with a conscientious fidelity and power of handling which are unmistakable marks of genius. The strength of the story is in its characterization." [Boston "Literary World."

1063

AT SIXES AND SEVENS [by A. WEBER: *Mozley & Smith*, 1877.] "defines the relations of an amiable party of youths and girls in a pleasant village in the valley of the Thames. The heroine is the self-sacrificing eldest daughter of an absent-minded student and his invalid wife, who occupy the village rectory. A very charming specimen of an enthusiastic yet sound-headed maiden is Grace. . . . Mrs. Wyatt, and the two excellent old maids, who are alone in their thorough understanding of their favorite, are well drawn portraits. There is also an Oxford don, with an insight into character not common in the race, who is evidently described from some living model." [Athenæum.

1064

ATHOL [by M. R. H. POTT: N.-Y., *Young*, 1873.] "is the modest title of a singularly pure, modest, well-written and interesting novel. The main point on which the narrative turns is on which has always proved a favorite with women novelists, to whom the sight of a young girl, gradually and unconsciously falling in love with a grave, staid, strong, manly, middle-aged guardian seems to have had a great, and to some minds, unaccountable attraction. But if the essence or most suggestive element of the plot is not original, the fresh, naive, wholesome manner in which it is treated, and the distinct and strongly-marked individualities of the characters, give the story itself an indescribably fresh and healthy air, reminding one of the odor of new-mown hay . . . The characters are drawn with great distinctness and attention to detail; the plot, though stale, is nicely elaborated; the descriptive passages are vigorously drawn; and the whole tone of the book is pure and noble. Altogether we recommend it warmly to every lover of healthy and legitimately exciting fiction." [Arcadian. **5 p**

ATHELINGS (THE) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1857.] "is written with simplicity and tenderness. The story is, in some respects, original; and altho the main incident has an ancient tinge, the author never loses for a moment her power of making the situations and characters peculiarly hers. Without outlining the drama, we may mention that it turns upon three moral gifts, bestowed by nature upon 3 of the personages, and that this conception is cleverly kept in vue from first to last, without being strained into disagreeable prominence." [Leader.] — "Two sisters and one brother, a father, a mother, and baby twins, lived in Islington and comfort on £200 a year. The elder sister is an author; the younger a beauty; the brother is a boisterous boy who gets articted in a lawyer's office, and helps by his acumen and energy to save the family property and defeat the bad man of the book, Lord Winterbourne; the twins remain subordinate and come in for the ladies' petting; the father and mother ar also in the background.... The author is clever: she can describe society: Mr. Agar, the old epicurean exquirit, and Mrs. Edgerly, the vapid woman of fashion, ar well touched; and thêre is a dainty naturalness in the sisters which makes it pleasant to remember them." [Westminster Review. **1065**

ATHERSTON PRIORY [by L. N. COMYN: *Estes*, 1874.] "is a story of english life, marked by refinement and healthful morality. Its heroin, Lisa, is a young girl of the harum-scarum order whose moral and intellectual reformation is effected gradually, but surely, by the influence of love. The masculin instrument in the case is a very grave, dignified, and, so far as personal charms ar concerned, an unattractiv man.

The book is filled with details of daily life in a large middle-class family, and is entertaining in a quiet way." [Boston "Literary World." **1066**

AUNT DIANA [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Lippincott*, 1883.] "is a pretty tho sentimental story about a girl named Alison Merle, who, under the inspiration of one of those delitful maiden aunts, unhappily more commonly found in fiction than in life — an earnest, influential, self-controlled maiden aunt, full of talent and benefactions, always appearing with help in her rit hand at the rit moment — does a hard bit of duty well, and helps and changes the moral attitude of her whole family. There is one rather exciting episode with an embezzling clerk, but otherwise the plot is simple, and enuf is to be learned from Alison's experience to make the book good reading for those who, like her, wish to do the rit thing tho at the cost of their temporary comfort and pleasure." [Boston "Literary World." **1067**

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE [by F. ELEANOR (TERNAN) TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1866, — *Peterson*, 1867.] "is a simple and touching little story which comes to delit us with its pure and refreshing influences.... It is a tale of unselfish love and devotion; of cruel wrong and just retribution; of noble thôts and aims in all which regards human life; of womanly tenderness; of christian resignation and forgiveness. There is nothing startling in incident or style, nor is the plot remarkable for originality; but there is a secret charm about Aunt Margaret which attracts us to her in her early childhood, and causes us to resent the injustice she is made to suffer — which enlists all our sympathies for the loving and confiding girl — and which, while sharing the sorro so cruelly

brôt upon her young heart by another's treachery, causes us scarcely to regret the bitter trials throu which, in after life, her hier nature is developed. The whole tone of the book is thôroly healthful, and tho, from the nature of the story, necessarily tinged with sadness, it is wholly free from any morbid tendency; on the contrary, Margaret, after the first gush of sorro, accepts her situation heroically — the lit and joyousness of life had gone; but thêre was serious work before her, and in its accomplishment she found consolation." [Round Table. **1068**

AUNT RACHAEL. [by D: CHRISTIE MURRAY: *Macmillan*, 1886.] "A Rustic Sentimental Comedy" is a very modest sub-title for as dainty a bit of literary work, combining romance and humor, as we hav had for many a day. The book is, in its way, a gem — one of those richly humorous tales which ar all the more amusing becausa the actors in the drama hav not the least consciousness that they ar funny. The story moves with the greatest precision and dignified solemnity, while the audience is not convulsed with lâfter, but listens and looks on with a not less pleasing sense of being well entertained by persons who hav no intention of entertaining anybody. The story is nothing compared with the perfectness of each chapter in a series of little genre pictures as delicate in finish as they ar clever in conception." [Critic. **1069**

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF M: RUTH-ERFORD, see "REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLANDER (THE) [by "EDNA LYALL," i. e., Ada Ellen Bayly: *Appleton*, 1887.] "is a half-pathetic, half-humorous novelette exhibiting the clever powers of Miss Lyall in a new lit. 'The Autobiografy'

is quite unlike any thing else she has produced, and it will certainly enhance her reputation. It is a story of mischief wrôt by idle tale-bearing. The idea is worked out with much spirit and originality." [American. **1070**

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES. [by M. MOORE: *Bentley*, 1886.] "There is a lodg in a garden of cucumbers at Netherby whêre a jealous wido and her 3 charming dauters dwell in strict seclusion; and the reader will understand that in this situation thêre ar the makings of a pretty story. The wido seems to be a particularly silly specimen of her sex, for she has labored to keep her dauters out of the reach of possible suitors for no better reason than that her husband died of a sunstroke. But it is eventually proved to her satisfaction that sunstroke is not hereditary, and that the children of the sunstruck ar not specially in danger of being moonstruck. So the manœuvres ar fairly successful, from the day when the military besiege the wido's fastness by way of the garden wall, to the day when the last of their enemies surrenders at discretion." [Athenæum. **1071**

AYALA'S ANGEL. [By ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1881.] "Mr. Trollope has a knack of converting prevalent fâses of thôt into flesh and blood, so that in an individual may often be recognized the embodiment of some characteristic peculiarity of society, or some form of idea which is common to most of us; and evidence of this power is to be met in the book now under consideration. By dint of subtle appreciation of character and of these arts, which must surely result from an unusual quickness in feeling the social pulse, he accomplishes a feat which no less able writer could perform, and takes his readers pleasantly throu 3

AUNT ANNE [by LUCY (LANE) CLIFFORD: *Bentley*. 1892.] "is one of the most charming stories it has been our good fortune to meet in a very long while. It is as fresh and original as it is human. Few people have gone through the world without knowing an Aunt Anne; most people have a similar product in their own families, others have met her among their friends. It was no easy task to portray her faithfully and not disgust one thoroughly with her. As it is, our patience is often exhausted by her, our interest and sympathy never. Her intense pride, her courtliness and dignity of manner, her kindheartedness and generosity, her utter disregard of all indebtedness to tradespeople, whom she looks upon as inferiors who must be content to wait until it is the pleasure of their superiors to remember their bills, and her perfect simplicity of mind and character, which enables any designing person to impose upon her to the last extent, prepare us fully for her inconsequent career, with its pitiful conclusion. As there is nothing more diverting than Aunt Anne in her more prosperous days, so there is nothing more touching than that same old lady in the midst of her shame and her disappointment. She is simply delightful." [Critic.]—"The old lady is 'digne' in every way, perfectly independent, perfectly irre-

sponsible . . . But we trust that every reader will make the acquaintance of Aunt Anne for himself. We can assure him (or her) that he knows nobody like her in fiction. To know her in life might be perhaps a mingled pleasure, but in print she is at once the most original and most true creation which we have met for a long time. The present writer has followed the old lady through the severe test of a magazine month by month, disappointed when the younger people filled the scene, and Aunt Anne ceased to be the first figure, but with unfailing interest in the old heroine, with all her big words and queer, irresponsible ways. Her love-story is ridiculous, but most touching and pathetic and true. She herself is never for a moment ridiculous, even when she makes us laugh; and through all those portions of the story in which she has to be most absurd, it is the tears which we find it difficult to restrain, and the old, forlorn figure in her trouble wrings our hearts. Mrs. Clifford has done nothing before at all equal or to be spoken of in the same breath with this delicate and most affecting picture. To receive it from hands accustomed to portray "worldly women," is a surprise as well as an extraordinary pleasure. The outside is almost worthy of Miss Austen; the heart much deeper than anything Miss Austen ever touched." [Spectator. 1066 v

AUSTIN ELLIOT. [by H: KINGSLEY [1830-76]: *Ticknor*, 1863.] "It warms the heart to read such a book. We can not say, indeed, that there is anything profoundly original or affecting in the plot of the story; but there is nature, life, character, genuine feeling in every page of it. A manly spirit, a tender heart, a liberally cultivated mind, and a deliciously humorous habit of seeing and of thinking, all these contribute to make it one of the few vital works in the literature of this scribbling century. It is a book to be loved; and one loves it—not because it denounces duelling, not because it suggests that the organization of society is not altogether perfect, and that a little tinkering, now and then, has its uses—but because it deals so directly and honestly with men and women as they are, inculcating lofty principles and encouraging noble ideals. It has, in short, the combined fascination of strength and sincerity. Its writer had a story to tell, a

story eloquent of love, honor, fidelity, and all the graces of delicate culture—and he has told that story in the simplest and most direct style. We shall not undertake to analyze his plot, nor to point out excellences which the sympathetic reader will readily discover without guidance; but we wish to record, in the strongest language, our approbation of the book, both as to manner and matter. Like "Ravenshoe" [No. 1723], it is an earnest exponent of the dignity and beauty of manly virtue; and the weak friends of abstract goodness, who write novels in praise of rectitude, and thereby—so far as in them lies—bring it into contempt, may herein study with profit the example of a sturdy champion of the Right, who hits from the shoulder, and at whom it would not be safe to lift. Excepting Thackeray, we remember no modern novelist who has exercised a better influence over the age, than H: Kingsley." [Albion.] The time is that of the repeal of the cornlaws. **1069 k**

volumes, without the usual aids of plot and incident; the thread of the story in 'Ayala's Angel' is too slit to be called a plot, yet the book is amusing, in spite of that deficiency." [Spectator.]—"Ayala is a charming creation. Hating the dull life at her uncle's, she is yet true enuf to herself and her ideals to refuse 3 eligible offers. The story is written with great skill, and the reader succumbs to the attractions of the red-haired Jonathan long before Ayala does. Mr. Trollope has a genius for being generous to foibles. He hates the harshness of life and manner developed so often, alas! merely by the necessity for small economies;...yet he reminds us here that life at the 'bijou' had a charm and ease and affectionate hospitality apt to be lacking whêre minds ar too closely occupied with the payment of debts." [Critic. **1072**

AZALEA [by CECIL CLAYTON: *Harper*, 1877.] "takes its name from the pretty, flower-like heroin, a young girl born in Lugano of a hebrew mother and an english father. She becomes an orphan when a child, and goes to England to liv with her grandfather....The rest of the story floes on in a quiet limpid stream, neither quarrel nor misunderstanding interrupting the course of true love, and not a single murder, or sensational incident of any kind appearing to disturb the dreamy calm which gradually takes possession of the reader's senses." [Library Table. **1073**

BABY'S GRANDMOTHER (THE). [by LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WALFORD: *Holt*, 1884.] "No one is more successful than Mrs. Walford in gathering a dozen people and making them as interesting as our own friends. She has grouped this set about a beautiful woman, whose charm there can be no denying. It is her method to make

people talk, and thereby sho the development of character. This accounts for the length of the book in proportion to the number of incidents. How the author could work out of the situation anything like a happy issue was an anxious question while the story was running in 'Blackwood.' It may be said that the knot is cut, not untied. Still, it is as true to human experience that death should sometimes make a way out as that it should often stop the path. There will be two sides taken as to whether Lady Matilda should hav forgiven Challoner, yet that is only a proof of the reality of the creation, for life is seldom so convincing as to make all judgments agree. At least the author has shôn great skill in enlisting the reader's sympathy. He, too, resents the assumptions of the Hanwells, and he feels that the punishment has been severe enuf for the almost unconscious sin of too easy compliance with the sister's ambitious schemes. Mrs. Walford's work needs no praise for anyone who knoes 'Mr. Smith.' To her new readers this book is a better token of her powers than anything since that first. She not only succeeds in making her heroin worthy a man's despair: she makes in Teddy a perfectly new figure in fiction; and by that one trait of himinded reticence which she bestoes on poor Mary Tufnell, she wins for her what would hav seemed impossible—respect and regret." [Nation. **1074**

BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY (THE). [by MARMION W. SAVAGE: 1847.] "From first to last this story was told delightfully. It still remains in a great measure, altho among his minor works, the novelist's masterpiece. The name of the book was 'The Bachelor of the Albany,' the hero of it being Mr. Peter Barker, a thôroly humorous crea-

tion. This rollicking fun was surpassed by the drollery and the more caustic vivacity running throu the incident relating here to the oddly-contrasted households of the Spreads and the Narrowsmiths — the former so winning, the latter so repulsiv. Almost as good as the delineation of the Bachelor himself was that of Dean Bedford, the jovial pluralist, resident at Far Niente." [Athenæum. **1075**

BACHELOR'S BLUNDER (A). [by W: E: NORRIS: *Holt*, 1886.] "We hav endeavored, in noticing some previous books of this author, to express our hi appreciation of his grafic powers, and his rit to be reckoned one of the leading english novelists — one who has been compared to Thackeray in his delicate humor and his ready seizure of the foibles, as well as the virtues of mankind, and to Anthony Trollope in a certain minuteness of finish in the depicting of people and of scenes. This story of a natural and unsophisticated girl in the midst of the intense worldliness of modern english society, and of a marriage deliberately vued in advance and by both parties as one entirely of convénance, is not one of the author's best, but affords an excellent field for his characteristic modes of treatment. We observ in the style the same naturalness and frankness as in earlier writings; and to any readers not yet acquainted with Mr. Norris we commend his works as likely to afford much pleasant literary recreation." [Boston "Lit. World." **1076**

BAFFLED CONSPIRATORS (THE). [by W: E: NORRIS: *S. Blackett*, 1890.] "Mr. Norris has never had a happier thôt for a novel, nor worked out his idea more felicitously, than in this brit story. The conspirators wer 4 spoiled children of society, who formed a mutual protection league

against the wiles of the piscatory sex, agreeing with each other that if either of them 'saw that he was about to commit suicide' by swallowing a hook, he should consult his felloes, and be bound by thêir decision for the space of 6 months. Evidently thêre is room for any amount of spritly writing within the 4 corners of that agreement, and Mr. Norris is spritly on every page. His title is not so appropriate as it mit be, for the conspirators ar not baffled in the object which they set before themselves. The story has two heroins, and in the end thêre ar only 2 bachelors left to lament, after greedily snatching at the bait, that they wer contemptuously thrôn back into the water. The 'Baffled Conspirators' is intentionally slit, but it is thôroly picturesque and sparkling." [Athenæum.] — "There is less body in this one-volume story than in any of Mr. Norris' previous works but, in its slit way, it is simply perfect. The masters of hi comedy ar much rarer than the masters of either lo comedy or melodrama; but Mr. Norris is one of them, and his present story never lapses from the true hi-comedy tone." [Spectator. **1077**

BANNING AND BLESSING [N. Y., — *Whittaker*.] "is a first-rate story of quiet life in a secluded nêborhood near the sea, with plenty of picturesque characters and incidents. It is written in good style by one who knoes how to interest and hold the attention of boys, girls, and all who ar young in spirit." [Critic. **1078**

BARBARA ALLAN, THE PRO-VOST'S DAUGHTER. [by Ro. CLELAND: *Blackwood*, 1889.] "Thêre is a great deal of charm about 'Barbara Allan'; it deals with extremely dull people, and contrives to make them interesting in spite of thêir dulness. The

portrait of the provost in his success and in his decadence shōes real ability, and the other characters, tho here and thère improbable, form, as a whole, a pleasant and natural picture. The author seems well acquainted with scotch life, and manages his dialect well — it is genuine without being incomprehensible." [Athenæum. **1079**

BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIALS [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Lippincott*, 1885.] "narrates the home life of an agreeable family, in which the author is chiefly concerned in differentiating the characters of 4 sisters. 'Barbara' herself seems built on the lines of Miss Alcott's 'Jo,' and her 'trials' ar chiefly the misunderstandings she suffers throu her bluntness and candor. The tale throuout is pleasing and brīt." [American.] — "Given a family of girls well contrasted, utterly untrammelled, and each in possession of a will and a way of her òn, materials for a romance ar not hard to find; and in telling the story of the Heathcotes Miss Carey seems to hav jotted down a series of events exactly as they fell out in life. Thère is plenty of sentiment but its expression is dealt out with a sparing hand; thère ar pretty sylvan scenes, and the wood-paths, the warm homesteads, the meadows and fields all enter into the story and make a pleasant part of it." [Lippincott's. **1080**

BARBARA'S HISTORY. [by AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS: *Hurst*, 1864.] "Just as Mrs. Radcliffe used to season her stories with the requisit amount of ghostly horrors, capable of explanation in the last chapter, so has Miss Edwards effected a compromise between her sense of rit and the depraved appetite of the public, giving zest to her romance by the introduction of a bigamist who, as the curtain falls, is proved to be a

man of exemplary character." [Athenæum. **1081**

BARCHESTER TOWERS. [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Longmans*, 1857.] "Thus [this novel being a continuation of the history begun in 'The Warden'], Mr. Trollope has not to contend against the difficulty of interesting us, at the outset, in his personages or in his narrativ; we ar by no means strangers in Barchester; but he has, perhaps, to meet a worse difficulty, — that of prolonging successfully the interest of a tale which seemed some time ago to hav been brôt to a natural conclusion. Yet we doubt whether 'Barchester Towers' is not a more satisfactory book than 'The Warden': it is certainly more dramatic in its construction; the characters ar more varied; an infusion of romance gives litness, and britness to the ecclesiastical picture." [Athenæum.] See **DOCTOR THORNE**. **1082**

BARREN TITLE (A) [by T. W. SPEIGHT: *Harper*, 1886.] "opens exceedingly well and is original throuout." [Critic. **1083**

BARRINGTON'S FATE. [Boston, 1883.] = **SELF-CONDEMNED**.

BASIL GODFREY'S CAPRICE [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1868], "is a graceful, healthy, and thōroly pleasant story of true love, enduring trials, trusting throu absence, giving no heed to false reports, but feeling them to be false by the talisman of its truth, and finally clearing away all obstacles by virtue of its royal nature. The difficulties and obstacles ar such as wer inevitable from the nature of things — not fantastic fancies, nor the cobwebs of conventionality. The difficulties ar genuin; they ar met in good faith, and yield to the true hearts which encounter them. Nothing is more remarkable throuout this story than the

strong common sense which underlies the romance. Basil and Joan do not make miseries for themselves; they do not sin against the loyalty of each other by mistrust, nor do they torment each other by freaks of self-sacrifice which sin against justice as well as generosity." [Athenæum. **1084**

BASIL PLANT (A) [by **ETHEL COXON**: *Bentley*, 1881.] "enforces a moral against the unequal yoking of the artist with the philistine. A worldly Delilah shears away the strength of Roland Trench, a young man with the artistic temperament and full of his purposes, but too susceptible, as is the manner of artists, to mere external beauty. Eve Goring understands him, if she somewhat idealizes him; and in slitting her affection for that of Gertrude Auley he makes the false step which it is too late to retrieve, when, after the tragic end of his first marriage, he is united to the woman whose influence will have enabled him to realize his highest ambition. The tale is simple, but strongly told." [Athenæum. **1085**

BASIL ST. JOHN. [*Edmonston & Douglas*, 1866.] "We breathe here a pleasant West Highland atmosphere which gives charm to a narrative somewhat wanting in incident. The descriptions which it contains of the **Sutherlandshire** mountains and rivers are as truthful as they are picturesque, and the author shows a thorough acquaintance both with the scenes he describes and the people who inhabit them. It is a pleasure to meet with a novel in which titled personages figure, without any solecisms betraying the author's ignorance of the world in which such persons move.... The hero goes to a shooting-box in the Highlands, and falls in love with a young lady who possesses every charm but that of wealth. His grandfather compels

him for a time to give up the object of his affections, but eventually yields on finding that a very eccentric old general is ready to settle a fortune on her. Meantime, Basil's chief friend, an excellent, but poor government clerk, named Charlie Hay, wins the hand of Miss Susan Mackenzie, an heiress of extensive possessions. . . . The ladies are charming. Evelyn Moncrieff and Susan Mackenzie are two delightful studies, the trusting, kindly nature of the one, and the independent, noble spirit of the other being excellently described. Two so striking figures, set off by so picturesque a background, are quite enough to render the book attractive." [London Review. **1086**

BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD (THE). [by **J. A. PAYN**: *Hall, Virtue & Co.*, 1860.] "We can not speak in complimentary terms of this somewhat lengthy narrative of complicated misfortunes, misdeeds, and misadventures, in which there is not a single point of interest for the reader. All the characters are ill-conceived and ill-developed, without any individuality or purpose. The incidents are generally commonplace, or, if otherwise, forced and exaggerated. The author evidently delights in rendering probable the improbable, and possible the impossible; he also deals too much in the revelation of horrors to allow him to develop his story in a natural or artistic manner. The book, however, betrays evidences of natural capabilities; and we have no doubt that had Mr. Payn been more careful in his delineations and less indiscriminate in his choice of a subject, the result would have devolved greater credit upon himself, and been decidedly more satisfactory to the reader." [Leader. **1087**

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. [by **G. MEREDITH**: *Chapman*, 1875.] "A prompt

amount of compression which should bring 'Beauchamp's Career' down to the proper limit and form of a work of art would make it a really admirable book. As it is, its cleverness and striking brilliancy ar lost in a sea of froth and foam. It is not interesting; it is not even coherent. The story does not develop; the characters act spasmodically, talk wildly, and the end is grievous. It is well known that a living british admiral was the prototype of Beauchamp, — but even that knowledg fails to giv the chronicle of his career an air of reality. In fact, to our thinking, the one novel in which Mr. Meredith has distinctly grasped his idea and realized it to his readers in a way worthy of his undoubted power, is 'Diana of the Crossways'; all the others furnish brilliant kaleidoscopic hints of what mit be beauty, but ar not worked out in a perfected novel." [American.] — "We have not hitherto found Mr. Meredith easy to read, and in acknowledging the greatness of his power in this instance hav had to silence some prepossessions or some principles. Realistic the book certainly is not, unless we stretch that elastic term to cover a case in which the inner truth burns throu an outside of sufficiently conventional english-novel material; — squires, lords and ladies, country-house sojourning, parliamentary elections, dining, poaching, yachting, and all; with a gallic background of an unhappy marriage and love of the elderly french nêbor's wife. Out of this collection of antiquated properties a great, fresh, and noble ideal of conduct evolves itself in the character of Beauchamp, the valiant young aristocrat turned democrat." [W: D. Howells.] — "They say that he draws his men and women from the men and women he knoes; that Sir Austin Feverel, for instance, is himself; that the Redworth

of 'Diana of the Crossways' is his idea of F: Greenwood; that the hero of 'Beauchamp's Career' is a compound of admiral Maxie and Auberon Herbert; the Vernon Whitford of 'The Egoist' is a portrait of Leslie Stephen; the Diana and the Dacier of his last book the Mrs. Norton and the Sidney Herbert of 40 or 50 years ago." [Critic. **1088**

BEAUTIFUL EDITH, The Child-woman. [Boston, *Loring*, 1877.] "It was in an evil moment that the author chose this name for her novel. It is a most unfortunate title, suggesting the most oppressiv silliness, while in fact the story is as entertaining and clever as any which has appeared for some time. It would be, perhaps, too much to say that it is as good as 'The Wooing O't,' but it is very like that favorit, while it is free from the somewhat snobbish aw of the aristocracy which marred 'Mrs. Alexander's' novel. But the amount of cleverness, the knowledge of the world, of observation, of kindly humor which has produced this story is very unusual. Take any one of the characters, — Mrs. Lisle, for instance — and it will be hard to say in what respect the resemblance to life could be made greater." [Nation. **1089**

BEAUTIFUL WRETCH (THE) Etc. [by W: BLACK: *Macmillan*, 1881.] "Those qualities which hav made Mr. Black's writings so widely popular — his good sense, his geniality, and his delicate humor — go a long way towards making 'The Beautiful Wretch' a successful tale.... The very young man who is brother to the beautiful wretch and several more pretty sisters is perhaps the best figure. He is drawn with wonderful fidelity, vivacity, and humor. It is equally impossible to help lâfing at and liking him. As for the heroin, her

nickname is the one thing about her to which one must object." [Ath. 1090

BEDE'S CHARITY [by "HESBA STRETTON," i. e., Hannah Smith: *Dodd*, 1872.] "is by no means an exciting tale. It does not deal with complications of the heart, but rather with the exercise of christian virtues. It is a religious story; but it has merits which we would gladly see in profane works — simplicity and naturalness. It lacks vulgarity, and that is, perhaps, even rarer praise for religious tales than those of other sorts." [Nation. 1091

BELINDA [by MARIA EDGEWORTH.] "is superior to *Patronage* in construction and in liveliness of interest. Here, too, we have to remember that whatever lack of freshness the characterization may have for us is due to the multiplication of novels at the present time and the countless number of our fictitious acquaintance. The story of Belinda, the good angel of the fashionable worldling, Lady Delacour, is cleverly told, with a plenty of wit and of animated dialog, and the author cannot help it if her sinner is the most interesting person in the book." [Boston "Literary World." 1092

BELL OF ST. PAUL'S (THE) [by WALTER BESANT: *Chatto*, 1890.] "with have for its second title 'The Belle of Bankside.' She is the daughter of a poet — a poet of whom no one has read.... These elements will be gratefully received by the old-fashioned reader, who likes his novels seasoned with plot and mystery; but Althea roving the Australian to Chelsea, or taking him through the Southwark slums to show him where once stood the Globe Theatre, the Falcon Inn and Paris gardens; Althea in her turn being led, by the poet, past the tavern haunts of his old associates, while Fleet Street rings with applause of The Poet,

not the same but a prize fighter, and the two take the ovation to themselves; Althea again, in her boat, in a wonderful, Turneresque sunset — these are pictures which will remain in the reader's fancy and to which he will turn again ere he takes up a fresh volume." [Critic.] — "The hero comes home as a prosperous Australian youngster to search out, by his mother's behest, the decaying remains of her family.... With this good old 'revolution-and-discovery' plot are interwound two minor plots: the story of a child bled by a benevolent but eccentric doctor from the gypsies, and educated to the full of modern education in the fond belief that this will develop in him not only all the merits, but, as Mr. Carlyle might have said, all the faults; and the story of a minor bard. That the man of pure science turns out a greedy, heartless young scoundrel, and the man of pure literature an amiable, chivalrous old dotard may be anticipated; but, still, though these are interesting studies enough, they are not the main charm of the book." [Academy. 1093

BELLES AND RINGERS [by HAWLEY SMART: *Chapman*, 1880.] "is a lively story of two pairs of lovers and the anxieties of a match-making mama. It is the slickest and frothiest of social sketches. When an author knows his ground, and refrains from cynicism or exaggeration, it is not unwholesome that the better side of conventional life should sometimes be presented. The dramatis personæ, though occasionally frivolous, are straight-forward, honest specimens of English men and women of their class; and even Lady Mary and the intriguing old bachelor Pansey have kind hearts beneath their worldly crust of small diplomacy. The heroines are well contrasted, and the dénouement is as

happy as befits a merry tale." [Athenæum.

1094

BELTON ESTATE (THE) [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1866.] "is a very readable, if not a very exciting tale. Clara Amedroz draws our sympathy, if she does not win our love; Will Belton is a fine fello,—one of nature's noblemen; and Captain Aylmer, a fine gentleman in the world's very questionable acceptance of that ambiguous term. In these 3 characters, we have the major premise, minor premise, and conclusion of the book. Clara is decidedly our major premise,—a very good, brave, and sensible girl of 26." [Church Monthly.]—"Mr. Trollope is intent on a life-like, external reality; he holds the mirror up, not to nature, but to the exterior of a hily artificial society; he strives that the people in his pages shall precisely correspond in language, thôt, taste, and behavior, to the millions of ordinary beings who form the population of Great Britain. He catches the last mode, and is never more than a month behind the Paris fashions. He is a great artist to sketch the lace shawls, and artistic bonnets, and undulating dresses, in which his performers go throu thêir parts. The resemblance to contemporaneous life is exact, and the slightest incongruity catches our eye and provokes criticism. We watch his young ladies and gentlemen with the same scrutinizing exactness which enables us, unhesitatingly, to define the social position of our fello-guests at a dinner party. We kno, for instance, that the young ladies by no means belong to the cream of society, and lapse occasionally into absolute vulgarisms; and we kno this by some one of a hundred tiny tests with which the author has provided us for the purpose of gauging them. Everything depends on re-

semblance, as the resemblance is one which everybody is able to test; the task of securing and maintaining it is one which few people like Mr. Trollope are clever enuf to achieve successfully." [London Review.

1095

BEN MILNER'S WOOING [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Roberts*, 1877.] "is a pearl among novels, so fresh and pure. Pattie is the daintiest and most bewitching of heroins—a perfect brier-rose, like the Heidenröslein Goethe sings. And dear honest Ben is such a true matter-of-fact 19th-century lover!" [Boston "Lit. World." **1096**

BENEDICTUS [by EMILY MARION HARRIS: *Chapman*, 1887.] "will prove attractiv to all readers in love with noble thôt and graceful fancy. Some acquaintance with 'Estelle' is taken for granted. . . . People as good in thêir way as Estelle Höfer, the twins, and the eccentric M. Becquer are worth knoing in any stage of development. Thêy are of the kind who master the reader's attention till insensibly he interests himself in all their affairs, listens to their talk, and even takes to guessing their thôts. Seemingly unremarkable and seldom overstrained as thêy are, they gradually become entertaining and sympathetic enuf to make parting a regret. 'Estelle' shôed that the writer possesses a thôro knoedg of **Judaism**, as it pursues its unchanged and solitary existence. . . . Estelle in her union of feminin softness with mobility and strength of character is touching and excellent. The twins, in a different way, are even better." [Athenæum. **1097**

BERTRAMS (THE) [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1859.] "has the same amount of acute and sarcastic perception of life and character as distinguishes his former productions. . . . The two characters which stand out in

the strongest relief ar George Bertram and Caroline Waddington, his cousin. The first is a young man of plain exterior, but of cultivated and fastidious mind, of hi and ultra-romantic principles of honor and disinterestedness, and passionately attached to Caroline Waddington. The lady is beautiful, accomplished, hi-spirited and wayward, but with a touch, and but a touch, of worldliness. She, too, is secretly attached to George Bertram. The uncle, a money-getting millionaire, on whom his nephew and his grand-daughter ar to a certain extent dependent, is desirous of seeing them married, in order that he may have heirs to his vast wealth. A series of misunderstandings arise between the young people, and an estrangement ensues, which results in Caroline Waddington giving her hand, but not her heart, to Sir Henry Harcourt. . . . There ar several episodes of no very inferior interest; one in particular—the loves of a young clergyman, Arthur Wilkinson, and Adela Gauntlet—which contrasts agreeably with the love passages in the life of the hero and heroin.” [Leader. **1098**

BESSIE. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1872.] “Of Bessie herself, it is superfluous to say that she is naive and charming, conscientious, affectionate, and unselfish. She is a born hero-worshipper, as most heroic natures ar. In spite of coldness and discouragement, and all the mysterious circumstances which surround the life of Elizabeth De Lusignan, Bessie remains stanch to her belief in the integrity and virtue of her friend; while her own love-story, the story of a real passion, which goes upon her unconsciously, until gratitude and early associations convince her reason that she is attached to her morose and exacting cousin, is one of the best bits of autobiography Miss

Kavanagh has produced. . . . The french life at **Fontainebleau** is well described.” [Athenæum. **1099**

BESSIE LANG. [by ALICE CORKRAN: *J. Blackwood*, 1876.] “‘Bessie Lang’ is a variation of a sad old story. A captivated stranger comes into a village, falls in love with a country girl, wins her love from the worthy country lover, carries her away, and finally deserts her. But, if the story is an old one, the writing is pure and graceful. There ar brit glimpses of beautiful scenery, and good bits of human character. The description of the girl, dying and bequeathing her child by another father as her last and only gift to the lad she had forsaken, may seem unnatural, but it is touchingly pathetic.” [Athen. **1100**

BETHESDA. [by “BARBARA ELBON,” i. e., Lenora B. Halsted: *Macmillan*, 1884.] “The reader must not consider it as a novel, scarcely even as a romance, but rather look upon it as a psychological study. The characters delineated ar few, and the incidents related fewer. The whole force of the slowly moving narrativ is concentrated in the presentment of a man and a woman, alike gifted and strong, mutually attracted by powerful sympathies, yet held apart from closeness of union by the unloved and unloving wife of the man, who stands between them. For awhile René persuades Bethesda that the conflicting elements of the situation can be reconciled by a close friendship under the guise of a literary co-partnership, but they soon discover that Platonic love is (as Cherbuliez says) ‘not a house, but a tunnel’; and Bethesda,—a really strong and noble character,—awakes to the dangers of their situation, finding no ground safe under her feet but entire renunciation of her lover and utter separation of their lives and interests.

"Réné has not the same conscientious impulse to their separation, but loyally submits to what he deems the overstrained scruples of the woman, and they part with mutual love and sorrow." [American. **1101**

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA [by M. LINSKILL: *Harper*, 1884.] "is a careful and refined story. There is a good deal of sentiment and a great deal of quotation; but a really admirable thing is the delineation of the artist-father whose life is made a picturesque and effective illustration of the pathos in the life of genuine workers whose work is never available." [Critic. **1102**

BETWEEN TWO LOVES [by AMELIA EDITH (HUDDLESTON) BARR: *Dodd*, 1889.] "is a charming story of English provincial life. Jonathan Burley's love for his mill, his delight in the whirling music of the looms, his interest in the hands, his sturdy self-respect, his humanity, and his broad view of life, are phases of human nature which we believe are fast being starved out of existence. . . . Nothing, however, mars the insight, the deep knowledge of human strength and weakness of the other characters. One is swept on with the impulses of the life which stirred them. The abounding faith in human goodness, the simple naturalness of the village life, the beauty of the writing and the solidity of the work have produced a charming story." [Critic. **1103**

BEYMINSTRE [by ELLEN WALLACE: N.Y., *Rudd*, 1856.] "is a book we can cordially recommend—it is clever and interesting, the two cardinal virtues of a novel. The hero is drawn with spirit and individuality. His qualities are not smoothed down to the perfectness which is de rigueur for the heroes and heroines of fiction. He is

essentially a gentleman, though he is full of defects; and, what is worse, behaves in the worst manner to the heroine. Regina, the heroine, is charming: she behaves well, but not too well to secure the reader's sympathies. All the other characters in the book partake of the nature of human beings; and the story itself, though slight, is well and firmly woven." [Athenæum. **1104**

BITS FROM BLINKBONNY [by J. STRATHESK: N.Y., *Carter*, 1882.] "is a story unpretending enough, but with the inimitable Scotch flavor. If heroine be, it is a faithful servant-woman, but the chief incident is the leaving of manse and kirk by her master, the minister, at the 'Disruption' of 40 years ago." [Nation. **1105**

BLACK ABBEY [by MAX CROMMELIN: *Low*, 1880.] "deserves a good word from all who can discriminate between careful workmanship and inartistic looseness. . . . The characters are an absentee landlord, who shows himself only about once in 6 months, staying just long enough to make everybody miserable; his 2 grandchildren, with a little ward, Nannie White; a Presbyterian minister, his nephew, and his grandchild. The master of Black Abbey, Mr. de Burgo, is a repulsively selfish and cruel old man, and the author describes somewhat too minutely the severity of the treatment which he accords to the little girls. He is perhaps the least natural character in the book. The children grow together, and Hector manages to win the love of both Nannie and Bella, whilst Allie captivates Luke Cosby. It is with the love story of the two first-mentioned girls that we have principally to do; and this story is as pathetic as any one could wish it to be. The real heroine of the book, Nannie White, is charmingly drawn, and we are

engrossed in her good and evil fortunes to the last page. Bella Hawthorn is a handsom Delilah, who successfully tries her wiles upon the simple giant Hector, to the great grief of the scrupulous old minister. She is less distinctly sketched than her rival, but still thêr ar signs that the author has devoted a good deal of labor to the portraiture of the two girls." [Athenæum. **1106**

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE
[by F.. ELEANOR (TERNAN) TROLLOPE: *Appleton*, 1877.] "is a good novel both in plot and in treatment, in its conception of character, and in its delineation of the mental and moral changes brôt about by the working of circumstances. The gradual debasement of Sir Cosmo and Lady Lowry; the softening and refining effect upon Dr. Flagge of his hopeless affection, as far as Enone is concerned, while all the rest of his offensiv personality is left as detestable as before; the moody and fitful unhappiness of the poor little artiste, as the conviction of her fate opens slôly before her; all these ar wrôt with delicate and strong handling. But the chief attraction of the book lies in its vivid and lovely portraiture of Mary Lowry, in whom the author has drawn an ideal of womanly sweetness and strength, while at the same time she has made her deeply interesting." [Boston "Literary World." **1107**

BLANCHE SEYMOUR [*Lippincott*, 1873.] "is simply the story of the love of a young and charming girl for a man who was unworthy of her. It is not made a pretext for tragic denunciations of heartless men, nor of pathetic appeals for sympathy for neglected maidens; it is nothing more than a picture of a not uncommon life, which everywhêre is agreeably set before us. The author's great merit consists in the commendable

naturalness of all her characters. She is, too, very amusing with her side-remarks and the feminin cleverness which is to be seen on every page. In fact, except for the small tragic pang at the end of the book, which occurs at what is perhaps the only solution of the complication of the plot, we hardly know a more entertaining novel than this." [Nation. **1108**

BLUE BELL OF RED NEAP, see *JOHN THOMPSON*.

BLUE RIBBON (THE). [by ELIZA (TABOR) STEPHENSON: *Harper*, 1874.] "We kno few more delitful novels. It is a story of life in a cathedral town, tho ecclesiastical personages do not figure prominently in it. The hero is a young man who rises from obscurity to eminence in the world of science, and the heroin is a german girl, employed in the same factory. The latter is a musical genius, and this endowment, as often happens, brings her into trouble, from which she happily escapes. The tone of the book is singularly pure and quiet, and the sketches of society, especially the reports of the courteous contests between Mesdames Balmain and Ballinger, ar very skilfully done. The effect of the book is ennobling, and its interest never flags. We take pleasure in commending it as a thôroly good novel." [Boston "Lit. World." **1109**

BLUEBEARD'S KEYS, ETC. [by A.. I.. (THACKERAY) RITCHIE: *Smith*, 1874.] "No doubt the taste for these (we can hardly say, 'this kind of,' for they ar unique) daintily and delicately told little stories must be acquired, like that for dry wine, and like that too, we must not take them in too large a quantity, or our sense will become deadened to the aroma, and conscious only of the dryness; for, indeed, the stories ar of the simplest, and please far more by

reason of the delicacy and accuracy of the drawing, and the just proportions of all the parts than by a vivid interest which the subjects are likely to kindle in us. [Athenæum.] See *FIVE OLD FRIENDS*. **1110**

BLYTHER HOUSE [by R. F. H.: *Virtue*, 1864.] "is a very interesting story, pleasantly told. The moral is not set forth in words; but a sweet and gentle spirit pervades the whole, like a delicate fragrance, which imparts a pleasure to the reader independent of its literary merit. The story is simple, and there are occasional observations, arising from the incidents, which show a graceful goodness of heart. . . . The reader will find pleasure in following the history of Ida Bernstein to her adoption into the family of the kind Dr. Blank and his pleasant sister Milly, and her happy marriage to her benefactor, all of which is charmingly narrated. The old-fashioned, quaint mansion in which they live makes an agreeable framework to the 3 chief personages." [Ath. **1111**

BONNIE LESLEY [by — () MARTIN: *Griffith & Farran*, 1878.] "is spirited, interesting, refined, and humorous, and deals, not obtrusively, but amusingly, with the movement in favor of 'lady-helps.' . . . And a charming story it is. . . . But we can well forgive a little bad English in our pleasure at the fascinating description of Bonnie Lesley, not only bonnie, but handsome, active, lively, and humorous; more practical, perhaps, than imaginatively, but with that perfect health of mind and body which diffuses cheerfulness by its mere presence with a power almost magical. Her more sensitive sister is also more conventional, and when the two are left poor and orphans, is shocked with Lesley's boldness in accepting the offer of Lady Thornley." [Spectator. **1112**

BORN COQUETTE (A). [by MA. (ARGLES) HUNGERFORD: *S. Blackett*, 1890.] "Every reader who knows what is what opens a novel by the author of *Molly Bawn* with a feeling of pleasant expectation. . . . The author has never drawn a more attractive and life-like group than that formed by the members of the Delaney household, and there have not been many heroines of fiction so wilful, so perverse, even so cruel, and yet so irresistibly fascinating, with that indescribable fascination which is peculiarly Irish, as Nan Delaney, the 'born coquette.'" [Spectator. **1113**

BOUDOIR CABAL (THE). [by EUSTACE CLARE GRENVILLE MURRAY: *Smith*, 1875.] "Mr. Paradise 'is the educatee, not the educator of his disciples,' and 'intends to bring forward a motion (backed by agitation out of doors) to pledge the House of Commons to the program of the Home Rulers.' To meet this, Mr. Paramount moves a counter-set of resolutions, declaring 'that in the opinion of this House it is inexpedient to debate such a momentous question as the dismemberment of the empire until the voice of the whole people has been appealed to, and that in consequence this House is of opinion that the time has arrived for enfranchising those of her Majesty's subjects, of both sexes, who have reached the age of 21 years,' and so on, till we feel for a moment half inclined to believe we are reading history. Upon this piece of tactics on the part of the Conservative leader, the story in a great measure turns; because the young Lord Mayrose, with whose affairs the book deals, sticks to his leader, and gets promotion, but deeply offends more than one of the 'ruling houses,' whose members are not all prepared for universal suffrage, and have, therefore, formed a 'cave,' and sit in it, furious against

their former colleagues. Thérèupon, too, the ladies of these families shew themselves fiercely hostile to Mayrose, who has also committed the crime of marrying the daughter of a City knave, and the heiress to estates which had once belonged to his family. Out of this feud rise divers difficulties, which meet the unlucky hero in every walk of life, he all the while trying to act on the most upright motives. . . . The author has somewhat of Balzac's genius for inventing a society, and certainly, while we move in it, it seems strangely life-like. Take Lord Beaujolais, the great M. F. II., inventor of bits and harness, with his 'mighty, determined face, adorned with a flowing hay-colored beard, and piercing blue eyes,' who tries experiments in Grosvenor Square; or Lord Hornette, the prospective head of the great ducal family of Drone, (who bears an escutcheon of drones rampant, with the motto "Sans miel ni fiel," dry, 'cantankerous,' disagreeable, yet not without some humor and much queer chivalrous feeling; or several other prominent characters, not perhaps including the hero, who is too much the ideal young nobleman for his features to be quite distinguishable; but, for the rest, we see them all as plainly as possible. Of course, a good deal of the book is of the nature of a political squib, but it is not unamusing; and we may congratulate the author, since whatever we may think of his political views he can put together an interesting story." [Athenæum.

1114

BRAMLEIGH'S OF BISHOP'S FOLLY (THE) [by C. LEVER: *Smith*, 1868.] "as a family of wealthy parvenus, who, though the head of the house, Col. Bramleigh, has married the daughter of an earl, have never been able to take the position in society which many of them

covet. They are divided into 3 camps. Lady Augusta, who has avowedly married for money, lives in Rome, and keeps her life and her interests distinctly separated from those of any other member of the family; Col. Bramleigh is supported by his daughter Marion, and his second son, Temple, a budding diplomatist. The third camp is composed of the eldest son, Augustus; the youngest son, Jack, a sailor; and a daughter Nellie. These last are honorable, straightforward people, whose only ends in life are to 'live and let live,' and 'love and let love.' A claimant for the Bramleigh estate appears in the shape of a young Frenchman, who signs himself Count Pracontal de Bramleigh. His introduction, and the very respectable claim he is able to advance, serve to bring to light the characters of the various members of the family — Marion, who has married an old diplomatist, Viscount Culduff, and Temple, treat him as an impostor. Colonel Bramleigh fits him resolutely, by fair means or foul, until excitement brings on death by apoplexy. Augustus, Jack, and Nellie, who compose what may be called the peace party, resign occupation of the estate, and depend upon their exertions for support until the question of proprietorship shall be settled. Lady Augusta arranges to retain her interest in the estate by marrying the Frenchman should his attempt prove successful. Accident reveals documents proving the claim to be unfounded. The claimant disappears, the whole family is restored to its rights, and the story ends. . . . In the reader's admiration of the wit of the dialog, and the power of the characterisation, inadequacy of plot and want of art in the conduct of the story are almost forgotten." [Fortnightly Review.

1115

BRANDRETH'S (THE). [by A. J.

BERESFORD HOPE : *Hurst*, 1882.] "After the success of 'Strictly Tied Up,' the author had some justification for continuing in a second book the history of the principal characters of his former novel. 'The Brandreths' is a pleasant book to read, but it is not a good novel. It is an unusual treat to the reader of novels to find himself in the company of a man of the world who is also a man of wide knowledge and culture, and one who possesses the power of writing with ease and with point." [Athenæum. **1116**

BRAVE LADY (A) [by DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK : *Hurst*, 1870.] "is the daughter of a French émigré, who is a viscount, and also a dancing-master. The lady marries an Irish parson, the only son of a wealthy but vulgar merchant; and the history of the married life she leads with this parson constitutes the book. This life is most commonplace. The parson is rather an inferior man, who, without being exactly a brute, makes his clever wife experience a most trying time of it from his selfishness, want of ability, and lack of rectitude. The merchant becomes bankrupt and dies. The parson thereupon has to take a curacy in England; and, what with a large family and a small income, he finds his life anything but a rosy one, notwithstanding the companionship of his wife. Things grow worse and worse, and the parson, having embezzled funds entrusted to him for building purposes, is on the eve of being found out, when the rector dies, leaving the whole of his large fortune to the 'brave lady.' For a time there is a lull in their troubles; but the husband does not improve in conduct with the improvement in his monetary matters, and, by diverse acts of misconduct of a somewhat trivial but irritating nature, wears his poor wife almost to death, until,

finally, partial misery becomes complete misery, and the children all die within a remarkably short time: the husband follows; and the 'brave lady' is left all to herself for some years, then dies peacefully, and the novel ends. This is not a promising subject; but the author's style is so good that the work is readable, and no higher tribute could be paid to the power of this writer than in saying that a reader will be able to go through the 3 volumes without being bored." [Athenæum. **1117**

BRIARS [by A. M. MUNROE : *Griffith, Farran & Co.*, 1890.] "is a pleasant and genial tale of a snug estate, of its manly owner, of his companionable son, and of the more or less companionable and happy creatures brought into contact with them. There is a good character-plot in the story, exceptionally good and interesting; its men and women are fair samples of the better class of refined gentlefolk, and most of them are decidedly piquant." [Athenæum. **1118**

BRIDGET [by MATILDA BARBARA BETHAM EDWARDS : *Hurst*, 1878.] "is happy in its conception, and, in spite of some traces of haste, fairly successful in setting forth some interesting characters. Mr. Starffe, the hard-working, simple-minded curate, who is the better, as only a good man could be, for setting his affections on an ideal which is in all respects but that of moral wealth completely out of his range, is the most pleasing, and in spite of his awkwardness, the most dignified figure set before us. . . . Helwyse is all that is womanly and charming, and she does it in preferring the aspiring workman Freeland, to the slightly conventional, and somewhat superfine artist, Kingsbury. . . . But the main merit of the tale is the delineation of its principal character Bridget, the impulsive child, the motherly elder sister of a

young family, half French, half Irish, who thro themselves in their orphaned helplessness on the already overburdened resources of their uncle, a city clerk.... Acting with unhesitating confidence on that promise, she makes her appearance 2 years afterwards and quarters herself upon him, reminding him of his promise to assist her in studying for the stage. . . . His horror and despair ar gradually allayed, till the selfish man about town is reclaimed and chastened into the adoring husband, and Bridget is developed from a thôtless girl into a loving woman." [Athen. 1119

BROKEN TO HARNESS. [by EDMUND YATES: *Maxwell — Loring*, 1864.] "The hero is strong, manly and good at heart. A better work of fiction has not for many a week come under our notice. From beginning to end we hav read it with lively interest, and we lay it aside with an agreeable sense of refreshment and increased strength. Readers of every class will find in the story a liberal fund of amusement; and there ar those who will thank the author for certain wise lessons and many fine pictures. Taken as a whole, it is a man's novel, dealing far more with Bohemia, club-rooms and masculin absurdities, than with the refinements and graces of woman's life. But, tho it is a man's novel, women will relish it; for throuout its diverse scenes there is a chivalric and unobtrusiv recognition of feminin goodness. . . . Apart from Barbara's troubles, the story contains much good matter. The sketches of the club-life of authors and artists ar capital. Enuf has been said of Mr. Yates' cleverness and power; but we have scarcely done justice to the unaffected amiability and manliness which ar amongst his most agreeable qualities." [Athenæum. 1120

BROTHER GABRIEL. [by MATILDA

BARBARA BETHAM EDWARDS: *Hurst*, 1878.] "Three friends, an american archæologist, a young english governess, and an irish monk, become acquainted in a town of southern France. The intimacy between Delmar and his cousin soon ripens into love, while the effect of intercourse with both on Brother Gabriel is enlitening, delitful, and, finally, fraut with pain. For the ardent devotee of Romanism learns to chafe at the spiritual bondage of the monastery, and the vowed celibate to feel the thrills of a passion which startles and shocks him. When Delmar reveals too late that he has a wife beyond the seas, and Zoe is left alone with the feelings that she would but cannot eradicate, a strange chain of incidents leads her to taking up her abode with Gabriel, now an outcast from his convent, and alone and helpless in the world. They liv as brother and sister in a remote part of Finistère, till the falseness of their position is brôt home to them, partly by the censoriousness of their nébors, partly by Gabriel's inability to maintain their romantic compact. To Zoe's distress, her simple-minded protégé discovers purely manly aspirations, and she is conscious, at the same time, that their fulfilment is impossible to her. When Delmar reappears, Gabriel acts with an unselfishness which lately would have been impossible in the childish scholar of the cloister, and puts an end to Zoe's conscientious struggles by withdrawing from the field. There is a good deal of power in the way in which Gabriel's development is traced. . . . Zoe is less interesting, but very womanly. Delmar presents little scope for observation. The minor french personages ar aptly described." [Ath. 1121

BROWN AS A BERRY. [by G. DOUGLAS: *Tinsley Bros.*, 1874.] "The heroin is naïve and unselfish, passionate

yet pure, and just such a grôth as mit hav been expected from a wholesom yet uncultivated soil. Briefly (for we cannot describe such minute and fleeting traits as giv charm to the undeveloped character of a girl of 17) she is, from the time we make her acquaintance, as she jumps from her school-room windo, a neglected girl in a french pension, to that in which we find her learning her capacities for love and suffering . . . qualified to engross the interest of those who read her history. Our anxiety to learn whether Ferrier's love, which she has most innocently won in many a pretty scene of tender raillery, is to stand the strain of treacherous misconception; whether the inevitable explanation between two such frank spirits is to take place in time; finally, whether the estimable but inconvenient Dods is to be induced by fair means to resign the truculent part of a Minotaur, or as a last resource to break his respectable old neck, — is intense enuf to thro into the shade our critical appreciation of minor points in the story." [Ath. **1122**

BROWN PORTMANTEAU (THE) [by CURTIS YORKE: *Jarrod*, 1889.] "is one of several stories which ar not badly contrived, and ar told in a rapid and effectiv fashion without analysis or comment. There ar times when it is pleasantly soothing to the mind to run throu such stories of what mit happen to anybody any day." [Ath. **1123**

BROWNLWS (THE) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1868.] "is perhaps the most artistic of Mrs. Oliphant's works. There is not a careless page, not a slovenly sentence in the whole. The materials ar slit, the characters ar few. The story, to be appreciated, must be read throu, and not dipped into for scenes. The progress may seem slo, and the steps by

which the drama moves ar very minute, and much in contrast with the ruf and ready slapdash which too many modern novelists affect. Mrs. Oliphant is not afraid of her trouble; and if the reader is impatient, so much the worse for him; he will get all the less good out of a subtle story. . . . The author knoes how to stay the storm she has raised, and to wind the skein she has tangled. The ending of the story is very skilfully managed. The reader will lay down the book with regret that the curtain has dropped, and that Jack, Sara, Pamela, Powys and Mr. Brownlow hav vanished, that he may hear no further about their after-fortunes, nor even kno what becomes of the malicious Nancy Christian, who did so much ill to everybody, — nor hear whether Mrs. Swayne and Betty at the Lodge lived contented under the new dynasty, — nor whether poor old cross Mrs. Fennel grew reconciled to the changed state of affairs; but such unsatisfied questionings ar only a tribute to the author's skill in telling the story." [Ath. **1124**

BURGLARY (A). [by E. A. DILLWYN: *Tinsley Bros.*, 1883.] "The plot is very fresh and clever, and by no means an impossible one. The two heroins ar sketched with a great deal of skill and truthfulness, and there is a buoyancy about the book, and especially about the out-of-doors life it contains, which is unhackneyed and very refreshing, after the ordinary drawing-room novel. Ethel's indolent sweetness, benevolence, and hi principle ar sketched with great delicacy; and Imogen's hi spirits, fresh enthusiasm, and awkward attempts to make herself useful in life present a true and pretty picture. . . . Miss Dillwyn has a good deal of humor. The closing half-page in which Imogen accepts the young gentleman whom she

has previously refused, closes a very ingenious and agreeable story with a touch of agreeable banter which pleasantly relieves the inevitable sentiment." [Spectator. **1125**

BURIED DIAMONDS [by "SARAH TYTLER" i. e., Henrietta Keddie: *Chatto*, 1886.] "is a domestic sort of story in which the principal events are the experiment made by Bennet Gray in entering the family of her intended husband as a stranger and a governess, and the ruin which threatens that family from the dishonesty of one of its members. Jane Prior, her sister, and Bennet Gray are good specimens of the modern learned lady; — Jane a little too superior in her own esteem, but both of them very womanly. Mrs. Prior, a little undervalued by everyone but her son, is a pleasant portrait of a lady of the last generation, and beneath her gentle outlines decision and courage await occasion for development." [Athen. **1126**

BY LOVE AND LAW [by LIZZIE ALLDRIDGE: *Smith*, 1878.] "is altogether pleasing, dealing chiefly with painters and painting.... Of the heroine we shall only say that she is fascinating by her simplicity and directness of character, and that there is nothing 'heroic' about her. Her father, who is at his wits' end to make the two ends meet and yet to keep up the position of the family, must also be drawn from life." [Athenæum. **1127**

BY MEAD AND STREAM [by C. GIBBON: *Chatto*, 1884.] "is a pleasant book, like its title. The love of single-hearted Madge Heathcote is of a stancher type than that of her friend Philip Hadleigh, but they are an honest pair, and come in an edifying way through the troubles caused by the eccentricities of their seniors, and the sudden overthrow of Philip's mental balance by the pos-

session of wealth. The charm of the book lies in its rusticity.... But the reader in remembering this story will recur to the meads and streams of Ringsford and its neighborhood and the peaceful contrast of the quiet country." [Athenæum. **1128**

BY THE WESTERN SEA: A SUMMER IDYL [by J. A. BAKER: *Longmans*, 1889.] The author "is fairly entitled to call his new story a summer idyl, tho it does, in a sense, turn on courtship and marriage. It is imbued with the simplicity of nature, it shows the working of two human souls in harmony with the soul of nature, and it is a picture complete in itself. The leading characters are a crippled artist and a lovely girl with poetic aspirations, and between these two there are passages of great tenderness and truth. The hero has a well-tempered mind, reflected in a beautiful face, as frequently happens with the heroes of fiction who have been crippled by accident.... 'By the Western Sea' is pleasant reading for a summer day." [Athenæum. **1129**

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1864.] "Alice Vavasor, whom we are asked to forgive, is not a captivating heroine; but a well-conceived and far from impossible young woman, who chafes under and breaks an engagement to an excellent, hi-minded gentleman, not, as she tells herself and her friends, because she has discovered that she is not good enough for him, but because she has, half unconsciously, become deeply infected with the 19th century idea, that there was something important for her to do with her life — in other words, she was restless and craving for excitement, and her heart failed her when she thought of long quiet evenings in the monotonous

comfort of a country house. With his usual skill in depicting the working of half-acknowledged motives, and the influence of slit causes in determining the most important actions, Mr. Trollope has placed his heroin in circumstances which are admirably adapted to make her conduct appear natural, if not inevitable, and he succeeds in interesting us in a struggle which we feel has many counterparts in life." [Westminster Review.

1130

CANON'S WARD (THE) [by J. A. PAYN: *Harper*, 1884.] "is interesting, but it lacks harmony between the incidents and their surroundings. The characters fit well enough in the placid atmosphere of scholarly life. Elderly men and women with soft faces and voices, and, about them, ingenuous youth, all, old and young, devoted to one opening rose, make another of those gracious pictures by which English life has become so pleasantly familiar. Such a setting should belong to a very different plot. Sorro comes surely even to such tranquil homes, but so strong is the feeling that it could come only gently, that it is a blow to meet a secret marriage at the beginning. The husband is at once drowned, and the secret is known to but one man, who uses it to force the canon's ward to marry him. This leaves the story without a hero in the ordinary sense, for after such an outrage, the reader can only detest him. The canon is a suggestion of the dear old Warden, and he bears his reverses quite as patiently. But therein appears the superiority of the master hand. The Warden is left in his patience, but the canon's fortune is restored by one of the staple devices of the novel-writer." [Nation.

1131

CAPEL GIRLS (THE). [by "E: GARRETT," i. e., I. S. Fyfe Mayo: *Tinsley*

Bros., 1876.] "There is little sensationalism here, neither is there any morbid dissection of fashionable vices, yet the book is interesting as a picture of a family circle, such as we may see any day. The plot is evidently meant only as a peg for the characters, and the latter are possessed of considerable individuality. . . . One of the best portraits is that of the eldest of the sisterhood, who is so charming a creation that many girls who read of her may be almost reconciled to the possibility of becoming some day old maids. All the dramatis personæ are simply drawn, and we are spared that straining after effect to which most modern novelists are so much addicted. Neither are there any painful endeavors to be clever and witty. In fact, the book is a homely chronicle of a homely family, and consequently will meet extensive sympathy." [Athenæum.

1132

CARITÀ. [by M. A. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Smith*, 1877.] "Agnes Burchell, to satisfy her desire for an ideal, leaves a very commonplace and ill-ordered home, full of discontent and petty wrangling, to become attached in a probationary state to a sort of anglican convent called 'The House.' Everything about this convent is admirably described. The place itself, the people, and their ways are all treated with a kindly humor, the result of a comprehension of the motives and aspirations which bring such things into existence. 'Comprendre c'est tout pardonner. Agnes is soon discovered to have no 'vocation,' and accident brings Oswald Meredith across her path. Mrs. Oliphant shows a remarkable grasp over and insight into her character as her ideal shifts from the wide and rather impersonal vision of doing good to the poor, to the vain, and exceedingly worldly

but charming, Oswald." [Athenæum.] — "Carità is an excellent story, so simple and in good measure uneventful that the plot of it hardly needs to be mentioned. To be sure, at the beginning of the book there is brôt in a woman who, to avoid the slo torture of inevitably painful death, takes poison. But apart from this everything moves as smoothly as only Mrs. Oliphant's skill can direct the course of novels." [Nation. **1133**

CASTE. [by EMILY JOLLY: *Hurst*, 1858.] "Thère is much which is extremely good in this novel. The story is interesting, and it is well written. The heroin is the dauter of a tradesman who has educated her far above her nominal station. She being very proud and very ill regulated, chafes at the station of life in which she has been born. She first, out of pride, refuses a man above herself in rank whom she loves, and then, out of spite, marries another, also her superior in social position, whom she detests, and the result is what mit hav been expected. The tradespeople of the book ar refined and idealized . . . Tho for the interest of the story that may be allowed, it does not add to its reality or probability." [Athenæum. **1134**

CASTLE BLAIR. [by FLORA L. SHAW: *Paul*, 1878.] "The scene is laid in **Ireland**, and the characters ar Adrienne, an orphan, niece of Mr. Blair, and 3 other young persons, the nieces and nefew of the same gentleman, who, indeed, as a bachelor, seems to hav been hardly dealt with by fortune in the matter of other people's children. The three ar wild and riotous; the cousin acts the part of healer and moderator. The narrativ is vigorous and lively, full of picturesque effect, and sometimes rising to a very considerable amount of interest." [Spectator. **1135**

CASTLE DALY [by ANNIE KEARY:

Phil'a, Porter, 1875.] "is a novel of more than ordinary merit. It deals mainly with life in **Ireland** in the years of the famin and the Smith O'Brien rising; and these elements, tragic and romantic, ar handled with remarkable power. The author's pictures of the country in the grasp of hunger, of the peasantry ground, as it wer, between pure fysical pain and the rage of fierce patriotism, ar far superior to the average portrayals of collectiv suffering. The pastoral life of the irish is depicted with sympathetic skill. Castle Daly was the home of a squire, who had married an english wife. They hav 3 children, — all approaching maturity, — 2 boys and a girl. The oldest son has been educated in England, and finds Ireland not much to his taste; the others ar irish in every thôt and act. We cannot trace the plot of the story; it is sufficient to say that, having passed throu strange and dramatic vicissitudes, the recital whêreof is extremely interesting, the oldest son marries an english girl, and Ellen, the dauter, marries an englishman. . . . The author's mood is happy, adapting itself to all circumstances with good effect; and when she discourses seriously, she talks well." [Boston "Literary World." **1136**

CASTLE RACKRENT. [by MARIA EDGEWORTH: 1800.] "That Miss Edgeworth had the irish humor as well as the irish wit is manifest in *Castle Rackrent*, which she calls a piece of 'good-natured raillery' rather than a serious satire. It is Thackerayean in its rollicking extravagance, yet, in spite of the author's disclaimer, it has enuf resemblance to the reality of certain types of irish character to giv point to the caricature." [Boston "Lit. World." **1137**

CASTLE RICHMOND [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harpur*, 1860.] "is a story

of **Ireland**, told with a rich and racy humor, and ornamented with several of those mirth-provoking characters to be found only on irish soil. It differs materially from Lever's novels, is more refined in tone, and less given to exaggeration. The plot is well constructed, and skillfully developed. The interest of the story, too, is maintained unbroken to the end, and the reader puts the book aside, satisfied with the author, with the story, with the ending." [Crayon. **1138**

CHANNINGS (THE). [by ELLEN (PRICE) WOOD: *Bentley*, 1862.] "To school-boys or to the families of school-boys, we can imagin nothing more charming than the first perusal of this book. It will probably be read again and again; and it is certain that it can never be read without profit both by parents and children. It is essentially a book for young people, yet it will interest the fathers and mothers of the rising generation. It is, in fact, merely the simple history of a certain eventful 6 months in the lives of 2 large families, the Channings and the Yorkes. In an old cathedral town, containing within its sacred precincts a collegiate school, liv these 2 families. The Yorkes are a harum-scarum race, badly bred by a foolish irish mother, of hi rank but small income. The Channings ar carefully educated, the wish to do their duty thöroly being the chief object of their exi-teree. The Channings and the Yorkes ar all much of an age..... The story is slit and unimportant. The merit of it lies in the detail, and the extreme truthfulness and simplicity in which it is related. We feel, while reading it, as if we had been living all our lives in the old town, and knew each college-boy by sit, and met the good-natured, jovial bishop and the stiff, dignified dean every time we went out.

Mr. Ketch, the great enemy of the school-boys and the victim of their choicest tricks, is a capital character; and Jo Jenkins, the clerk, so humble and faithful to his master, so terribly henpecked at home, and so beloved and respected abroad, wins all our sympathy and affection. It is impossible not to read every word with interest, and we feel real regret at parting with them." [Athenæum. **1139**

CHARLES DAYRELL, see "*LADY STELLA*."

CHELSEA HOUSEHOLDER (A) [by EMILY LAWLESS: *Holt*, 1883.] "is Muriel Ellis, a girl of just that gentle independence of spirit which is so much more attractiv than positiv softness, or outrit strongmindedness. She is enuf of an heiress, too, to play very prettily at being an artist. The hero is a clergyman of Broad Church affinities, a puzzle to his kindred. While the book is not of great power, it has an individuality quite marked..... The descriptions of country landscape ar singularly happy." [Nation. **1140**

CHEQUERED LIFE (A) [by — () DAY: *Hurst*, 1878.] "deals with life and its pleasures and pains, with love and marriage, and the blunders occasionally made in both, which ar so hard to remedy; but it is a genuin story, of well-sustained interest.... It is open to the objection that between 2 such amiable and perfectly well-intentioned persons as Lord Rewe and his innocent girl-wife, so ignorant of the world into which she had stepped out of her convent schoolroom, that she actually looked upon the pleasant vices of which she heard for the first time as deadly sins, silence and estrangement of so long duration would not, in life, hav been produced by anything said by a third party..... The sentiments and conduct

of Valentina are entirely consistent with her education and her character, with the shock of her introduction into a world in which men are free to indulge in vice unblamed, and women are supposed to know all about it, but to be quite unaffected by that knowledge in their relations with their brothers, their lovers, and their husbands. — The truth is told in this novel; the woman's side of the matter is strongly, but delicately set forth.... It is well to have a picture of the mind of a good, honest, sensitive woman, loving, true, pure, full of the enthusiasm of love and respect which comes from lofty teaching concerning the meaning of duty and marriage, — of her acute shame and indignation, her horrified distrust and bewilderment when she finds herself established for life among people, who, holding his places in the world, treat all which she abhors, without rendering count of it to herself, with the complacency of familiarity and indifference. The family party into which the young girl from her convent school is admitted is a perfectly respectable one, as the world measures respectability." [Spectator. **1141**

CHERRY RIPE [by HELEN (MATHERS) REEVES: *Bentley*, 1878.] "is a disgusting book. Not that it is coarse or delicately obscene. The diseased morality which Miss Mathers teaches is sickled over with a nasty appearance of religious principle which makes it only 10 times more odious." [Ath. **1142**

CHILDREN OF GIBEON (THE) [by WALTER BESANT: *Harper*, 1886.] "is one of Walter Besant's most charming stories. The ease and grace, the delicate humor, the sweet humanity, which always distinguish his work, are all there, while a deep problem underlies the whole, and the sympathetic suggestion of the trials of work-women make the

entertaining story also a thoughtful one. The problem is whether we owe our traits to birth or breeding, and the mother of the heroine thinks she has solved it in favor of breeding, when she brings up her own little girl and the little girl of a poor woman in ignorance as to which is which, with the result that both develop into gentle, interesting maidenhood. Such a plot is full of material and 'points,' around which Besant's delicate fancy plays briskly and sweetly. The two girls are introduced to the working man's son who is brother of one of them, and accept the situation, as they stand hand in hand, with the pretty little introduction, 'We are your sister Polly.' The little touches which follow are full of human nature, when the real heiress seeks to be the poor girl, while the poor girl feels it to be aristocratic instinct that she cannot bear the thought of leaving fashionable comfort, and when the heiress inadvertently learns that she is the heiress, but keeps the secret patiently and nobly till the time comes when it must be revealed. Altogether the story is as pretty a one as we have had for many a day, and it must be a hard heart which is not touched by it to finer issues." [Critic. **1143**

CHOICE OF CHANCE. [by W. DOBSON: *Unwin*, 1887.] "Something in the quiet style, the pathetic and humorous touches, perhaps the natural and simple autobiographical form and the wholesome and pleasant relations between a mother and daughter (who, by the way, are not a mother and daughter, whereby hangs the tale), reminds one a little of 'My Trivial Life and Misfortunes' — a book which had a kind of character of its own. The title is ill chosen. A sensational element, by no means of the best quality, pervades a story which, if rather fragmentary and disconnected, is pleasant reading. The heroine and narrator

excites some interest and liking, and there are a good many characters, amiable if somewhat slit, and altogether clean of hackneyed and conventional touches."

[Athenæum. **1144**

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. [by DR. NAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK: *Hurst*, 1845.] "Christian is an orphan, the daughter of a gentleman of birth and education, and of great musical genius, but who lost his position from his habits of drunken profligacy. The sympathy of the reader is secured for Christian, and kept up to the end. Her father happily dead, Christian has been a governess in a respectable tradesman's family, and from their house she has just been married when the story begins. Dr. Grey, the husband, is described as a great scholar, a gentleman of most sweet and gentle nature, a man more like a father than a husband. His first marriage had not been happy, and he had been taut patience through a weary course of domestic discipline. His marriage with Christian had been one of real love, which is very delicately touched by the author—it is made both natural and interesting, and the reader's sympathy goes with it." [Athenæum. **1145**

CHRISTY CAREW [by MAX (LAFAN) HARTLEY: *Holt*, 1880.] "is a quiet and simple Irish story told with much native wit and a true Celtic flavor; e. g., 'There's elegant drowning at the end of the pier, Master Lanty, if you'll only consider it,' is the remark of an exasperated nurse to a veritable enfant terrible about to 'go fishing' thither. The characters are well distinguished, and set forth with much ease, evidently from life in many cases, and though the book is too long and the author neglects the elementary maxim that all episodes should conduce to the general action, and though we must regard as premature the

judgment of an admiring critic who thinks her the successor of George Eliot, we can cordially commend the book as more interesting and decidedly abler than its class." [Nation. **1146**

CHRISTY JOHNSTONE = No. 639.
CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD (series), See "*THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY*," "*SALEM CHAPEL*," "*PERPETUAL CURATE*," "*MISS MAJORIBANKS*," "*PHEBE JUNIOR*."

CHRONICLES OF GLENBUCKIE. [by H. JOHNSTON: Edinburgh, *Douglas*, 1889.] The disruption of the Scottish church "supplies the clever author with a convenient pivot on which the parochial politics of his Ayrshire village may revolve, and enables him to call into vivid life and action the ruf-hewn elders, the weavers and soutars of Glenbuckie. We hardly know what minute piece of local portraiture to cite; whether the courting of the doctor and his housekeeper, Mrs. Forgie, whose gentle soul is so often confused by the wandering discursiveness of that philosophic wooer, or the more practical union of the bethelial and the 'oo-leddy, the piteous story of poor Maggie Winlestrae's ruin, or the loutish advances of Richie Necbikin to his Jean. . . . Space fails to tell of Janet Pyat, the minister's maid, a much more energetic divine than that worthy man, — of Mysie the Spae-wife, or of Mrs. Haplands and her inferior half. Suffice it to say there are no weak sketches in this gallery of originals, which lovers of Lowland Scotland will do well to study." [Athenæum. **1147**

CICELEY'S CHOICE [by — () O'REILLY: *Bell & Sons*, 1875.] "is a pleasant story. There is a good deal of humor in the way Ciceley's character is treated; the picture of her as a young girl of 16, full of faults, but bright, brave, and honest,

and with the promise of plenty of good sense to be developed hereafter. Her mistakes and her passionate, impulsive temper, are touched with a loving hand and are true to the unformed but fascinating nature of a young girl. It is a book for girls, but grown people will also enjoy reading it." [Athenæum. **1148**

CINDERELLA. [*S: Tinsley*, 1876.] "We have nothing but praise for this quiet little story, though the title, we must say, rather frightened us. The vein of applied fairy tales, first so happily struck out by Miss Thackeray [see No. 1110] has, as Artemus Ward would have said, been 'done too muchly.' There is certainly a want of sensation in this little book, and those who like their literature strong would better seek it elsewhere. But there are others, we think, to whom this simply-told love-story will come quite refreshingly, after all the gushing immorality with which we are surfeited. Some of the characters, particularly the family of the parvenu, are cleverly sketched, and there are one or two charming descriptions of scenery." [Spectator. **1149**

CITY GIRL (A). [by J. LAW: *Vizet-elly*, 1887.] "Within the compass of 190 pages Mr. Law has given his readers a little romance of the East End which is wanting neither in pathos nor in force. The epithet 'realistic' is distinctly misleading as applied to 'A City Girl.' It is true that we move in squalid surroundings, but the author's method of treating his materials is wholly void of the Zolaistic taint. He is at heart somewhat of an optimist, and possesses the gift of a genial sympathy for those with whose views he is not in accord. Daudet and Turgénief have been his models rather than Zola, though we doubt whether either of those great writers would have contrived so happy an ending for what

threatened to be a tragedy." [Athenæum. **1150**

CLARISSA HARLOWE = No. 645.

CLAVERINGS (THE). [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Smith*, 1867.] "The hero, Harry Clavering, is a young fellow of good family and acquirements, but of small means, whose first love, Julia Brabazon, rejects him on account of his poverty, and marries a nobleman of great wealth. At the moment when his mind is bitterest towards the woman who, as he thinks, has betrayed him, and stands therefore in greatest need of affection which shall restore it to self-respect, Clavering meets Florence Burton. Though fortune has denied Florence either money or family, in other respects it has not been ungenerous. Clavering accordingly ere long is betrothed to her. But the old love is not yet quite extinct. Julia Brabazon, now Lady Ongar, returns rich and a widow to offer herself to the man she has always loved. Clavering is sorely tried, and the story of the difficulties by which he is beset supplies the principal interest of the novel. He is a gentleman, however, and, in spite of some weakness of character, keeps the reader's respect throughout the story. He marries accordingly the girl to whom he is affianced, and Lady Ongar is left to muse disconsolately over the proverb, — 'She who will not when she may, when she will she shall have nay.' Slit as is this story, it is deeply interesting." [Fortnightly Review. **1151**

CLEMENCY FRANKLYN [by ANNIE KEARY: *Macmillan*, 1866.] "is a charming story, well written and well told. It is a book to be read for the pleasure it will give, and it is a book to be given to young girls for their profit. The reading will be an innocent pleasure, without any of the dulness that too often

marks innocent pleasures for its own. There is a zest in the story, — simple as it is, — a delicate discrimination of character, and a faculty for putting the various personages into action, which give life and reality to the work. The tale is slight, and the skill of the author has been bestowed upon the delineation of character rather than upon the elaboration of incident. . . . Out of all the cross purposes, disappointments, and mistakes, a better order of things arises than all the schemes and day-dreams which human self-will had purposed. The story is very satisfactory, and although it may be a reversal of the usual order to make the heroine change her mind about her hero, Clemency makes the right man happy at last, and the reader, if he be of our mind, will heartily sympathize with him." [Ath. 1152

COLONEL CHESWICK'S CAMPAIGN. [by FLORA L. SHAW: *Longman*, 1886.] "A novel by the author of 'Hector' [No. 465] has been a pleasant anticipation, which is pleasantly realized. 'Colonel Cheswick's Campaign' is not a great book, but it is a charming story. The love of father and daughter forms the main theme, which is worked out through all the manifold incidents of the attractive life of an English country-house. A wider horizon bends round the whole, encircling with the English fens the Egyptian sands. It would have been too much to expect, on the larger scale, the simple perfection of 'Hector.' Neither introspection nor analysis is part of Miss Shaw's method, and to fill her canvass she employs a number of minor figures which crowd each other, and which we could gladly have spared. Not of these, however, is the beautiful old pair, in their death not divided. The main figures stand out very clear. It is no small power of characterization which, almost

without a comment, makes us understand the complex nature of the colonel and his wife. The latter, trivial, foolish, selfish, we can still see is lovable to the fond eyes of her loyal daughter. In the colonel is combined that reckless, happy-go-lucky spirit which justifies self-indulgence which is even cruel to wife and children; and yet, in his place at the head of his regiment, he is the dutiful, brave, ardent soldier. It was an early comment that the daughter, Ailsa, is only Zélie (from 'Hector') or Phyllis Browne (from the story of that name) grown. No one will admire or love her the less for that: it is very high praise." [Nation. 1153

COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE [by "LUCAS MALET," i. e., Rose G— (Kingsley) Harrison: *Kegan Paul*, 1885.] "is an especially strong and thoughtful novel. . . . The book tells the story of a heartless woman who wrecks the life of a trusting middle-aged husband — not by vulgar crime, but by mere heartlessness and selfishness. [Compare plot of "Marcia."] If the subject appears trite it is the baldness of this statement which makes it so. It is anything but trite, being strikingly original, passionate and impressive." [American] — "It is poignant, grievously pathetic, a fateful, disheartening book, but it is unquestionably clever, and when a work of art is clever, it is idle to quarrel with the artist because it is what he has made it, and not something else more agreeable to the taste of the reader. Our taste inclines towards art which does not seek to reproduce life, with its bitter cruelties, its inexorable hardness, but rather to waft us out of life into a golden age, to make us 'lie down in green pastures' and to lead us 'beside the still waters.'" [Westminster Review. 1154

COMEDY OF A COUNTRY HOUSE (A) [by JULIAN STURGIS: *Murray*,

1889.] "is something like what a comedy should be — brit and vivacious, rapid and amusing, yet with occasional touches and suggestions of deeper feeling. The cynicism is cheery rather than depressing, and there are some typical men and women litly and knowingly sketched. The dialog is spritly and natural, and such things as pathos or tragedy are but distantly hinted at. The tactics and sparrings of the 'smart' folk, the assembled guests of the rich and unappropriated young man of property, are given with gaiety and humor." [Ath. 1155]

COMETH UP AS A FLOWER [by RHODA BROUGHTON: *Appleton*, 1868.] "is a simple narrative of events occurring daily in social life, and is told in the form of an autobiography, of which the heroine — the truly lovable, charming, warm-hearted Nelly Lestrange — is supposed to be the writer. . . . Early in life she acquires a painful knowledge of the bitter pangs, the heartburnings and humiliations of genteel poverty, which her brief experience teaches her is the heaviest load under which a man can groan. . . . Poor Nelly's troubles were not occasioned by poverty alone, however — tho that may have been one of the remote causes of her subsequent more serious griefs — but the absorbing passion of her life, her love for Richard McGregor, her hero, — this love, 'which was her doom,' was the source of all the happiness she knew, of all the misery which her gentle but passionate nature was called upon to endure. The picture of her life is a piece of pure womanly character-painting, in all respects consistent and natural, and her thoughts and aspirations are always in perfect harmony with her surroundings. . . . No word comes from McGregor — duns, bills, creditors, torment the poor father, his health fails, and the old story of Robin

Gray is enacted again, only Sir Hugh Lancaster is not an old man, but a good-hearted, not over-attractive young one. This struggle between human love and filial duty forces our sympathies into a painful region of casuistry; Nelly's strength is tried to the utmost, and in the conflict her pure, steadfast love is sacrificed. She had withstood the doubts which McGregor's silence and Dolly's sneers forced upon her, but she could not see her father's honored head bowed to the dust, and, looking bravely and resolutely upon the blot which had fallen upon and withered all her life's spring and freshness, she determines to accept Sir Hugh and try to make him happy. The scenes are full of painful interest, naturally drawn, beautiful in the tenderness which shows itself toward the death-stricken father — sad in the hopeless love which still yearns toward the lost and absent one. . . . Throughout the book there are passages of truly poetic thought, and a vein of quiet humor which is really charming. The dialog is buoyant, sometimes witty, never vulgar; and the author possesses the happy faculty of showing that earnestness and power are perfectly consistent with purity of feeling and expression." [Round Table.] — "We have here a little love story so fresh and unhackneyed in feeling that we have read it with a great deal of pleasure. Its plot is one of the barest and simplest illustrations of the proverbial roughness of the course of true love, and the characters belong, with perhaps one exception, to types perfectly familiar in recent fiction; but the story is told with a directness, and the characters drawn with a freedom and grace, which quite give the book the autobiographical air which it assumes. The exception to which we refer is to be found in the person of the heroine, who is also the narrator of the

story. She smells neither of bread and butter nor of the stables, two almost equally odorous extremes between which the heroins of most english novels vibrate, and is at the widest remove from the metaphysical and strong-minded non-descripts affected by our writers. She is merely a very genuine little girl, innocent, passionate, and with a genius for loving, the story of whose love and troubles is told with a simplicity and truth to nature which we think quite exceptional. There is in the book no attempt at any profundity of thought or sentiment to which such a girl would not naturally be equal; the incidents are not striking, and the conclusion is much too melancholy. Still we recommend it." [Nation.

1156

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE. [by H.. BUCKINGHAM (MATHERS) REEVES: Bentley, 1875.] "In spite of a certain coarseness in its humor, and occasional solecisms in its diction, there is a great deal of power in 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' The heroin groes before our eyes from the 'tom-boy' stage of girlhood to an excellent specimen of loving and truthful womanhood. There is originality in the tragic plot, and an unceasing current of rather rollicking fun, which saves the tragedy from becoming sombre. There is something lifelike and, at the same time, artistic in depicting George and Nelly when engaged in the most serious of discussions at the gravest crisis of Nelly's perilous love-story, as conducting their conversation in the close confinement of two neighboring piles of hay. George, whose sound sense and tender thoughtfulness make him the safest of advisers and the most chivalrous of unselfish lovers, finds virtue, to a degree less common in novels than in life, its own reward." [Athenæum.] — "All the rowdiness of Miss Broughton's stories is

to be found here — if anything rather exaggerated — with a love-story different from hers in its strict preaching of exalted morality. The best part of the book is that which describes the heroin's childhood; the accounts of her 'governor's' domestic tyranny, his bad temper, and her pranks with her brothers and sisters, are very amusing, and indeed they narrowly escape being pathetic. When the love-story appears, the book falls off. Good taste is not this writer's strong point. Indeed, her vulgarity is amazing in quantity and quality, but yet she is bright, and her book is in its way entertaining. There is a great deal which is natural in the telling of the story, and a great deal of life in it. Slapping on the back, pillo-fits, and romps of every sort crowd the book; but the heroin, who never opens her lips except to talk the loudest slang and make irreverent remarks about her elders, is a well-drawn creature, and her two lovers, the good one whom she does not like, and the bad one whom she prefers, are by no means sticks. The plot is not a very new one, but it is told so as to leave a lump in the throat of the unfastidious reader." [Nation. 1157

COMMON SENSE. [by — () NEWBY: London, Newby, 1866.] "We have read this novel with pleasure. It is a healthy, sensible, and interesting story. The title is sober, and scarcely indicates the high order of qualities which are illustrated in the narrative. But 'Common Sense' is a wide domain, touching genius upon one side, his principle upon the other; it is an eminently practical virtue, and has the peculiar property of enabling its possessor to follow out his resolutions. The readers of the novel before us will see for themselves how interesting this matter-of-fact virtue can be made. . . . This is an old story, but it is told in a

fresh, unhackneyed manner. Martin Lorimer, the son, develops the heroism of common sense. The father and mother are both crushed by their misfortune, unable to meet the emergency, or to act in any way. Martin, the boy, acts with an honest, clear-sighted boy's wisdom; he does nothing which is superhuman, but he day by day acts up to the lit which is in him, developing his strong energy and unflinching will, growing in wisdom and in moral stature, and by the simple faculty of hard work and steady perseverance he works through all difficulties, and restores the fortunes of the family. The mode in which he does it is interesting, and the reader's sympathy is thoroughly engaged. There are no strokes of fortune, nor mysterious secrets, to change the face of affairs: the only talisman by which Martin Lorimer descends to the ranks, and, from being a workman in an iron-foundry, at a few shillings a week, rises to become a master and a man of wealth and influence, is energy and good sense, guided by religious principle. There is a touch of romance in the charming wife he wins, but the interest is concentrated on Martin and his father; the change which misfortune works in the poor man is pleasant to follow, and the setting free of his good qualities from their original alloy is cleverly done." [Athenæum. **1158**

CONINGSBY. [by LORD BEACONSFIELD, 1844.] "(whose hero must be identified as regards character and temperament, but hardly the incidents of his life, with the late Lord Lytton) — we see how a clever youth, intended by his grandfather the duke of Monmouth (who is a caricature of the late Marquis of Hertford), to be a model Tory of the old-fashioned school, breaks loose from his training, and becomes a

leading member of the Young England party. . . . Conspicuous associates with Coningsby in this movement are Oswald Milbank and Henry Sydney, who remind us only too strongly of Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Manners in their young days; and among two or three score of other well-known persons, women as well as men, introduced into the book, by no means the least remarkable is baron Alfred Rothschild as the duke of Sidona." [Athenæum. **1159**

CODLINGSBY. [by W. M. THACKERAY.] "We marvel if Disraeli could ever again write one of his Oriental absurdities, after his trick had been so mercilessly exposed, his fustian so ludicrously reproduced, his style surpassed with such ease even in those parts upon which he most piques himself. It seems to us that if he had been laboring under the author's delusion up to that time, he could not continue in it. He may have believed his melodious assemblage of words was eloquence, and that his descriptions had a glowing truth about them, until Thackeray showed him how easy such eloquence is, how Holywell-street can be painted with an Oriental brush which shall make the Rose of Sharon grow in its gutters, and the splendors of Damascus glitter in its back-parlors." [Leader. **1160**

CONSTANTIA [by E. C. PRICE: *Low*, 1876.] "has a good deal of merit. . . . Of 'Constantia,' a most refined, tho' rustic lady, we can but say that she is the product of an old-fashioned education. . . . Mrs. Luttrell and Lady Heath, a trenchant old lady and inconsequent one, are admirably contrasted, and all parties have something to say." [Athenæum. **1161**

CONTRADICTIONS. [by F. M. PEARD: *Bentley*, 1883.] "Dorothy Leigh is a fresh creation, as pleasant as anything

which can be found in the fiction of the year. Not that she is distinctly original or heroic, but she is a 'very woman' in the best sense of the term, shoing li spirit in suffering as well as in triumph, and combining with infinit grace and tenderness a courage which disarms the spite of her enemies. She stands in contrast with a proud and more beautiful anti-heroine, who schemes unscrupulously to rob her of her lover, and contrives to mislead her in such a manner as to cause a good deal of misery. . . . On the whole the author has succeeded in producing a delightful narrativ in which the charms more than compensate for the shortcomings." [Athenæum. **1162**

COQUETTE'S CONQUEST (A) [by "BASIL," i. e., R: Ashe King: *Harper*, 1885.] "is a well written and ingenious account of a young lady who married a hero so ideal that he mit have stepped out of, instead of into, a novel, and who thus attained the social position of her day dreams, only to find herself the most miserable woman in all England. Apart from this excellent moral, the detail of the story is entertaining." [Critic. **1163**

CORINNA. [by "RITA," i. e., Eliza M. J. (Gollow) Booth: *Maxwell*, 1885.] "The heroine is graceful and gracefully described. The lively little countess Nina, coquettish and worldly, whom we meet in her company at the outset of the story, is a good foil to the beautiful, single-hearted, and imaginativ author and poet who is her traveling companion." [Athenæum. **1164**

COUNSEL OF PERFECTION (A) [by "LUCAS MALET," i. e., Rose G. (Kingsley) Harrison: *Appleton*, 1887.] "is a refreshing novel of a merit quite above the average. There is a grace and delicacy in the style and in the air of the story which recalls that happy

hour when was made the acquaintance of 'The Story of Elizabeth' [No. 534]. The resemblance ends with these traits, for in the unwilling cynicism of the present volume ar touches which recall the elder rather than the younger Thackeray. The characters ar few, but of a distinctness which never hardens into exaggeration, and shôes the work of the artist no less than of the writer. . . . Dr. Casteen's dim study, the sparkling air of Switzerland, the mossy churchyard of Bishops-Marston, each lends itself in turn finely to the writer's deeper use. The wit which plays throu the book keeps the atmosfere free from miasma, and if it does pitilessly lit up some ugly troubles which beset humanity, it also brings into cheerful clearness the filosofy which can outliv and liv down worse woes than Lydia Casteen's." [Nation.] — . . . "Love does not hav its whole beginning and end in the emotion of child-lovers, completely as young people may think it does. That fine arrogance of youth which will hav it that sweet-and-twenty is the heart boundary is a pretty spectacle enuf, but it shôes only the knoledg and experience which Twenty mit be expected to hav. The heroine of 'A Counsel of Perfection' has never loved until she is nearer 40 than 20, yet we dare affirm that a completer demonstration of the strength and elevation of that passion has seldom been made than in the case of Lydia Casteen. . . . She has never knôn the buoyancy and hope of youth, and she had, when the story opens, definitely settled her life in line with the dust-covered existence of her father. At last, in a holiday most begrudgingly allowed her, she meets Anthony Hammond, a bachelor of uncertain age, worldly, cynical, a man entirely unworthy of her, as the author makes no secret of intimating.

This man Lydia loves, and the awakening is one of the most sadly-sweet pictures of abandon and faith we have ever read. She loves this most imperfect hero, — but she does not marry him. Hammond is a trifler, and at first sets out to amuse himself with an unusual experience. He also pains Lydia by an appearance of wrong-doing which is worse for her than any neglect. But her penetrating beauty of character works at last its full sway on the sensibilities of her admirer; he is brôt to his knees, only to be told that the happiness of both is more certain in parting. This climax is the point of especial originality and strength of the book. Every sensitive reader must rejoice that the woman for whom he has conceived so sincere an admiration has escaped the doubtful good of a marriage with such a man, while Lydia is left in the lasting possession of an imaginative and emotional glow of feeling which we realize to be a far better thing for her than an illusion which, in the other event, would certainly be dispelled, leaving her indeed wretched. More than this we need only say that the book is excellent in construction and expression." [American. **1165**

COUNTERPARTS = No. 656.

COUNTESS KATE. [by C. M. YONGE: *Mozley*, 1876.] "It is hard to realize that the sickly Heir of Redclyffe, and the charmingly humorous Countess Kate come from the same hand." [G. R. Tomson. **1166**

COUNTRY COUSIN (THE) [by F. M. PEARCE: *Harper*, 1889.] "is a very readable little story. It has rather an original situation for its *raison d'être*. The country cousin as known in fiction is commonly described as noble, pure-minded, and simple-hearted. She is usually brôt out in strong contrast

against the shams of city life. She is almost invariably put in opposition to the cold-hearted, scheming city girl. But in this case the country cousin is at first extremely shy, and looks simple and ingenuous enough to deceive the elect; but she soon loses her apparent naïveté and adapts herself most kindly to the ways of fashionable society. Within an incredibly short time she became the most worldly-wise girl in London. Her rival, the truly charming and unselfish Lady Millicent, who had been out many seasons, was not at heart nearly as frivolous as the country cousin. But the innocent face took the prize, and the empty-headed, vain little country girl succeeded in winning Lady Millicent's lover, and then made him a very bad wife. The story has a certain piquant flavor which makes it amusing reading." [Boston "Literary World." **1167**

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN (A) [by M. A. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Harper*, 1886.] "and its sequel are worthy of the only legitimate successor in English literature of Miss Austen. The first is the better. It is told with all Mrs. Oliphant's command of quiet humor, and that gentle sub-acid quality which is not satire or irony, but which answers the purpose of either. 'A Country Gentleman' introduces one of the most outrageous prigs in existence — a young man spoiled by his woman relatives. He marries a widow of an affectionate disposition, of perfect manners and knowledge of the world — a country gentlewoman with a touch of haute noblesse. Mrs. Oliphant is much at home in the delineation of persons who live in those quiet, harmonious, luxurious interiors which she loves as backgrounds. She has no equal in her understanding of the 'social business' of life, and no superior in her manner of describing a well-bred woman. Her

domestic comedies and tragedies are not brôt about by the vulgar sensationalism of chance. They arise from the conflict or harmony of character, as they do in real life. *A House Divided against Itself* [See also No. 467.] is a sequel to 'A Country Gentleman.' The prig has lived a lonely life, apart from his wife, in the Riviera. His daughter Frances is with him; his daughter Constance, and his step-son, Lord Markham, the main cause of his separation from his wife, have remained with their mother in London. Frances is a simple and sweet young girl, bred by an Italian nurse. Her amazement when she finds herself transported from the simplicity of Italian life to the artificiality of London is great. She cannot understand the innuendoes of those around her, half-tolerant, half-condemnatory, of the immoral lives of the young men she meets and hears of. Her honesty and purity have their effects, one of which is the reconciliation of her father and mother, although the reader who has followed them carefully cannot help wondering how long this will last." [Catholic World. **1168**

COUNTY VERSUS COUNTRY [by TH. RUSSELL MONRO: *Chapman*, 1878.] "is rather an amusing story of county-town life, its social jealousies, feuds, and alliances. Both the Trevors and the Brooms are well described, and Miss Penelope, the leader of fashion at Olton Priors, is a genuine lady. . . . With the exception of Conrad and his female confederates, there is no utterly repulsive portrait, though the vulgarities of some of the Olton worthies are amusingly set forth. Misfortune sometimes brings people out of the commonplace; and Mrs. Broom and her offensive son show themselves in far better colors when real difficulties succeed their social struggles. The dénouement is the marriage of Diana

Trevor, the well-born heroine, with the hero, a timber merchant, of yeoman origin, but educated, and of fine moral proportions. The book is free from snobbishness, in spite of the delicacy of the subject, and the unambitious, is not without its moral." [Athenæum. **1169**

COURTING OF MARY SMITH. [by F. W. ROBINSON: *Hurst*, 1886.] "To write an interesting love-story in which the heroine is a pretty and high-minded girl of 19, and the hero a rugged, prosaic millionaire, an illiterate Lancashire cotton-spinner of 55—to bring such a love-story to a satisfactory and even to a beautiful end must well be pronounced impossible. Yet it is what Mr. Robinson has achieved. In truth, we should not go too far in saying that the attraction to a noble-minded girl like Mary Smith of a passion like that of Lovett—a passion deeper and purer and more self-abnegating than perhaps a younger man could feel for any woman—is one of the finest studies which any of our novelists has produced of late years. Mingled with the cotton-spinner's love of Mary Smith is a deep worship of 'the sweet glory of youth,' a reverence for the mystery and wonder of a beautiful girlhood, which could have been rendered only by an English writer of the middle classes, among whom that which is lovely in the Puritanic idea may be said to flourish and live. To read such a book as this is to strengthen the soul with a moral tonic." [Athenæum. **1170**

COUSIN HENRY. [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1880.] "In 'Cousin Henry' we have one of those curious chapters of English family history which Mr. Trollope is so skillful in reciting, and which in his hand become so nearly like leaves out of a veritable history. The disposition of a large estate is made

to turn upon the mislaying and virtual concealment of a will, by which incident the wishes of the testator are frustrated, and Cousin Henry is allowed to enjoy a good fortune instead of the nice and pretty Isabel for whom it was intended. But not 'enjoys,' for Cousin Henry's conscience gives him no peace while he guiltily possesses the secret of the will's hiding place, and not until its discovery do things rit themselves, and all go well." [Boston "Lit. World." 1171

COUSIN MARY [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Partridge & Co.*, 1888.] "introduces us to a country squire and his family.... Of course the curate marries Cousin Mary, and in spite of much mystery and conspiracy, including a madman who acts as a ghost, that well-known device of the novelist in difficulties, they live more or less happily throu the remainder of the solitary volume." [Athenæum. 1172

COUSINS. [by LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WALFORD: *Holt*, 1879.] "It is almost incredible that a rational man, in proposing for a young woman, should so muddle his meaning as to make his letter read like an offer for her older sister [compare plot of "My Neighbor Nelly," 1866]; or that having committed such a bêtise, he should duly acquiesce in the consequences, and achieve explanation only when out of his mind with brain fever. Barring improbability, however, the plot is cleverly carried out, and the story thöroly well done and entertaining." [Boston "Literary World." 1173

CRACK OF DOOM (THE) [by W. MITRO: *Harper*, 1886.] "has some originality and a good deal of britness; and had the author been able to cut away more completely from the conventionalities of the english society novel, he mit hav produced a really

noteworthy book. The story is ingenious, the thread on which it hangs—viz., the approach of a comet to the earth—original, and the intrigues with stock-market, love, and society, of an adventurer, personating an imaginary austrian count, are raised to the dignity of a psychological study by the happy thôt of developing imposture into monomania. The conversations among scientific and literary people are real and brit—such talk as does go on among them, instead of such as does duty for it in most novels; indeed the conversation is enuf above the level of the book to cause surprise." [Overland. 1174

CRADOCK NOWELL = No. 661.

CRANFORD. [by E.. CLEGHORN (STEVENSON) GASKELL: *Chapman*, 1853.] "This collection of sketches should prove a permanent addition to english fiction. Possibly, it was not begun on a settled plan; but if this was the case, the author early became alive to the happy thôt pervading it; since she has wrôt it out just enuf and not too much—so as to produce a picture of manners, motifs and feelings which is perfect. Her theme, it is true, has not an iota of romance or poetry or heroism in it such as will attract lovers of excitement. There are no wicked and hardened rich people—no eloquent and virtuous paupers in 'Cranford.' The scene is a small, drowsy town, the persons are a few foolish and faded gentlewomen of limited incomes, moving round the young daughter of a deceased rector, as central figure, and their gentilities, their sociabilities, their topics, and their panics fill many pages. But the beauty of the book lies in this,—that our author has vindicated the 'soul of goodness' living and breathing and working in an orbit so limited and among beings so inane and so frivolous as those whom she has displayed.

CRANFORD. "This is not a book to be described or criticised other than by a couple of words of advice—*Read it*. It is a book you should judge for yourself. If we told you it contained a story, that would be hardly true—yet read only a dozen pages, and you are among real people, getting interested about them, affected by what affects them, and as curious to know what will come of it all as if it were an affair of your own. We should mislead you if we said that here is a book remarkable for the finish of its descriptions, the accuracy with which its characters are drawn, the charm which it gives to a variety of natural pictures of life—in short the etc., etc. which mark the good humor and his satisfaction of the critic, quite as much as the particular merits of the writer. The real truth is that 'Cranford' contains hardly a bit of formal description from first to last, that not a single person in it is thought worth a page of the regular drawing and coloring which is the novelist's stock in trade, and that of variety it has only as much as a dull little town might at any time present you, with a parcel of not very wise old maids for its heroines, and, for its catastrophé, the failure of a county bank. But watch the people introduced from chapter to chapter—see them unconsciously describe themselves as they reveal their foibles and vanities—observe, as you get to know them better, what unselfish and solid kindnesses underlie their silly, trivial ways—I and confess that the writer of this unpretending little volume, with hardly the help of any artifice the novelist most relies upon, and showing you but a group of the most ordinary people surrounded by the commonest occurrences of human life, has

yet had the art to interest you as by something of your own experience, a reality you have actually met and felt yourself the better for having known . . . Everybody who has any business is of course off to the busy, commercial Drumble, distant only 20 miles, and Cranford is left to a batch of faded old maids and widows, very poor but remarkably genteel, having a thorough distaste for that sour-grapes-man, and tolerant only of Mr. Hoggins the surgeon and Mr. Hayter the rector as corporeal and spiritual necessities. For a chapter or so, indeed, one man does succeed in planting himself at Cranford—and a thoroughly good man he is; but his voice is too large for the rooms, and his ways too broad and hearty for the place, and, though one finds it difficult to read what befalls him with unmoistened eyes, yet it is felt on the whole to be better that he should disappear, no matter by what means. Miss Matilda, or Miss Matty as she is more frequently called, is quite the heroine of the book. Before it ends, we have taken her entirely into our hearts—her and the whole of her little history . . . It is all a piece of genuine truth—the reflection of a thousand such kind and blameless histories. Miss Matty is living by herself now, for sister Deborah is dead, and she has many old-fashioned prejudices, and silly little weaknesses and ways,—but there is such a riteous nature underneath them, such a true and tender heart, such a noble regard for what is just to others even at the cost of injustice to herself—that the impression of all that human goodness, making itself felt in such simple, quiet, unromantic guise, has a thoroughly delightful effect."

[Examiner.

1175 +

Touches of love and kindness, of simple self-sacrifice and of true womanly tenderness are scattered throughout the record; and with no appeal and for no applause, but naturally and truthfully just as they are found in the current of life. Then there is a rare humor in the airs and graces of would-be finery which the half-dozen heroines display,—in their total ignorance of the world, in their complacent credulity, in their irritable curiosity about all which touches matrimony. The main figure, Miss Matilda, is finished with an artist's hand. Her gentleness of heart and depth of affection, her conscientious and dignified sense of right, her perpetual shelter under the precepts and counsels of beloved ones who have gone before,—invest the character with an interest which is unique when her weakness of intellect and narrowness of training are also considered. There is not a single blemish of inconsistency to be pointed out; in short from first to last there is hardly a solitary incident which is not of every day occurrence. After its kind, this tale cannot be recommended too cordially." [Athenæum.]—"I first read the book when a girl in short dresses. I recently re-read the story, and am moved by the second reading to say a word in its favor. You see with stereoscopic clearness the prim little parlors, and really look in on the precise tea-parties, where the widows and spinsters of the almost manless town meet so often for social enjoyment. There is such a quietly eloquent plea in behalf of the "maiden ladies" underneath the little story. And our girls of to-day must go to bible classes for many years and hear less beautiful illustrations of moral heroism than Miss Jessie Brown's sisterly devotion, and dear gentle Miss Mattie's unobtrusive

and self-sacrificing life give us. It would be hard to read of Miss Mattie's pathetic order to have her caps 'somewhat in the style of the Hon. Mrs. Jameson's' without a quiver of the lips. And when the sister tells of poor Peter's life from his baby-days to his going to India, we see the boy as distinctly as he appeared to her simple, loving heart." [Corres. Boston "Lit. World." 1175

CREEDS = No. 662.

CRIPPS THE CARRIER [by R. DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE: *Harper*, 1876.] "is a tale of life in a very rural town; most of its personages are humble and rude; but the plot is unique, and the portraiture is very skilful. The hero—and the villain—is Luke Sharp, a lawyer, who devises a most startling plot to possess himself of a large estate, by abducting the daughter of Squire Ogland, with the intention of uniting her to his own son. So craftily did he lay his plans, and so propitiously did Fortune befriend him, that the missing girl was proved to be dead, and a slab erected over her remains. But some feeble forces were at work counter to the lawyer's schemes, of which the chief instrument was Zachary Cripps, one of the most original and perfectly drawn characters we ever met in fiction. The development of the plot is gradual; but the reader's interest never flags, and the dénouement is at once highly tragical and poetically just." [Boston "Literary World." 1176

CROOKED PATH (A). [by "MRS. ALEXANDER," i. e., Annie (French) Hector: *Holt*, 1889.] "Mrs. Alexander's novels used to be excellent reading, but they are growing poorer. 'A Crooked Path' is the story of a stolen will, and neither the plot nor the characters rise above the most commonplace sensational level. It is long drawn out,

and much padded with irrelevant matter. It is one of those stories which have no *raison d'être*, and leaves the impression of having bored the writer as well as the reader. A brilliant writer like Mrs. Alexander should not be forced to grind out a new novel every year. Her books are losing their freshness, and very soon will have few, if any, readers." [Boston "Literary World."] **1177**

CROSS OF HONOR (THE). [by ANNIE (THOMAS) CUDLIP: 1864.] "We congratulate Miss Thomas that she has turned aside from the path towards which in her former novels she so much inclined, and has in this one given us a charming story of domestic life, in which the interest is sustained throughout without the aid of vulgar sensation, horse-slang, or demi-mondeism; where the characters, with very slight exception, speak and move precisely as the same sort of people might speak and move in every-day life, and where the plot, without being complex, is so well managed that, by apparently natural incidents, the several personages of the story are brought into close connexion, and the whole is invested with the air of a real history." [Round Table.] **1178**

—, SAME ("MARRIED AT LAST"), Peterson, 1866.

CULMSHIRE FOLK. [Macmillan, 1873.] "The women's warfare, with its ingenious littleness, its unceasing activity, and its direful collateral effects upon the unoffending Doctor, is highly entertaining, especially when Mrs. Dimble, smarting under a repulse by Lady Culmshire, falls foul of Cecil Stanley's objectionable aunt, and her pet methodist minister.... On the whole, the Culmshire folk seem to have had a tolerably pleasant life, enlivened with considerably more funny people and good stories, than folk out of Culmshire have to boast

of. They are occasionally unhappy in the course of the 3 volumes, but they are never bored, and they interest one about all their small affairs as small communities cannot interest, unless they be cleverly drawn." [Spectator. **1179**

CURATE IN CHARGE (THE). [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: Macmillan, 1876.] "Those who like novels of character will not be disappointed in this. There is little incident in the story, the whole action of which is confined to a country parish, of which Mr. St. John, the gentlest and most unworldly of men, has been for 20 years curate in charge.... The absentee rector dies abroad, and the home of many years is threatened. The living is in the hands of a college, and naturally falls to the lot of the next clerical fello.... So agreeable and cultured a young parson might have been thought to have a soul above a country parish, but 'a man cannot live for china,' and so it came about that Mr. Mildmay came down to Brentburn, and brought upon him the indignation of Cicely St. John. How could she help but feel it? 'It is injustice, if it was the Queen herself who did it. But perhaps papa is right; if he does not come some one else would come. And he has a heart. I do not hate him so much as I did last night.' Herein is the gist of the story. Cicely finds he has a heart, and the process of that discovery is the staple of a charming tale." [Athenæum.] — "The Curate in Charge" is one of the simplest but most perfect of Mrs. Oliphant's shorter tales. There is only the slightest scrap of narrative; but how fresh, how tender, how true to nature it is — a village idyll, in which the simple English life and the simple English landscape are touched with a softly pathetic light. It is a distinct conception — absolutely graceful be-

cause absolutely simple — like a soap-bubble or a greek play or a Raffaele. There is nothing by the way or out of the way; nothing which does not lend itself to the progressive development of the history. If life could record itself as on a fotografer's glass we know that this is the record which it would leave; there is the unambitious exactness, the homely sincerity, the inevitableness. And yet there is something more, — there is the imagination which realizes the immense pathos of human life, — of life, that is to say, into which no special adventure or misadventure enters, but which simply as *life* is so fundamentally sad, so intrinsically a tragedy." [Blackwood's. **1180**

DADDY DARWIN'S DOVECOTE.

[by JULIANA HORATIA (GATTY) EWING: *Roberts*, 1885.] "From exaggerations and discords between intention and execution, it is like turning to the perfection of a flower to open Mrs. Ewing's last sketch. 'Daddy Darwin's Dovecote' is less than 'Jackanapes' only in that its simpler, homelier theme does not offer quite so full felicity of subject. How well done was 'the setting of a wild graft on an old standard' is told from the talk of two old gaffers gossiping on a sunny wall. There is the same delightful, suggestiv commentary in homely proverb or tender household word as made her earlier story a poem." [Nation.] — "This slit but very pretty little story has about it a delightful breath of rural english life. Jack March is an Edgeworthian hero of probity, industry and thrift, and his progress to prosperity and happiness is quite what might be deemed the legitimate result of such morality. There is, moreover, a sweeter and purer strain of feeling in his story than is always found in such deductions from utilitarian filosofy." [Ameri. **1181**

DAISY AND THE EARL [by CONSTANCE HOWELL: *Tinsley*, 1877.] "is a pretty story, which leaves a distinct and pleasing impression. Daisy is a very fresh, unsophisticated country girl, of gentle birth; the Earl a somewhat blasé young man. She falls in love with him, and lets out her secret in the most artless way possible, never fancying for a moment but that he returns her affection. The scene of this disclosure, the Earl's surprise, concealed by him almost instantaneously under a well-assumed appearance of interest, but not quite enuf to deceive the girl, her shame and grief and courageous assertion of her dignity, — all this is very prettily told. We recommend the reader to follo the story to its close. He will not think the time misspent." [Spectator. **1182**

DAISY CHAIN (THE). [by C.. M.. YONGE: *J. W. Parker*, 1857.] "To young ladies generally, whose sunny ringlets confess to teens, perhaps even to those presumably young ladies who have ceased to count birthdays, the 'Heir of Redclyffe' and other equally nice and pretty tho somewhat lengthy stories which have been floing from the same facile and agreeable pen are treasures of harmless intellectual recreation. We have heard of a young lady who is in the habit of perusing that bepraised tale continuously and perennially, reading it over and over again as often as she arrives at the last sentence. 'The Daisy Chain' is more for the delit of that 'epidemic sect' of enthusiastic but severe young dévotés, who are addicted to the cultivation of pastoral theology, with the sister sciences of gothic architecture and mediæval upholstery." [Leader. **1183**

DAMOCLES [by M.A. VELEY: *Smith*, 1882.] "is a story interesting, even fascinating, from first to last, — unique

and picturesque in conception and execution, clever all throu, and often powerful; but difficult to criticise fairly, without greatly impairing the dramatic effect of the first-half of the book to those who ar reading it. They, however, must accept this warning, if they wish to enjoy it thöroly, and take our verdict as sufficient, without reading further, that it is a story which richly repays the trouble of the reader. The style is simple, forcible, and refined, and the english perfect.... However, the reader of this notice must not suppose that the story is all sad. The conversations ar lively and most amusing, the minor characters cheerful, and their little individualities läfable; but the humorous passages depend too much on the context for quotation. The descriptions of scenery, and the few words here and there which giv reality to shades of color and to landscape, ar delicate. Altogether, 'Damocles' is a delitful book, and we may confidently affirm that not only did the sword never fall, but that the fear of it passed out of Rachel's busy life leaving only a shade of sadness behind." [Spectator. 1184

DANIEL DERONDA [by "G: ELIOT" i. e., M.. A.. (Evans) Cross: *Blackwood*, 1876.] "is an æsthetically melancholy story. One groes sober over it. It has few stained windoes throu which strays the lit of humor and geniality. It has a gloomy interior, suggestiv of solemnity and gloom. It offers us no läfter, few cakes and ale; and, in this deficiency, it fails as a picture of hi english life. In point of characterization, it is far beyond comparison. Deronda himself, if not quite true to nature, is absolutely unique. The influence of the suspicion that he nurses hebrew blood in his veins, casts its sombre shado over his whole life. We see it in the habits of his

daily walk, in his taste and tendencies; and it has its most conspicuous manifestations in the memorable intervues with his mother. The sweet tenderness of his nature attracts us, while his sombre mien and manner repel. At his introduction, one likes him. His treatment of the wilful Gwendolen, on their first meeting, is simply admirable,—cool, gentlemanly, earnest, yet reserved. We pass on to Gwendolen's home life; to its hypocrisy, to its pretensions, its strivings between fashionable exigencies and stern necessity. We get a glimps of this rash young girl's nature in her flirtation with Reginald; and the idiosyncrasies of Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne and their daughter stand out in clear relief in the complications which result from this callo affectional entanglement. The other members of Gwendolen's household appeal to us with no special force. She is queen among them,—nay, a tyrant; and, loving her mother with all the force of her strong nature, sets up her proud self, always icy and immovable, toward her. [Boston "Literary World."] "What novels öt to be," she declared, "is something you can turn to for pleasure and amusement—to forget one's troubles, and to relax one altogether. Something like dear Miss Austen's which one can read when one has a headache, and which make one läf. I'm sure I love Miss Bates, and Mrs. Elton, and Mr. Collins, and all those dear, ridiculous people. It's a perfect delit to get among such old friends. But as for 'DANIEL DERONDA,' it's as dull as a sermon, and 50 times more difficult to understand. And I believe everyone agrees with me in their secret souls, only they dare not say so in this intense age. Call that a novel! I don't think myself stupid, but I declare I've read a whole

page without the words conveying a single glimmering of an idea. . . . Well, I don't quarrel with people writing philosophical, or metaphysical, or any other sort of learned treatises; make them as deep as you like, and let learned people read them; but don't call them novels, and delude me into taking them up. Now her early ones, I grant you, are novels—simple and full of human interest. I allow the genius in *Adam Bede*, and *Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner*, but since she turned intense, I beg not to be forced to read any more of her books.” [Character in novel by Mrs. H. Martin. **1185**

DARK COLLEEN (THE) = No. 668.

DARK AND FAIR, See “ONE OF US.”

DAUGHTER OF FIFE (A) [by AMELIA EDITH (HUDDLESTON) BARR: 1886.] “is sweet and wholesom, and has a kind of virile energy and crispness which is very attractiv. The scene opens at the fishing hamlet of Pittenloch, the tiniest of towns, a place almost unapproachable except by the sea. These fisher-folk had characters which had been molded by their surroundings, and were intensely religious, holding to the belief, ways, and modes of speech of their ancestors. . . . Not the least merit of this pure, uplifting, and charming story is the old fashioned love, the simple, honest wooing and winning, without the analysis and self-questioning of so many modern novels. Mrs. Barr's style is clear and strong; her literary workmanship that of an artist; her spirit, sentiment, teaching, sound and sweet; she has the real staying power, and knows what to say and what to leave unsaid. Given all these qualities, and a unique scene with individuality of characters, we have an uncommonly picturesque and

admirable novel.” [Boston “Literary World.” **1186**

DAUGHTER OF HETH (A). [by W. BLACK: 1860.] “There are two specialties in Mr. Black's writings for which we must always be grateful. The first is a strain of true chivalric feeling towards women and their relations with men, and the second is the great beauty of some of his descriptions of scenery. In his best works, such as the ‘Daughter of Heth,’ this tender feeling for women is very noticeable; and the account of the refining influence of Coquette, the heroine, upon the disorderly household and ruf children of the Scotch rector, is most cleverly and even pathetically painted. Indeed, this is by far the finest of Mr. Black's works, and the only one, in our opinion, which can be thoroughly praised as a whole. [Spectator. **1187**

DAUGHTER OF THE GODS (A) [by J. STANLEY: *Hurst*, 1886.] “is very pretty. That is a description which specially suits the easy-going, love-making story, in which the author is disposed on the whole to take cheerful views of life, or at any rate to make nice people happy forever afterwards. The divinely tall and fair young lady is one Verena, who falls into the clutches of a villain at the age of 16, and subsequently meets an ideally perfect middle-aged man, whose love is proof against every strain, and whose confidence in Verena is finally rewarded. The daughter of the gods endures much sorrow, and all through the story there are stern black-bearded kings, and one or two sharp-tongued queens, waiting to see her die. Amongst other good points in the book there are many clever little feminine touches which make the female characters stand out and live. The heroine's spiteful friend Kate, who ensnares her

future husband on the Underground Railway, is a capital sketch." [Athenæum.

1188

DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE (A) [by GEORGINA MARION (CRAIK) MAY: *Harper*, 1887.] "is a pretty and healthful story, in which the daughter of the people nobly gives up the young artist who is nobly willing to marry her, while in the end another noble young lady comes into her kingdom. Not the least excellent point in the story is the evident fact that, fine as was the soul of the daughter of the people, it was a great deal better and wiser that the *mésalliance* did not take place. The climax of many stories on the plan of 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' is romantic and effective, but in life any *mésalliance* is to be regretted, and Mrs. May in her story has tried to be just to both sides of the question." [Critic.

1189

DAVID ARMSTRONG. [*Blackwood*, 1880.] "The most striking character in the book is that of the hero. Whether he is a study from life or not, we do not pretend to say, but, at all events, he seems to be a study from human nature; tho he may never have existed, yet there is no reason that he might not have done so. The genius in humble life has been frequently represented in fiction, but we think he has never been treated more satisfactorily than in the present instance. The hero is no ethereal being, with hectic cheeks and soul too big or brain too busy for the body which it wears out; he is, on the contrary, a giant in body as in mind, tall, handsome, and strong. Brave, tender-hearted, honest, clever, never appearing in the faintest degree conscious of his superiority to other men, he goes straight on his way, inventing and working at models in the intervals of his regular occupation, not out of vanity, or — until the last — out of

any very definite desire to benefit his fellow men, but merely because, when an idea comes to him and takes hold of him, he can not help trying to carry it out.... But it is not only as an inventor that David Armstrong is portrayed. We are shown his strong, earnest, simple, impressionable nature going through various phases of life, and gradually molded by its trials and temptations.... All the scenes and characters are taken from the poor, and give us the impression of being drawn by one who is not only a genuine student of human nature, but also so sympathetic with humanity as to appreciate the good which is to be found everywhere in it. Consequently, we have no picture of utterly repulsive vice and villainy; and even the evil Peter Dobson has a redeeming touch of love for his idiot son. The characters are natural and well-drawn, especially the stern, yet loving, old mother, and the quiet, self-contained, unselfish Hannah Watson, with her gray life of hopeless love, and unceasing labor for others." [Spectator.

1190

DAVID COPPERFIELD [by C: DICKENS: 1850.] "is the most finished and natural of his works; it is more than good. The boyhood of the hero; the scene in the church; the death of his mother; the story of Peggotty — poor Little Em'ly; that touching love, so true, so perfect, and so delicate and pure, which the rough old fisherman has for his lost niece, cannot be surpassed. The mellow strength and matured vigor of style, the modest ingenuousness of Copperfield's relation of his progress in literature, supposed truthfully to portray Dickens' career; the child-wife, her death, and David's final love for Agnes; all rush upon our memory, and put forward their claims to be admired. The original characters are all good, and the

family of Micawber form a group as original as was ever drawn by Mr. Dickens. The dark and weird character of Rosa Dartle, and the revolting one of Uriah Heep, are the only painful ones in the book. But they are full of fine touches of nature, which also illumine the dark drawing of the *Murdstone*." [London Review.

1191

DAVID ELGINBROD. [by G. MACDONALD: *Hurst*, 1863, — Boston, *Loring*, 1869.] "D: Elginbrod is a Scotch peasant, such a one as Burns would have gloried in, dignified, self-respectful, expressing himself always with force and vigor, and embodying a deep sentiment of piety in words which speak the simple needs and aspirations of his heart. The peculiarity of manner, and the veneration of good blood and ancient lineage inherent in the Scottish breast, are made auxiliary to the development of this character, which is stamped, as it were, with the impress of reality by the use of appropriate dialect. The old man's daughter is an exquisite sketch, inheriting the higher aspirations and deeper feelings which lay at the base of David's own nature, delicately reserved and self-abnegatory, but strong in her devotion to principle; a ministering angel to her suffering friend, and worthy of the love which crowns her happiness at last." [Round Table.

1192

DAYS OF MY LIFE. [by M. A. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1857.] "Hester Southcote is the daughter of a country gentleman; she is introduced walking home, when 2 strangers meet her. One of them is Edgar Southcote, her cousin, long supposed to be dead, who is coming to claim his patrimony and disinherit her. Expelled, with her father, from the Cottiswoode estate — on which he had long lived — she becomes the companion of his

morose retirement. He is a reserved, harsh man, who has sapped every source of human felicity, and whose cynical pride is an hereditary taint in the character of Hester. After a lapse of some years, proposals of marriage reach her from her cousin, and she rejects them, fancying they have been offered in pity. Hester enters into society, and meets Harry Edgar, a gentleman after her kind, to whom her affections are speedily surrendered, and who, ere long, is a suitor at her father's house. Of course, he is no other than the rejected cousin under an assumed name — but though to the reader the artifice is, from the first, transparent, Hester is deceived, and the improbability is not, perhaps, too striking for a novel. The lady becomes Edgar's bride. Upon this event reposes the entire structure of the story. Hester, after a brief honeymoon, is brought to her future home — the Hall of Cottiswoode — and discovers the deceit which has been practised upon her. Upbraidings follow. Hester, poisoned by her inherited pride, refuses to live in a home to which she has been lured; but, after many wretched days, returns to her husband with an heir to Cottiswoode. Such is the story. The author writes with her usual fine capacity for the picturesque, her preference for simplicity, her knowledge of certain types of character, and her invariable good sense, good feeling, and good taste. No part of the narrative is uninteresting, and the reader is not bewildered by boundless contiguities of digression." [Athenæum.

1193

DEAD SECRET (THE) = No. 671.

DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER. [by A. C. PHILLIPS: *Ward & Downey*, 1887.] "The heroine (who tells her story) is not without good points. Even for the reader she possesses a certain indefinable attraction; while a round

half dozen or so of 'gilded youth' of different types ar completely 'bôled over' by her. It is felt that she is beautiful, but thêre is not a syllable of description concerning her appearance. The poor creature has a singularly hard time of it on the whole; but the easy-going filosofy which carries her along is greatly in her favor. A friend and companion, one Ethel Fortescue, encourages her to a still closer walk with joy, and a calmer, if not more heavenly, frame. The said Ethel is a rather battered woman of the world and of a racy conversation and habit.... But she makes an excellent friend in an emergency, and sticks to Miriam bravely through good report and ill." [Athenæum. **1194**

DEAR LADY DISDAIN. [by JUSTIN MCCARTHY: *Grant & Co.*, 1875.] "The situation is cleverly devised, and we must confess that, having ourselves gone very near to falling in love with Lady Disdain, we may perhaps take a prejudiced vue of the way in which she acts towards her lover.... The book is never dull; the incidents ar well woven into the story; and, tho the plot is not intricate, the interest is excellently kept up, and the book is brit and healthful throuout." [Athenæum.] — "Mr. Justin McCarthy has not always succeeded in writing the best novels in the world, but his last one—'Dear Lady Disdain'—is certainly deserving of commendation. The heroin, whose nickname givs the title to the book, is an attractiv creature, as honest as possible, with a sort of manly generosity and heartiness which distinguish her from most heroins, and bring her close to some real human beings. The name, Lady Disdain, does not suit her over well, for, so far from being disdainful, she has a very pleasing comradship with every one she meets. The men ar reasonably well drawn; the

successful lover is somewhat vague and misty, but the aspiring barber, Natty Cramp, and the lover of old china, Ronald Vidal, ar well set before the reader—the former especially. Throuout, Mr. McCarthy has shôn his earnest desire to improve, and his knowledge of the right method by holding his hand and not overdoing either the unattractiv or the ridiculous side of what he has undertaken to describe. In what he has written about this country this discretion is very noticeable, and he has avoided the easy temptation to make too much of its lack of fascination and rawness. Even Natty Cramp, whom many story-writers would hav blackened with obloquy, is treated with great fairness, and there is something very pleasing in the lack of exaggeration in describing the woman's-rits advocate—Miss Sibyl Jansen." [Nation. **1195**

DEEMSTER (THE) = No. 672.

DEERBROOK. "I hav recorded a list of the novels that I deem to hav been of use to me in the formation of character.... They ar 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Helen,' 'DEERBROOK,' by Miss Martineau, 'Jane Eyre,' 'Coningsby,' 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Pride and Prejudice,' Dickens' 'Christmas Carol,' and 'Pendennis,' or any other of Thackeray you choose." [E: Everett Hale. **1196**

DELICATE GROUND [N.Y.], See "ORDEAL FOR WIVES."

DELICIA [by BEATRICE MAY BUTT: *Holt*, 1879.] "is charming; lo in tone and careful in construction, it describes a little corner of the world and a few people with uncommon freshness and originality. The dull London square whêre the action passes is a piece of reality, and the lives led thêre, with their blunders, retrievable and irretrievable, their weakness and strength, their hopes

HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. (The) [by M.. A.. (ARNOLD) WARD: *Macmillan & Co.*, 1892.] "is an account of the life of a man from boyhood to maturity. David is introduced to us as a child in the north of England. The scene is afterward changed to Manchester, where it remains, except during an expedition to Paris, till the end . . . 'David Grieve' is partly a religious book: it follows David through the changes in his belief, as well as through his temporal fortunes. Here it is that Mrs. Ward shows her greatest power; just as the religious thought in 'Robert Elsmere' is what gave it its great interest. But David's thoughts and aspirations will not interest the reader as Robert Elsmere's did. There is throughout a sense that, though you have never read just this before, you have read in other books something very like it. It maintains the interest throughout better than 'Robert Elsmere'; it is more natural; and its characters are, perhaps, more real. But it does not appeal, as 'Robert Elsmere' did, to everyone who has thought over his religious belief, and doubted and believed and doubted again." [Commonwealth.]—"All who have read 'David Grieve' with intelligent thoughtfulness can not fail to agree that the impression it leaves is one of depressing disappointment. While the workmanship and what might be called the spiritual texture of the book are just as fine as in 'Robert Elsmere', the touch even more firm and sure, and certain portions of it far more brilliant than anything to be found in the latter, we can hardly as a whole look upon it as much better than a failure. . . . It is all interesting and fascinating from the first, and the author brings enthusiasm to her

task too, yet, to quote her words, it somehow "all dies into space, like the flaming corona of the sun," and leaves no mark or lasting effect of any kind behind it. The most brilliant portion of the book is beyond question the **Paris** episode, and no one with even the spark of an artist in his or her composition can fail to be delighted with the general treatment of it all. The glimpses given here and there of Paris, of its light and color and gaiety and joyousness and general charm, are admirable, and give one a better picture of the great and wonderful city than pages of description. True, the general situation, the relation of David to Elsie, is bad enough, quite as much so as in the better French novels, but with what exquisite taste and delicacy and refinement it is all handled! After this, however, the story seems to flatten out. We do not think it necessary that David should repent those few weeks in Paris in sackcloth and ashes all the rest of his life. They were to be deplored of course, as every fall from perfect purity and rectitude is to be deplored,—our hearts are somehow full of sorrow for him,—but we can not think that he committed an offense past all pardon. For on his part, at least, it was not a surrender to a mere attraction of the senses; his heart was in it, he was not infringing on the rights of any one else, and moreover he was not only willing but anxious to marry and devote his life to the woman, if she had consented. But for his marriage with a woman so inferior as Lucy, whom moreover he did not love, (and surely a loveless marriage is not the least immoral relation in the world) there seems no excuse and no reason whatever." ["Stuart Sterne." 1192 k

and failures, ar genuin. Miss Butt is a keen but gentle observer of human nature, and the pauses and levels in her plot ar true to life. Betty Stevens is a very attractiv and very original creature, whose future rather wës on the reader, and Delicia, with her gentle weakness, rectitude, and ingrain refinement, is delitful." [Nation.] — It "is remarkable for its delicate truthfulness, its moderation and simplicity, its occasional wit, naif and irresistible, and thöroly refined, also for a certain quaint but hi-bred plainness of manner, a blending of perfect polish with utter absence of parade....The characters ar very deftly balanced and discriminated, their destinies most naturally intertwined. There is not a melodramatic situation in the whole book, hardly, one would say, a dramatic one, until it is remembered how seldom the retiring author speaks in her ön person, how entirely and with what entire clearness the tale is told by the dramatis personæ." [Atlantic. **1197**

DENNIS DONNE [by ANNIE (THOMAS) CUDLIP: *Tinsley*, 1864.] "is a cheerful, entertaining story, dealing with more tangible matters than the distresses of extreme refinement. The writer has evidently a strong sense of humor, and enjoys unmasking the weakness of some of our conventional batteries, and exhibiting the mean compound of spite and petty jealousies, which is often their chief ammunition. The heroin, a beautiful, scheming adventuress, who fancies herself too poor to carry a conscience or a heart, contrives to entrap and marry a peer by a method as ingenious as it is novel. Her character is well drawn throuout; but even better is that of Mrs. Donne, her rival in beauty and coquetry, who outrages the moral sense of a cathedral town by

appearing with the new bishop in her train, and entirely subjugates, for the time, the bishop's chaplain, thêreby causing the rupture of his engagement to a harmless young lady, very respectable, but wholly uninteresting, and suffering sadly from comparison with the radiant lady who could giv appreciativ sympathy and words which fire ambition, instead of flat matter-of-fact congratulations. The real heroin is Stephanie Fordyce, as honest and true-hearted a damsel as the others ar false and scheming, and who is given, with true poetical justice, to the chaplain aforesaid — the only man in the book who deserves her." [Westminster Review.

1198

DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST [by "EDNA LYALL," i. e., Ada Ellen Bayly: *Appleton*, 1889.] "like so many heroes of women novelists, is too near perfection. However, Derrick's really noble traits and his renunciation of self and of the girl he loved, from a sense of duty to his disreputable old father, command both pity and admiration. Freda Merrifield, the girl, does not for a long time comprehend the position, and underrates him, but discovers her mistake before it is too late, and the brave, loyal, patient, long-suffering Derrick is rewarded in the end. Not the least interesting portions of the story ar those where the author reveals something of her personality in Derrick's aspirations and trials in writing his novels." [Boston "Literary World." **1199**

DESPERATE REMEDIES. [by T. HARDY: *Iolt*, 1874.] "It is rit to say to such readers of ours as formed hopes of Mr. Hardy's work from 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' that this is hardly worth their reading. The heroin has the charm of girlish naturalness which he contrives to impart to all his women, and thêre ar

strong impressions of character in other persons of the story. But they are not mastered by his imagination; they feebly change into something else, at times; and the plot is a wearisome confusion of motives and purposes, in which there is little color or definiteness or probability." [Atlantic.]

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DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS [by G. MEREDITH: *Harper*, 1885.] "easily takes the first place among Mr. Meredith's clever, subtle, and often baffling novels, from the fascination of its central figure and extraordinary vitality and movement of the whole story. The author has chosen a theme which stirs alike sympathy and curiosity. His heroine is no graceful abstraction labeled with all feminine graces and virtues, but a real woman whose daily life, crying necessities, problems, loves, friendships, triumphs, and humiliations are clearly revealed to us: not only by the skill of the romancer, but from our traditions of that dazzling, charming daughter of Sheridan's known to all the world as Caroline Norton, and who is the prototype of Diana Warwick. The story shows the career of a woman of unusual wit, beauty, and fascination married to an uncongenial husband, who, soon discovering that he commanded neither the affection nor respect of his wife, grew antagonistic, then jealous, and finding suspicious circumstances attending her intimacy with a man of his rank and position sued for a divorce. He did not prove his case, and Diana Warwick remained legally a wife, although separated from her husband. She supported herself by her pen, kept up a charming and costly little house, and drew about her a choice and brilliant coterie of friends. Diana is a character who exactly suits Mr. Meredith's powers. She is a true woman, exuberant, incoherent, unequal;

she perpetually utters epigrams, gets off witticisms which convulse her hearers, and although her epigrams are labored and her wit tortuous, we see the dimple about her charming lips and the light in her Irish eyes, and accept the sky-rockets as a rich illumination." [American.] — "... "There are many who so frankly regard Mr. Meredith's novels as 'told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' that total extinction of fiction would seem to them preferable to a reconstruction in harmony with his theories. On the other hand, there are some who love him, laud him as 'one of the breed of Shakspeare and Molière' and in whose breasts the brutal insensibility of the larger faction rouses the angriest passions. It is a case where the security of the middle way tempts one to brave its imputed ignominy. Dispassionate judgment suggests that few authors have Mr. Meredith's store of wise, far-reaching ideas, and that for expressing them obscurely he is beyond compare. Then his work cannot be separated from an obtrusive personality. By a wanton interpolation of venom in the narrative, there is ever present a sour, malicious being who blights delicate fancy and poisons the tip of the shaft flying straight to the core of existence. A perpetual display of ill temper is not excused even by his honest, scathing contempt for sham virtue, sham decency, and for all the shuffling hypocrisies which the world heaps into a rampart of defense against the shock to self-love consequent on looking fairly at the facts of life and the mainsprings of action." [Nation.] — "It is full of mannerisms, rough and unshaped in parts, tedious and even dull in others, but through this outlying crust of superwordiness gleam here and there the facets of one of nature's jewels. Diana is truly a fascinating creature,

whom we see in side-lits, as it wer, never full-face; and she is palpitating with life, overflowing with witty sayings, a centre of resplendent womanhood." [Boston "Literary World." **1201**

DICK CHICHESTER. [by E. M. ROACH: *Arrowsmith*, 1890.] The scene "is a type of that rural England of which Barsetshire is the most famous example, and out of its politics and society and love-making a very pleasant tho somewhat placid story has been evolved. The presence of but one villain would have lent animation to the plot, for as it stands the only obstacles in the way of the happiness of the principal characters ar put thêre by themselves." [Athenæum. **1202**

DICK NETHERBY [by LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WALFORD: *Holt*, 1882.] "is a plain story of temptation, the yielding, the punishment, and the final struggle into a new life of the hero, a humble country lad....The side figures ar drawn with that same lit, accurate touch which gave us Lord Suffrenden in 'Mr. Smith'; and in 'Troublesome Daughters' Marjorie, the brigest, truest portrait of a girl of the period which has ever been painted." [Nation. **1203**

DICK'S WANDERINGS. [by JULIAN STURGIS: *Houghton*, 1882.] "If this open-hearted young hero, Dick Hartland, is too typically british to be knôn to us precisely as he is fotografed, — with his obsequious tenants, and his ambition to educate a constituency — he is true enuf after a particularly charming fashion, to world-wide human nature, to arouse much sympathy, and to waken an especial interest. The history of Dick's boyhood days is related at the outset, with sufficient minuteness to sho him then the father of the man. An affectionate, quick-witted, self-reliant young fello, he is generous to a fault, and pure-

minded as a woman. He groes, studies, and investigates unhurriedly, and finally falls in love with a pretty american girl. A series of small misunderstandings keep the lovers apart for many uncomfortable months; but fate is kind at last, and a roseate glo of happiness illumines the final pages of the book, to everybody's satisfaction." [Californian. **1204**

DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON (THE). [Cassell, 1881.] "The heroin is a comely, brit, affectionate, rather commonplace girl, whom the writer introduces with the remark that 'her name was Polly, and her nose turned up.' Her career is complicated between the attentions of two lovers, and the impracticable selfishness of a meagre and miserly father....Robert is an admirable study of the honest, limited, commonplace, obtuse, warm-hearted youth, whose ambition never looks beyond a partnership in 'the firm,' and whose ideas of love and marriage ar of the strictly domestic, humdrum, and unromantic order. He is manifestly unfitted to do justice to Polly's requirements, and thêre is much good comedy in the description of their relations; and when it finally appears that the marriage is fated to take place, we ar distressed on his account scarcely less than on hers. The situation here is so sympathetically felt by the author that she makes the reader share her feeling; and all our respect for Robert's moral character, and our liking for his natural goodness do not prevent us from protesting with Polly against the inevitable woollen comforter which he persists in wearing round his neck, or from understanding how it was that 'his cheery voice always carried dismay to Polly's heart.' Richard Brandford, the other hero, tho well introduced and described, does not impress us nearly so much, in spite of his

aristocratic qualities. We are told that he is reserved, clever, handsome, and imperturbable; but we are nowhere told that he does anything worth a man's doing or a woman's loving. This, of course, does not prevent Polly's loving him; and we are bound to say that the incident is probable enough, and further, that we accept it with the better grace, inasmuch as it affords opportunity for the development of some very charming traits in Polly herself. Richard Brandford 'never said a word that her heart could find food in remembering; but in refusing to let her conquer him, he conquered her.'" [Spectator. **1205**

DISHONORED. [by "THEO. GIFT," i. e., Dora Henrietta (Havers) Boulger: *Hurst*, 1890.] "The subject — the mental agony suffered by a peculiarly noble-minded girl on discovering that there is a stain upon her birth — is fruitful of pathos, and if the writer showed as much power in developing a story as in imagining individual scenes and in sketching characters, Theo. Gift's charming book might have secured a more than ephemeral success. The portrait of the heroine is both winsome and vivid, and there are some scenes — especially the one where she is compelled to listen to the pleadings of Mrs. Rice on behalf of her love-stricken son — which blend pathos with humor so ably that they might pass for the work of a more ambitious novelist than we take Theo. Gift to be. The descriptions of Stoneham — the highly self-respecting Stonehamites — and especially of the good Nonconformist folk who attend the chapel to admire, in an intensely critical spirit, the Rev. John Rice's sermons, would have been more remarkable than they are had they preceded and not followed Mrs. Oliphant's marvelous descriptions of the Nonconformist world in 'Salem

Chapel'.... Old Mr. Benison, the father of the heroine, who underneath his ruggedness of manner hides a nature so loving that his life is wasted in the forlorn hope of the return of the wife who has betrayed him, is sketched in a few pages with that easy strength which only an entire sympathy with the character depicted can lend to any writer. It, indeed, lifts the story into literature." [Athenæum. **1206**

DISSOLVING VIEWS. [by LENORA BLANCHE (ALLEYNE) LANG: *Harper*, 1884.] "The author doubtless had herself in mind when she makes her heroine say, 'Any book I wrote would inevitably be for women. The moment a man took it up he would drop it. I know a man drops a woman's book as if he had taken up a jelly-fish.' Still, the story is quite worth while as a lively picture of a London season. A good deal of the talk is evidently borrowed, not made, and the diversions of the moment — greek plays, cricket, æsthetic teas, and all the rest, are well set forth. The heroine is engaged to the wrong man, but marries the right one." [Nation. **1207**

DISTURBING ELEMENT (THE). [by C.. M.. YONGE: *Appleton*, 1879.] "A wonder among books; a tale from Miss Yonge in which saints' days are hardly mentioned — daily service not at all; in which there is not even one of those noble beings, compounds of the loftiest birth and the finest sentiments, whose existences find their nutriment in the history of the peerage and 'the ritual year of England's Church'; in which no description of the exquisite anguish endured by those distant descendants of noble families who are obliged to contaminate their lives by trade renders the soul of American readers. 'The Disturbing Element' is a simple, natural

story — telling of the home-work of two old ladies who help the lassies of a little seaside town, first to a sense of their ignorant inaccuracy, then to a little careful and thōro work, and to the various mental and moral rectifications which attend on work well done.” [Nation. **1208**

DITA. [by MARGARET MAJENDIE: *Blackwood*, 1877.] “Dita, or Perdita, is the pet name of the heroin of a rather pretty story. A benevolent bookseller adopts the orphan heiress of a Highland family, disōned throu the treachery of an ambitious uncle. He persuades his mother, from whom he conceals the proof of the child’s legitimacy, to countenance the wrong he does to the memory of his brother and the wife he secretly married. Lady Grisel is rather a pathetic character, but the author’s tender-heartedness seems to hav prevented her working out her original conception, which, at the outset, appears to hav projected a sterner and more tragic figure. As it is, the lady’s womanliness overpowers her pride, and what the story gains in pleasantness it loses in grandeur.” [Athenæum. **1209**

DIVIDED [*Remington*, 1881.] “is a simple story of every day life, life in good society, amongst refined people in easy circumstances. The heroin is a charming, wayward girl, who loves whêre her mother thinks she ôt not, and weakly marries a richer man at her mother’s bidding. The hero tries to follo a similar course, but fails on the eve of his wedding day, and in less than a year his first love is a wido. From this point a commonplace story would advance towards a commonplace ending, but ‘Divided’ is not a commonplace story. The heroin will not use her liberty as a well regulated heroin mit be expected to do. The girl’s character is only begin-

ning to unfold, and, as it is worth the reader’s while to study the process for himself, no more need be said about it here. Opinions may differ as to the poetical justice of the conclusion of this story, but it is, at any rate, sufficiently fresh and unhackneyed, and at the same time natural, to make it pleasant reading.” [Athenæum. **1210**

DR. HERMIONE. [*Blackwood*, 1890.] “A clever story this, and eminently readable. If the author’s intention was to sho that feminin aspirations after professional success ar apt to come o grief, ‘Dr. Hermione’ is a decided success. Clever, enthusiastic, devoted to her work, and possessed of means which set her above the difficulties that encumber most women in her position, Hermione, it is easy to see, will be a failure as a fysician. She falls in love with a young man who can hardly be deemed good enuf for her. Is it worth while, the reader is disposed to ask, to take such a world of pains to attain an end which is, after all, so willingly abandoned? [Compare ‘Dr. Breen’s Practice’ (No. 25).] But whatever we may think of the construction or the meaning of the story, that it is ‘readable from cover to cover’ is beyond a doubt.” [Spectator. **1211**

DOCTOR OF BEAUVOIR (THE). [by W: GILBERT: *Tinsley*, 1869.] “Mr. Gilbert has the true secret of getting to the heart of things; it would be difficult to find a life containing fewer incidents than that of the Doctor of Beauvoir, who does not tell us even his name; and yet he has contrived to make it thōroly interesting. This autobiography is written exactly as a parish doctor mit be expected to write, only that the total absence of all pretence and effort and the skill with which the narrativ is knit together betray a practised artist. The

Doctor of Beauvoir is also a hero, and, apparently, without being in the least conscious of it. The manly, uncomplaining spirit in which he bears his troubles, and the courage with which he makes his modest and useful way in the world, show qualities of a fine nature, and of one which would have done well in any walk of life. The background of family affection, and the different members of the home circle, who, although only sketches, have an individual interest for the reader, add to the pleasant elements in the book. The account of the 'poor patients' is charming, and has the appearance of being perfectly true. The interest of the story is real and substantial, and the closing chapter of the Doctor's life, when he is left quite alone in the world, is not only touching but cheering. The Doctor will, we think, exercise as good an influence on his readers as he did among his patients and neighbors of Beauvoir." [Athen. **1212**

DR. THORNE. [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1858.] "Mr. Trollope is strong and indefatigable, and we are thankful for the robust, vigorous, and amusing novels he bestows upon us. He has a real sense of fun, — a thing not common in these days. We can promise a hearty laugh to all who undertake 'Dr. Thorne,' a laugh which does good to the lafter, not cynical and cruel, but hearty and sympathetic, and there are so few books now-a-days which make us laugh. There is genuine humor in 'Dr. Thorne,' not strained or ambitiously displayed, but arising from the natural play of the characters, who are real creatures of human nature, flesh-and-blood, vigorously and broadly drawn — they would be likenesses if they were not types. . . . Dr. Thorne is the good genius of everybody in the book, and is repaid by being indispensable — whether loved or hated,

nobody can do without him." [Athenæum. **1213**

DOCTOR WORTLE'S SCHOOL. [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1881.] "The mystery which shrouds the connexion between Mr. and Mrs. Peacocke, which so severely exercises the consciences of sundry spinsters, matrons, and clerical gossips, and drives the warm-hearted Dr. Wortle to the verge of lunacy, is revealed at the outset, and the remainder of the book is occupied in describing, with much skill and a good deal of quiet pathos and humor, the effect produced by the discovery, on a number of average, but by no means equal or identical, minds." [Athenæum.] "Mr. Trollope's tale is more than interesting, more than ingenious; it is bracing, which is much to say of a story dealing with delicate conjugal relations. Many novelists undertake the delineation of vice and its consequences with a sincere desire to make sin hideous; even Zola has at heart a terrible warning in his 'realism'; but he who would have a garden must not only pull up weeds, but plant flowers. Mr. Trollope has planted flowers, not by depicting the troubles of a man who sins; but by drawing a man who sins and does not even repent, yet who accepts the consequences of his sins with a frankness, manliness, and patience which leaves us intensely impressed with the fact that honesty is — not the best policy — but best, whatever the policy." [Critic. **1214**

DOCTOR'S FAMILY (THE). [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1863.] "A little, lithe Australian fairy, she has seen her silly sister ruined by her loss of a husband, — and the children growing up savages, and calmly takes them all on her shoulders, brings them to England, and plays in Carlisle earthly providence, — keeping

the husband in order, ruling the children, doing all which the fretful wife is too helpless to attempt, too silly to thank her for accomplishing. Women have done all this often enough in fiction as well as reality, but it has been from love, or pity, or religious emotion, or some feeling which rises in its intensity to the height of passion. But the speciality of Nettie is that she does all this, not from any of these motives, but from the impulse of what seems to her common-sense, and is common sense strengthened and made active, cool, and sensible, by an idea of duty. . . . The merit of her creation, in an artistic sense, is that she has placed her heroine in such a position, yet made her simply a girl, a natural, warm-hearted, impulsive being, always alive with humor and incisive good sense, addicted to clever rapid chatter, and as free from the self-consciousness of virtue as she is from priggishness. . . . But Nettie is none of these, only one of those girls whom most men have met once in life, who add a manlike efficiency and decision to their feminine acuteness of perception and capacity for enduring love, and who, when once understood, make those to whom that fortunate comprehension is given listen to arguments about woman's want of capacity with a smile which has in it some tolerant scorn. Who has not seen such a being, girl or woman, with a head as clear as her heart is soft, whose instincts are as safe guides as other people's experience, whose perception never errs as to character, or as to the road which must willingly or unwillingly at last be pursued, who cannot speak vaguely or diffusely if she would, and who is called by weak men satirical because she cannot help being pointed. It is impossible to read the 'Doctor's Family' with the eager attention enforced by 'Salem

Chapel,' but very few readers will lay it down without feeling themselves the happier and the stronger for their intimate personal acquaintance with Nettie Underwood." [Spectator. 1215

DOLLY [by F.. [E..] (Hodgson) BURNETT: Phila., *Porter*, 1877.] "is a story of English domestic experience. A group of motherless sisters are the leading characters, one of whom, Mollie, is made just to escape the greatest disaster of a woman's life. The figure-drawing is spirited, and the dialogue salient and good. Dolly's and Grif's misunderstandings are well portrayed for the teaching of ardent young lovers that they should not be jealous and fall out by the way." [Boston "Literary World."] — "The heroine is an attractive girl who is a capital combination of coquetry and kindness; the troubles which beset her and her brothers and sisters are calculated to wring the heart, not excessively, but in discreet moderation, while a good ending closes the book." [Nation.] — "'Dolly' and 'Theo' are not strikingly new stories, with their accounts of the happiness, after much suffering, of very charming girls, who grow in out-of-the-way places, breathing the air of genteel poverty, which they exchange very naturally for the perfumes of the gilded drawing-room. It is not the plots which are noteworthy, but the animated, fascinating style in which these threadbare incidents are recounted. Where so many novel-writers are pompous or affected, Mrs. Burnett is as simple, as natural, and as amusing as any one could wish. For me, I find her hispirits and her pathos much better reading than the cold discussion of a 'problem' in 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' and the willful accumulation of distressing incidents in 'Surly Tim.'" [Atlantic.] — "Upon the principle that it is better to read a good book twice than an

indifferent one once, we welcome an old friend under a new title in '*Vagabondia*.' Dolly as 'Dolly,' was altogether delightful. Revised by the author and veiled by the temptingly suggestive title we quote, she allures us as irresistibly as when we made her acquaintance. Jolly, deep-hearted, rattle-pated Dolly, is our darling as ever, but Toinette, Grif, Mollie, Annie, and the ubiquitous cherub Tod, to whom we are introduced as he 'sits in the coal-box, eating Phil's fuseses,' interest us with the freshness of new creation, draw upon our heart-strings, with the tender violence of old loves. We are not sure that Mrs. Burnett did not give us her best wine at the beginning of the feast of which we never tire." [Homemaker.] — "We are not sorry to miss the storm and stress of her recent novels, and we think the drollery and overflowing good humor of '*Vagabondia*,' a fair exchange for them. The male reader, at any rate, who does not fall in love with Dolly or Mollie, Aimée or Toinette, must be hard to please. But we are sure that all will be delighted to be admitted to that slipshod but otherwise charming household." [Critic. 1216

DON JOHN. [by JEAN INGELOW: *Roberts*, 1885.] "The *motif* seems to be hackneyed; but it is not so, for here we have the time-honored expedient of changing children at nurse treated in an entirely unprecedented, and yet perfectly plausible fashion. The irresponsible young wet-nurse whose imagination has been fired, and her lit head turned, by an immense consumption of the fiction furnished by a cheap circulating library, makes, in the first instance, in mere wantonness, the experiment of substituting her child for the one which had been confided — somewhat too unquestioningly — to her care, while a severe epidemic of scarlatina took its long course

thru the nursery of her employers. Again a chain of curious and very creditably-devised chances favor — almost necessitate — the maintenance of the deception; and at length it comes about, thru the sudden death, by accident, of her accomplice in the dangerous game she had been playing, that the nurse herself is not entirely certain whether it is the Johnstone baby or hers which the family reclaim, while she is herself prostrated by severe illness. The frightened woman keeps her guilty and yet rather absurd secret for a little while, but then the miserable confession will out, and the unhappy parents who have been the victims of this enraging trick find that they can do no better than pack the unprincipled nurse off to Australia, adopt the other child, and bring up the twin boys exactly alike. The history of the growth of their characters, and the development of their fates, is a singular and affecting one. It is the best told of Miss Ingelow's tales, — the most direct and dramatic and symmetrical; and, in short, Don John is, to our mind, a beautiful little story; a finished and charming specimen of that minor English fiction which is often as good, from a literary point of view, as the best produced elsewhere." [Atlantic. 1217

DONALD GRANT. [by GEORGE MACDONALD; *Paul*, 1884.] ".... However it must be confessed that in laying down 'Donald Grant' the most grateful of readers — and surely the author of 'Sir Gibbie' and 'Within and Without' has many grateful readers — is obliged to confess that Dr. MacDonald has been suffering from an attack of kleptomania, and does not supply us with such good material as when he came by it lawfully. Nothing need be said of his pilferings from Mrs. Radcliffe. He must inform us that in helping himself to her 'proper-

ties' he is only folloing the example of Sir Walter Scott, whose 'Woodstock' was found on search to be stuffed with her paste jewels, and who, instead of shoing any penitence, gloried in the cleverness of the theft. But the counsel for the prosecution, after citing the sound tho startling critical maxim that literary robbery can be justified only when accompanied by murder, produces a witness who has survived being robbed by Dr. MacDonald — Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu to wit, the plot of whose 'Uncle Silas' has been bodily transferred to the pages of 'Donald Grant.' Ill-gotten gains never prosper. Dr. MacDonald finds his pillage as much in his way as Lady Cork did a hedgehog she once carried off from a garden for want of better prey, and his story pursues its mild path almost oblivious of the incident that the villain has tried to murder his heroin for the sake of her fortune." [Contemporary Review. **1218**

DONOVAN. [by "EDNA LYALL," i. e., Ada Ellen Bayly : *Appleton*, 1886.] "The author of 'Donovan' and what may be called its sequel, 'We Two' is a pretty fair preacher, but a better novelist. She carries a good story and a religious controversy side by side throu two thick volumes with indisputable success. She keeps both well in hand, guiding her people skilfully throu strange vicissitudes, and in argument always putting the rit thing in the rit mouth. The arguments ar far from original, so far that they seem to us profitless iteration, but they ar also so fair that it is at times possible to forget that the author is the soul of orthodoxy. She means to call in wanderers from the christian fold, but she neither asserts dogmatically, nor threatens, nor scolds. She provides people of absolute faith, people of little faith, and people of no faith, and treats

all with impartiality. She displays serious thôt, some humor, a good deal of knoledg of life's by-ways, a joy in the good, with or without creed, and a wide charity for sinners. The prominence of her serious motiv presupposes some prolixity and dulness, but it is easy to get the whole of the story and the gist of the arguments without weariness." [Nation. **1219**

DORIE [in "A Maiden Fair," by C. GIBBON: *Mazwell*, 1886.] "is a pretty sketch of a lâfter-loving english maiden who at first does not kno her mind, but in the end makes up very satisfactorily to her harassed lover for the searchings of heart she has caused him." [Athenæum. **1220**

DOROTHY. [by MA. AGNES (COLVILLE) PAUL: Oxford, *Parker*, 1856.] "'Dorothy' is an excellent little story. Thère ar no exciting incidents nor hily-wrôt sentiments, but a great deal of excellent delineation of character. Dorothy herself is well drawn, and her progress from a self-willed, selfish, spoiled, domineering young woman to a well-regulated, self-controlled, rational being, is true to nature and extremely interesting. The sketch of her step-mother is happily hit off, and is a life-like bit of portrait painting." [Athenæum. **1221**

DOROTHY FOX [by LOUISA (TAYLOR) PARR: *Strahan*, 1871.] "is a complete success from the first page to the last. There is not a character in whom we do not feel an interest. And the success is won by legitimate means — careful studies of life, and careful character drawings. Altho the story is in a great measure taken up with scenes from Quaker life, yet it is full of worldly knoledg. Here for instance is a bit of wisdom: — 'Love without money can not giv happiness; but money without

love, tho it may not giv happiness, can giv many things which enable you to bear your life very contentedly.' And this wisdom of the market-place is excellently illustrated in the character of Lady Laura, who preferred her dismal, unhealthy house, to all other houses, however cheerful and healthy, if in a less aristocratic situation." [Westminster Review. **1222**

DOUBLE DUTCHMAN (THE) [by CATHERINE CHILDAR: *Hurst*, 1884.] "is above the average of novels of its kind. It deals britly and grammatically with scenes of quite modern social life. Mrs. Hazlewood and her 3 dauters ar eminently modern. Judith, the outspoken, dashing beauty, is the most interesting figure, so tender and strong a heart underlies her almost masculin manner. She is the good genius of her sister Blanche, the shy, gentle student of the 'sweet girl graduate' type." [Athenæum. **1223**

DOUBLES AND QUILTS. [by LAWRENCE W. M. LOCKHART: *Blackwood*, 1869.] "Two military gentlemen very much resemble each other, and ar always crossing each other's path. After this has gone on so far as to create some enmity, one of them, Captain Bruce, receives a billet at the opera from a young lady who mistakes him for Captain Burridge. He visits at Mr. Badger's, her uncle's, and is at first received as Captain Burridge. The mistake is cleared up in time, but in the meanwhile Bruce has fallen 'in love' with her sister Rose, and is placed on 'calling' terms with the family. Mary, the young lady who had sent him the billet at the opera, is 'in love' with Burridge; but Burridge, tied to an odious, immoral woman, who is he knoes not whêre, is tung-tied and cannot propose. How these confusions ar cleared up, and

each of the gentlemen marries the girl of his choice at last, it would not be fair to tell." [Contemporary Review. **1224**

DOUBTING HEART (A). [by ANNIE KEARY: *Macmillan*, 1880.] "Thère is a restful quality in Miss Keary's writings, which makes them always acceptable to one who is weary of the excitements offered by much of current fiction. In this story we hav the experiences attending a mother's efforts to marry and settle her dauters; with the result to them of some trial and disappointments, and the advantage to the reader of grafic portraitures of a peculiar aspect of english domestic life. Thère ar many touching passages which must be read entire in their connexion to be enjoyed, and indeed the whole book is one not to be missed. It 'turns out' beautifully." [Boston "Literary World."] — "A character who deserves mention is old Madame Florimel, the english wido of a french count, and Wynward Anstices' relativ. She livs at Roquette, and some of the scenes in the book — not the least important either — ar laid here. One, of almost idyllic beauty, called 'Madame's Fête,' givs a charming picture of a french village match-making. Madame de Florimel takes a strong fancy to the pure-hearted, honest, and impressionable Emmie West, and forms a plan for matching her to her kinsman, — a plan which comes at one time to a miserable shipwreck, causing Emmie much sorro. But 'all things find rest at their journey's end,' and, on the whole, we ar not disposed to quarrel at the fate to each assigned. One thing we may say in conclusion, and we deem it hi praise. There is no villain in the book, no character of extravagant wickedness. All ar human — the good and the bad — and tho some may be shadoy and distant,

never impressing their individuality on the reader, none ar repellent. Even the Kirkmans ar tolerable, the worst of them, the old millionaire, being kept quite in the background. As for the old judge, Sir Francis Rivers, we get to like him much ere the story is over. Successful, easy-going, worldly, kind-hearted and disappointed man as he is, the fine traits of his mind come out when bitterness and sorro overtake him." [Spectator. **1225**

DRAMA IN MUSLIN (A). [by G: MOORE: *Vizetelly*, 1886.] "Mr. Moore can depict human beings in an original and consistent fashion; he can tell a story well, and he has an excellent eye for effect, so that his novel is picturesque, well constructed, and full of human interest....It is as well to say that 'A Drama in Muslin' is not fit for the drawing-room....At the same time it is not too much to say that it is one of the ablest and most original novels of the year. It has been Mr. Moore's object to make a study of the life of a group of girls in good society. By laying the scene in Ireland he has secured the advantage of strong contrasts and good opportunities for his biting humor. His picture of **Dublin** in the season is exceedingly clever." [Athenæum. **1226**

DRAUGHT of LETHE (A) [by ROR TELLET: *Smith*, 1891.] "is an exceedingly clever book....Of course, in a story of this kind, character-drawing is subordinated to plot-weaving; but the sketches of Vaux, the non-exhibiting painter, with his surface cynicism and his underlying kindness, and of Mr. Badgerly, the intervuer, whose being's end and aim is the procuring of piquant 'copy,' ar thōroly life-like and entertaining. — The only serious artistic blot is the introduction of that horrible epi-

sode, the attempt of Dr. Falck to murder his rival by means of his new anaesthetic. It is quite unexpected, it stands out of all relation to the action, and has the look of being an afterthought which is quite out of place in a book that is otherwise so admirably planned." [Spectator. **1227**

DRIVER DALLAS. [by J: STRANGE WINTER," i. e., Henrietta Eliza Vaughan (Palmer) Stannard: *Harper*, 1887.] "Captain John Dallas is a stalwart, honest, clear-eyed young fello; and when the bewitching Mabel Rivers, left motherless, comes to Drive to make her home thère with his sister Betty and his great-aunt Miss Aurora, the result usual in such contingencies folloes. The course of love does not run at all smoothly, however. Mabel assumes for the time being the character of a coquette, when a handsom officer of the Lancers appears on the scene." [Boston "Literary World." **1228**

DUKE'S CHILDREN (THE) [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1880.] "is, like all Trollope's novels, an extremely simple story. It belongs to the series, in which the Duke of Omnium and Phineas Finn and his wife appear, and narrates the fortunes of the duke's eldest son and dauter. Lord Silverbridge has two love-affairs, one with Mabel Grex, the fortune-hunting but attractiv dauter of a ruined earl, and the second with an american girl, Miss Boncassen, whom he finally marries.... Meanwhile he is disappointed in other things. His dauter, a charming girl, falls in love with Frank Tregear, who, tho a gentleman, has no rit to dream of such good fortune as marrying the dauter of the Duke of Omnium. This attachment the duke does his best to break up, of course without success. In the end Frank Tregear marries Lady Mary,

just as Lord Silverbridge marries Miss Boncassen, and the duke consents. This is the sum and substance of the story, and there could scarcely be less." [Nation. **1229**

DUKE'S DAUGHTER (THE) and **THE FUGITIVES** [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1890.] "is a story of very hi life indeed, since it tells of the Duke of Billingsgate, head of the house of Altamont, and of his dauter, Lady Jane, who falls in love with a man of inferior rank—wealthy, and a thōro gentleman, but not up to the mark of what the duke thinks fitting for his only dauter. There is another duke in the story, and duchesses, and lords and ladies, and just a glimps of a royal personage. Mrs. Oliphant rejoices in the portrayal of these exalted people; and it is needless to say that they ar all instinct with life and verisimilitude, being as remote from the colorless fantasms of the professedly fashionable novelist as they ar from the crude monstrosities of the incompetent tyro in fiction. Since the death of Anthony Trollope we hav had no one who could so faithfully and appreciatively depict in words the pompous, overweening, intractable duke, who, subject to the common and vulgar lot of humanity, worships the fetish of his extravagant pride even at the moment when it is shattered and pulverized. . . . It is Lady Jane Altamont with whom the story is mainly concerned, and the relations of father and dauter are drawn with a skillful hand. [Athenæum. **1230**

DUMBLETON COMMON [by ELEANOR EDEN: *Bentley*, 1867.] "is a charmingly pleasant book; it is full of genial kindheartedness, and there is a thōroly well-bred tone throu-out. The story itself is as slit as can hold together; but every individual in it has a distinctiv

character, and is made of flesh and blood, with a reasonable soul to match. The reader is effectually interested in the characters, all and sundry, from dear 'little Miss Patty,' the narrator of the annals of Dumbleton, to the Lady Venetia Verney, the siren and fine lady of the book. . . . Dumbleton Common is about 5 miles from London, and readers will giv it the exact locality they please; we hav our own idea of the particular spot indicated, but we do not wish to impose it on our readers. As for the story, we will not detail it, but recommend all who wish to have a lit, pleasant book, to get it for themselves." [Athenæum. **1231**

EARL OF EFFINGHAM (THE) [by LALLA M'DOWELL: *Tinsley*, 1877.] "is pleasantly told, and will repay the expenditure of time necessary to get throu it. It is an irish story, tho its scenes shift from Galway and Dublin to London. The distinctions between the several pictures of irish and english life ar well marked, in framework, background, coloring, and association; and whilst the former ar racy of the genuin character and tone of the Emerald Isle, the latter ar scarcely less grafic and legitimate imitations of good originals. . . . It is before all things a brit and interesting novel, with much to recommend it; and it deserves to be received with favor. The story is a pretty one, and the heroin is thōroly charming; the characters ar all well drawn, and the style, tho not perfect, is good." [Athenæum. **1232**

EAST LYNNE [by ELLEN (PRICE) WOOD: *Bentley*, 1861.] "is one of the best novels published for a season. The plot is interesting, intricate and well carried out; the characters ar life-like, and the writing simple and natural. There is nothing forced, nothing disjointed or unfinished about

it; no discrepancies in the story."....
 'East Lynne' was a romance — a love story of the most exciting and complicated nature: it may have been a little exaggerated in parts — it may have had trifling discrepancies — portions of the story may have been improbable; but no one can deny that 'East Lynne' was a work of absorbing interest, this interest being concentrated in the conjugal life of a lawyer in a country town, and in the fate of his two wives." [Athenæum. **1234**

EFFIE OGILVIE [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*, 1886.] "is one of Mrs. Oliphant's ever charming stories, in which, as usual, even hackneyed plot and time-honored situations are turned to favor and to prettiness. There is novelty in the turn given to the crisis, keen insight in the study of a proud young girl's heart, and ingenuity in the way things are brought out, without the railway accident or typhoid fever, by which most novelists rid themselves of one hero too many." [Critic. **1235**

EFFIE'S GAME [by CECIL CLAYTON: *H. S. King*, 1873.] "is a simple, pretty love-story. Effie and her sister Constance go to live with a bachelor uncle, who has a general's command in Portsmouth. Constance's fortunes are easily told. She finds a match of a most prudent and respectable kind. Nor is there anything very remarkable or heart-breaking about Effie's. A young aide-de-camp, who has nothing but his pay, falls in love with her, proposes, is accepted, and then cries off. Effie consoles herself with a rapidity which speaks much for her good sense. For a moment we are allowed to suppose that a respectable post-captain, of the same stamp as the respectable colonel who secured Con-

stance, will be the happy man; but a brilliant writer in the *Piccadilly*, a journal which we congratulate on possessing so eligible a person on its staff, steps in before and carries off the prize. In truth, the book is of very slight texture but it is well written. The characters are not very profound studies, but they move and act, and, above all, talk like human beings, and we have liked reading about them." [Spectator. **1236**

EGLANTINE [by ELIZA (TABOR) STEPHENSON: *Harper*, 1876.] "is one of the pleasantest stories of the day. More charming pictures of English country life we have never seen." [Boston "Literary World."] — "The narrative is one which might have been written for her own satisfaction by a refined and cultivated woman, whose life had been spent 'far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,' whose experience had scarcely transcended the bounds of the domestic affections, but who had passed beneath the chastening hand of sorrow. Skilful as it is in construction, however, the strength of the book lies in its character sketches." [Appleton's. **1238**

EGOIST (THE). [by G. MEREDITH: *Paul*, 1879; *Roberts*, 1888.] "No summary can do justice to the cleverness of Mr. Meredith's characters. The Egoist lives for himself; but the virtues he takes of that self and the duties of his position are so lofty as to be ideal. Called by Providence to be the greatest magnate in his county, it is not for him to frustrate the intentions of fate by seeking the society of those who are his equals or possibly his superiors. A baronet, he mistrusts the peerage. London he feels to be destructive of all individuality, but at Patterne Hall his talents have room to do themselves justice. There he is in his

clement, worshipped by the countryside in general, and by Lætitia Dale, the daughter of a half-pay officer, in particular. . . . While Lætitia Dale's history exposes the cruel side of egoism, Clara Middleton brings to light the ridiculousness of it. An admirable contrast to Lætitia, she makes a delightful heroine. With her sense of fun, and healthy instincts of liberty and enjoyment, she is more than a match for 20 egoists. The distress Sir Willoughby causes her is nothing to the agonies she makes him undergo. Mr. Meredith, though he has created these two charming pictures of womanhood, does not allow himself to be diverted from his main object — the pursuit of egoism. . . . Mr. Meredith's style is a cross between Mr. Carlyle's and Mr. Browning's, if such a compound be imaginable. It is a nut confessedly hard to crack. He is so artificial as to seem to have lost the power of using straightforward language. The simplest statement becomes an epigram; his epithets contain the pith of elaborate metaphors; his metaphors are like the bursting of rockets, which show new aspects of familiar scenes in a flash of fantastic light. The objections to such a method of composition are obvious. It is perhaps enough to say that it is apt to be unintelligible." [New Quarterly Mag.] — "The Egoist is 'monstrous clever;' and to be that is a great deal, — but it is no more than that. . . . That impression is never given by the Egoist, supremely clever as very much of it is. The insight of it is often so keen and penetrating, and its expression so clear-cut, that one strong though not abiding result of it is a sense that in Sir Willoughby Patterne Mr. Meredith has created an illusion by reproducing a real man, viewed from the coolly critical standpoint of his fellowman. Here, one

feels inclined to say, is the self-seeking, vain, egoistic heart of 'that kind of man' laid bare, not as he appears to himself and wishes to appear to women, but as he looks under the lens of a singularly disinterested fraternal regard. And, to be just to Mr. Meredith, that seems to be precisely what he aimed at — not to paint one egoist, but to give 'a chosen sample, digestibly'; to condense into an acrid yet nose-tickling essence the mildly unpleasant odor of a whole garden full of dahlias and London-pride. And as he aimed at that result, and hit it, he must be acknowledged an artist, often supremely adroit in his manipulation, and irresistibly comic in his achievement." [Catholic World.] — "I should never forgive myself if I forgot 'The Egoist.' It is art, if you like, but it belongs purely to didactic art, and from all the novels I have read (and I have read thousands) stands in a place by itself. Here is a Nathan for the modern David, here is a book to send the blood into men's faces. Satire, the angry picture of human faults, is not great art; we can all be angry with our neighbor; what we want is to be shown not his defects, of which we are too conscious, but his merits, to which we are too blind. And 'The Egoist' is a satire; so much must be allowed; but it is a satire of a singular quality, which tells you nothing of that obvious mote which is engaged from first to last with that invisible beam. It is yourself that is hunted down, these are *your* faults that are dragged into the day and numbered, with lingering relish, with cruel cunning and precision. A young friend of Mr. Meredith's (as I have the story) came to him in agony. 'This is too bad of you' he cried, 'Willoughby is me!' [*sic!*] 'No, my dear fellow,' said the author, 'he is all of us.'

I hav read 'The Egoist' 5 or 6 times, and I mean to read it again; for I am like the young friend of the anecdote — I think Willoughby an unmanly but a very serviceable exposure of myself."

[Ro. L: Stevenson. **1239**

ELIOT THE YOUNGER [by BERNARD BARKER: *Tinsley*, 1878.] "at least merits the praise of being lively and entertaining. It is smartly and sometimes wittily written. The father of 'Eliot the Younger' is a figure drawn not without considerable skill, and talks in a way which we do not the less enjoy becaus it reminds us very strongly of Miss Austen. The intellectual man, placed in the midst of rural society, and married to the most liberal minded of women, and finding a certain satisfaction in a quiet sarcasm which no one about him understands, is a person whom we ar glad to hav met." [Spectator. **1240**

ELIZABETH MORLEY [by K.. S. MACQUOID: Bristol, *Arrowsmith*, 1889.] ".... is pleasant and not uninteresting. It is the story of a misunderstanding between husband and wife on their wedding tour, and if there is a little insufficiency in the reason of the dissension, Mrs. Macquoid may say that her story is therefore true to life." [Athenæum. **1241**

ELSIE [by 'A. C. M.: *Macmillan*, 1875.] "is a pretty rural tale at the outset.... There is little that is remarkable in the character of the selfish, but not wholly rascally male actor in Elsie's misfortune. The girl is a more substantial entity, tho she is unnaturally influenced by fear of a Calvinistic father. A true Lowland lass would hav shōn more spirit than our unhappy friend. But there is much pathos in the reconciliation between the poor girl and her parents, and the miller is a well drawn

sketch. The scene in which the hard, proud old man, blind and chastened by mortal illness, recognizes by her voice the child whom he has prayed his eyes may never more behold, is one which will linger in the reader's memory." [Athenæum. **1242**

ELSIE GREY [by CECIL CLARKE: *Griffith*, 1881.] "is an honestly-told, simple, and straitforward story, without veneer, and with no straining after grand effects. The heroin is the niece of a bricklayer whose wife is house-keeper in the city; where liv all the leading personages.... From Barbary Court the scene is shifted, about the middle of the tale, to a quiet **Saxon** town, and here again we hav some simple and truthful description, apparently based on personal acquaintance with the locality. Throuout the book there ar currents of genuin romance, with barely a fleck of crime or gust of passion to disturb the even flo." [Athenæum. **1243**

EM. [By M. BRAMSTON: *Ward & Co.*, 1817.] "The feat of overleaping the conventionalities in his wooing speaks well for the strength of the hero's affection. Fortunately his justification is very complete, for Emily Madock, the pretty grand-dauter of the old Devonshire farmer, is a pure rustic, with no half-bred gentility about her, and full of all the good impulses which lead her to take training well.... Indeed, it is the merit of the author that, without much resort to incidental subjects of interest, she manages to make all her characters distinct, if not ambitious in their proportions. The best of them is Em, a by no means faultless tho very winning heroin, who learns much in the period of suspicion and humbled pride which separates her for a time from happiness." [Athenæum. **1244**

EMILIA IN ENGLAND. [by G: MEREDITH: *Chapman*, 1864.] "Parts of it ar undeniably clever, and some of the scenes ar strong and natural, as for example whêre Emilia pleads with the father of her lover to obtain his consent to their marriage, tho she knoes, but will not apprehend the fact, that he is engaged to another woman; and also the intervûe between Lady Charlotte and her unstable lover. The character of Emilia is the best sustained in the book. Perhaps this may be becaus we ar less sensitive to aberrations and extravagances in 'forein' natures than in our òn more familiar and more evenly balanced english contemporaries. Then too Mr. Meredith can draw better a character entirely unconventional and exceptional, than an ordinary figure in modern society dress. The Miss Poles ar overdrawn to the point of caricature, and Mrs. Chump, tho sometimes amusing, is often disgusting, and has the tung of an irish Mrs. Gamp. Every now and then thêre is a glorification of 'english beef and beer' that is almost Rabelaisian in its proportions, and with which the present generation cannot easily keep pace. Force and wit Mr. Meredith undoubtedly has, but he wants the faculty of lucid representation and the delicate perception necessary to make a novelist of the first rank." [American.

1245

EMMA. [by J.. AUSTEN: 1816.] "So far as mere story goes Emma does not equal *Pride and Prejudice*. It is prolix, and the misapprehension under which the heroin acts throuout, and which furnishes the chief motif, is so patent to the reader that the story as such falls flat. The characterization, however, is as admirable as any in *Pride and Prejudice*. If not so notable for balance of mind as the agreeable Elizabeth, Emma is a

more lovable heroin, and we find her all the more interesting for the little flits of her lively fancy and her impulsiv foolishness; while good sense never makes itself more attractiv than when combined with dignity, intelligence, and a genial temper as in the person of Mr. Knightly. Nothing of its kind could be better than the portrait of Mr. Woodward, the father of Emma; his kindness of heart and gentle fussiness, his amiable twaddle and benevolent bestoal of trivial advice, make him as delitful an old woman as Miss Bates herself, the humble friend and nèbor, whose cosy, gossipy presence was so welcom at the great house as a solace in the occasional absence of the beloved dauter. In all these tales the portraiture is less humorous than satiric, but it is a not unkindly satire: the author's wit has sharpness but no malice. It is the clever comment of a woman of observant and rational mind upon the folly and foibles of the human nature she has seen about her." [Boston "Literary World."

1246

END OF A LIFE (THE). [by EDEN PHILLPOTS: *Arrowsmith*, 1891.] "It must not be imagined, however, that the book is all villainy. The two sisters, Mary and Rose, ar delitfully natural studies of pure and truthful womanhood — truthful, that is, in all but the one deceit for which thêy and thêirs suffered so sorely, but which was justified, if deceit is justifiable.... In short, 'The End of a Life' is well written, well considered, and well planned. The plot is original, the characters ar distinctly pictured and ably grouped, the dialog is excellent and thêre ar not a few true and striking sayings; and tho the central figures ar hateful, thêy ar meant so to be." [Athenæum.

1247

ENTANGLED. [by E. FAIRFAX

BYRNE: *Harper*, 1885.] "Written with a refinement of style and depth of sentiment which mit make it the kind of story which ladies delit in for a summer afternoon, it is also noticeable for a strength and intricacy of plot which will hold the reader most fastidious in requiring power in a story throu fascinated hours of close reading. Its situations ar all a little strained, if you analyse them closely, yet none of them affects one as absolutely unnatural; and there ar certainly many thrilling ones. But the grace of style is such that neither the most sensational of the incidents nor the well-sustained mystery of the plot appeal to one as earnestly as certain single scenes, like that when Colonel Woodworth hangs the portrait of his detested son-in-law among those of his ancestors." [Critic. **1248**

ENTHUSIAST. [by CAROLINE FOTHERGILL: *Ward & Downey*, 1887.] "Miss Caroline Fothergill tells very well the story of an original and rather fascinating heroin, who has a secret which, even when revealed, leaves a mystery unexplained....The hero discovers her secret—that she is married and separated from her husband, she admits the fact, and, while wishing that the secret shall be kept, refuses to answer several of the young man's questions. He is a most unamiable person, and makes it his object in life to discover all the rest, to hold the heroin in his power, and bide his time. The story then goes into a new channel, and the end of this episode is that the heroin marries a second time. The inner mystery is admirably kept up, and the ultimate explanation has the advantage of being simple." [Athenæum. **1249**

ESTELLE. [by EMILY MARION HARRIS: *Bell*, 1878.] "The sensitiv and

shrinking, but no less strong and patient nature of Estelle forms a fine contrast to the narrowness of her strict but loving parents, and to the impetuous self-indulgent character of her lively younger sister. The hebrew household is planted in an old and picturesque setting, a quaint mansion in a cathedral town, in the sit and nêborhood of the gray pile which symbolizes an antagonistic creed. To such a fancy as Estelle's no root of bitterness springs up to mar the solace of such calm surroundings, tho to her orthodox father the position seems rather to intensify the isolation in which he glories. It is against his will, tho he is too proud and unsuspicious to feel concern about the matter, that a perilous intimacy grôes up between his young dauters and a christian family. They are in fact 'taken up' by a pair of conventional young ladies, who having formed very esoteric notions of Judaism, ar at first charmed with the novelty of cultivated simplicity in an unexpected quarter. Estelle is a noble woman. Her days end as they begin, in the promotion, not the fruition of happiness of the hiest kind. She is an artist without living for art; sorro as much as joy continues her education to the end." [Athenæum.]—See "*BENE-DICTUS*." **1250**

ESTHER [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Lippincott*, 1887.] "we can cordially recommend, both as pleasant reading, and as leaving behind it helpful and profitable impressions of life and character. It is an old story told anew, of the struggles of a widowed mother, who has to face poverty with a large family of children, and gain by dint of hard work and persistent efforts the daily maintenance which has hitherto come without thôt. The motifs which actuate the two eldest dauters of

the family are brought into contrast, and a good moral is to be drawn from their different careers. One is carried away by lofty enthusiasm, and wishes to do only what captivates her imagination and inspires her highest energies. The other, Esther, is a girl of the right sort, and putting poetry and picturesqueness out of sight, tries to perform the duty which lies nearest. She tells the story, and altho it is a difficult task to show that one's self is invariably in the right and the other in the wrong,—she continues to do it without injuring our impressions that she is a brave, sensible girl, who deserves the good fortune which comes to her like the reward of virtue in a fairy tale." [American. **1251**

ESTHER DUDLEY'S LOVERS.

[by — () DANIELS: *Sheet*, 1874.] The "characters, bad and good, are nicely balanced; by which we do not mean that they are so moderated as to be mediocre, but that they are tolerable approximations to concrete and composite humanity.... Esther, young and loving, and informed too late that the object of her affections has been always true, is on the verge of being false to her promise, or sacrificing her peace of mind and her husband's happiness. How the difficulty might have been solved, we know by sad experience of shattered hearts and broken vows, of elopements by moonlight, of death-beds, where consumptive heroines perish as loquacious as the swan. Miss Dudley backs out of her engagement, and telling her story fully to an honorable man, meets his forgiveness, and, in a sense, his gratitude. This natural conclusion, well told, exhibits more of what may fairly be called character, than could have been set forth in several volumes of a tragedy of errors. Mr. Carrington, pompous, narrow-minded, and selfish in

his normal mood, comes out on an emergency in the character, unusual in fiction, of a high-bred gentleman, while Esther, losing, by a first Nemesis, the dignity upon which she stood in her inexperience, shows that true womanhood can be honest as well as sentimental. This moral of itself would stamp a tale less distinguished than the present by really careful work in its subordinate parts. The characters are all good, Mrs. Hartleton admirable; and we can accord to the author the rare tribute of unqualified praise." [Athenæum. **1252**

EUSTACE DIAMONDS (THE). [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1872.] "The more prominent characters are quite fresh, and there is a background of old friends from 'Phineas Finn,' and 'Can You Forgive Her?' which serve to give a home-like air. Mr. Trollope forestalls any possible accusation of want of originality in the conception of his principal character, by calling Lady Eustace, at the outset of the story, an 'opulent and aristocratic Becky Sharp,' but the very fact that her beauty, position and wealth give her such immense advantages over her less fortunate prototype, lessens the resemblance. A better comment on the text of 'Honesty is the best policy' could hardly be made than the history of her career affords, and her unbounded capacity for lying makes it impossible to unravel the mystery of the diamonds, and thus brings about sudden turns in the story which both amaze and amuse the reader. Frank Greystock and Lucy Morris are less uncommon and more agreeable characters. The former is not an unfair representation of a man of the world, with expensive tastes, who has his way to make and is not very scrupulous as to the manner of making it, but

poor little Lucy with her brave heart and generous temper, is surely worthy of a better fate than she is likely to meet in marrying such a man." [Penn Monthly. 1253]

EVAN HARRINGTON; or HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN [by G: MEREDITH: 1861.] "is a story of contemporary life, full of subtlety and spirit, depending for its impression upon the skill and detail with which its characters are delineated. It is—curiously enough, and perhaps unconsciously—a tale in which the women are more variously and strongly pronounced than the men, and they are the cleverest and most effective actors throughout. The 'argument' is the love of a tailor's son, whom Nature made a gentleman, for a baronet's daughter, whom Nature also made a lady. There is no morbid moralizing in it, but the simple and frequent experience of all society confirms the justice of the plot. The book is quiet, but most interesting, from the author's ability to state the shadowy, evanescent, and glimmering emotions that play through every sensitive mind brought in contact with what it despises as prejudice, and yet cannot exactly escape. The Countess is a portrait of very great skill—so is Rose—so is Evan himself—so is his mother. The moral of the book is not that every tailor is as much a gentleman as every nobleman, but simply that gentlemanhood is determined by causes that cannot be calculated, and may appear in a tailor's son and not appear in an earl's. Its farther moral is the picture of the perfectly heathen spirit of modern Christian society which stigmatizes one man because he is useful, and worships another because his great-grandfather was useful.... In Evan Harrington we have one of the most fascinating

heroes of the modern novel. Usually the fascinating people in novels do not fascinate. But Evan does. Rose's love is perfectly intelligible. Every girl who reads the book will fall in love with Evan, and that not because he is described with tinted ink as a pirate, or a statesman or a saint, or a hero; nor because he is invested with some obscure antecedents full of the possibility that he is a king's son after all. There is nothing of this: nothing of the rose romance. The book is pure daylight throughout, dear young lady. Mr. Evan Harrington is a tailor's son; but he is somehow so essentially noble and lovely, that it is like the warmth of a June air, inevitable and universal.... And Rose, surely she is a true-hearted girl; and her mother, Lady Jocelyn, a most womanly woman. Every one must admire the cool, neutral tint of the story, while the passionate romance of love is touched with a power which few possess. Among the many novels it is remarkable for its masculine nerve—a tone which springs from knowledge. Too many of the clever novels, now a days, which are written by women, lack a centre of gravity. They are vague and unsatisfactory. Apparently they are the product of intolerable ennui—with obscure aims and efforts, but without experience. A great novel is written by a man of great genius, whether he have experience or not. Genius is vicarious. It interprets for us emotions it never itself experienced." [G: W: Curtis.]—"Evan is not a bad fellow, manly and hi-minded enough; but he has a weakness not uncommon in the 'heroic' character, which does not usually abound in common sense; he neglects the very obvious and immediate duty of an honorable man to explain his false position, and afterwards stoically per-

forms monstrous works of supererogation and self-sacrifice for a principle, and this conduct in due time is of course rewarded by the heroin. The scheming countess with her little foreign languors and affectations is an admirable figure, as is also 'Mrs. Mel,' the stern embodiment of duty, and the cheery little hen-pecked brewer. The book has the weakness of novels, that of opening with more strength than it closes; but, in spite of rather lengthy and dragging passages to fill out the relentless 3 volumes, there is a fresh, racy atmosphere through the pages, a vigorous wit and strong human sympathy with all classes of men, which make very refreshing reading. [American. **1254**

EVIL GENIUS (THE). [by [W:] WILKIE COLLINS: *Harper*, 1886.] "In these days of many, and pleasing, books, a book which entralls the attention is almost as rare as in the days when the publication of any book was an event. Wilkie Collins' 'Evil Genius' is one of these absorbing stories, and it is all the more remarkable and enjoyable for not thrilling by the methods usually employed by its author. Wilkie Collins has been essentially one of the writers whom we regard as born to amuse us; and even his greatest admirers will be surprised at what they find to admire in this latest work — a depth, a tenderness, a wise and gracious insight, which has not relied on anything meretricious or startling in effect for the interest it inspires, and which has created a really noble, as well as entertaining, novel. The story is on the hackneyed subject of an unhappy marriage; but there is nothing hackneyed in the treatment, though the events are all moral events in the development of character, utterly independent of striking incident. The precision of style, the concentration on the

subject in hand which never lets the author wander off into tiresome by-paths, the quickness of the movement, the exceeding ingenuity of telling situations constantly varied but never in the least improbable, the deep pathos, the delicious absurdities of the Evil Genius, who, by the way, is a mother-in-law, and the underlying, never conspicuous but always interfused, moral, lift this tale to a hit never reached by what is merely entertaining." [Critic.]—"The opening of the story, after a prelude which is a minor tale in itself, is not altogether unusual—the young governess whose beauty and gratitude for kindness shown to her prove dangerously seductive to her employer, and the child who by close association of pupil with teacher becomes passionately attached to her. But the development is not commonplace, and its shifts and changes of evil and of good will enchain the reader's attention and interest.... We may especially recommend this story because of its pleasant ending and the absence of that concentration of horrors found near the close of some of this author's novels." [Boston "Literary World." **1255**

EYE FOR AN EYE (AN). [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1879.] "We have here a tale showing the evil consequences of weakness of character. This, at least, is the only moral we can extract from the story, which is not altogether a pleasant one, turning, as it does, on the base behavior of the son of an earl to a pretty young Irish girl, her ruin, his desertion, his murder by her mother, and the consequent confinement of the latter in a private asylum. The story is a painful one; for the weakness of the young man in refusing to marry Miss O'Hara is not made tragic but simply weak, while the repulsiveness of her

disreputable father is made so glaring that the reader is at times left in doubt whether a marriage is not as entirely out of the question as the young man feels it to be. It is needless to say that all the story is well told. Mr. Trollope has the art of narration to perfection." [Nation.] — "Similarly tragic in its close, and even more painful in its course, is 'An Eye for an Eye,' which is a shorter novel than many he has written, but quite as interesting as any. It is the old story of a loving woman suffering from a selfish man the cruelest wrong which it is possible for him to do her, with the added element of a horrible revenge taken upon him by the infuriated mother of his victim. As in everything he writes, Mr. Trollope's purpose here is to show the heartlessness of much of the English pride of family and name; and with this he associates some other lessons which give the story a strong, though not direct, moral bearing. [Boston "Literary World." **1257**

FAIR BARBARIAN (A) [by F. E. (HODGSON) BURNETT: *Osgood*,—*Warne*, 1881.] "is an excellent little story. Without the passion which Mrs. Burnett showed she could powerfully portray in 'That Lass o' Lowries,' it shows minuteness of observation combined with a freshness amounting to originality. There is, too, a touch of humor of that delicate kind which Mrs. Gaskell possessed so richly—Indeed, the early part of Mrs. Burnett's story will probably remind every reader of 'Cranford' [No. 1175]. The brilliancy of the contrast between the pretty, fashionable American girl and the staid society into which she is plunged at her aunt's in a small town in England is the essence of the happy invention upon which the book depends. The story is short enough to prevent the effect from losing any of its britness, and

it is an artistic touch which brings the tale to an end so as to raise a smile and complete the general impression of liteness and vivacity. Not content with the fair barbarian alone, Mrs. Burnett has given a picture of another charming girl of the opposite kind, an English home-staying young lady, timid, tender-hearted, and stanch. Both are so admirably drawn and so fascinating that one hardly knows which to prefer." [Athenæum. **1258**

FAIR TO SEE [by LAWRENCE W. M. LOCKHART: *Blackwood*, 1871.] "is precisely the book for those who wish to be amused, and not to be perplexed with any moral questions or doubts. The narrative is rapid, the characters natural, the conversations humorous, and the author knows thoroughly the ground he goes over. One especial recommendation we can give to the story—that though it deals with military and sporting men, there is nothing whatever of the 'Guy Livingstone' tone about it. It is thoroughly healthy. The scenes abroad remind us of some of the best of Lever's tales. The plot, too, is good." [Westminster Review.]—" 'Fair to See' is an exceedingly readable novel. The characters are two officers, one an enamored youth, the other a friend; two Scotch girls, one a flirt, the other sincerity itself. It is a very simple tale of a certain passion not wholly unfamiliar to the novelist, and it is very well told—in fact, it is just what a novel that is to be read once ought to be. At times it is very amusing, and it is never dull." [Nation. **1259**

FAITH AND UNFAITH [by M. (ARGLES) HUNGERFORD: *Smith*, 1882] "is well written, amusing, and decidedly readable. It is just one of the pleasant, dawdling narratives of life in country-houses and town-houses which appear in such interminable succession, and whose

average ability is so remarkably hi." [American.

1260

FALLEN ANGEL (A). [*Tinsley*, 1878.] "The heroin's will is so pure, and her imagination is so hi-toned, that not the faintest stain of circumstance can affect her; while the woman who accidentally, one may say, becomes a lawful wife givs a sad example of the coarseness which must accompany a mercenary marriage. Laura's repulsiveness is the greatest drawback to the pleasure of the book, but the description cannot be called untrue, any more than Harlowe's deterioration after his criminal desertion of Mildred is other than the usual result of selfish policy. The early scenes of love-making in the country ar spritly and idyllic; the farewell, when Harlowe first learns the nature he has gone so near to injure, is dignified and tender; and tho, in some parts, a little condensation mit hav been effected, the book, on the whole is promising." [Athenæum.

1261

FALLEN FORTUNES. [by JAMES PAYN: *Appleton*, 1876.] "Those who remember the novels they read, and who now hav a distasteful impression of some of Mr. Payn's recent writings, will be able to do that author more justice and to think of him more kindly if they will look at his last story. Here, as elsewhere in his work, the main interest of the reader is the whereabouts of a fortune, which is always a fascinating subject. Mr. Dalton loses all his money, and his family at once finds how much pretence there is in all the assurances of affection they had hitherto received. It would be unfair to tell the plot of the story, which is so ingeniously constructed and well managed that even the reader who knoes how generous Mr. Payn is with his millions in the last chapter is kept in an unpleasing state of doubt as

to whether, after all, the supply may not have given out, so that all the virtuous characters will be left sweeping crossings when the book ends. While the plot is good the drawing of the characters is much better. It is not too much to say that there is hardly an unlikelike person in the story—unlikelike, that is to say, so far (and it is not far) as the people ar described at all. Mr. Dalton, for instance, is not only said to be amusing, he is amusing; he makes good jokes and tells good stories and tells them well. His dauter Jenny also shōes herself as hi spirited as she is announced to be, so that the reader does not lack for entertainment. Another good character is Mrs. Campden. Her coldness and selfishness, and power of giving offense, ar so far beyond the invention of even the most suspicious soul that they bear the earmark of being observed and not imagined. How it has happened that Mr. Payn, after writing so much which was no more than the empty, lifeless shell of a good novel, should hav suddenly bloomed into such comparativ excellence, it would be hard to say." [Nation.

1262

FALSE AND TRUE. [by ELEANOR EDEN: *Booth*, 1859.] "'Easton and its Inhabitants' was a lively, sketchy, pleasantly improbable story. 'False and True' is an improvement on the first in many respects. It is written with more care and more unity of purpose—it is amusing and fictitious, — all the incidents fall out as in a comedy, and ar rounded off into a happy conclusion, such as the reality of things would hav scarcely brôt to pass. Vamela Dynely, with her honesty and brusquerie, has a pleasant ruf flavor. Vere, the curate, cousin and half hero of the book, is unfinished. Alba St. Maur, about whom a great deal of fuss is made by

everybody, is a natural young lady, with a susceptible heart and fine voice. She, of course, prefers the Birmingham-gilt love of the dashing and fascinating Dudley Harcourt to the true, tho rather dull gold of Louis Delorme. But she gets better treated in the novel than she would by even-handed Justice. The true lover bides his time, — a coup de théâtre makes him a baronet, — Alba comes to her judgment and a sense of his merits, — her false love is banished in a way worthy of Theodore Hook, — Vamela marries the rit man — and all ends as happily as possible. The book is lit and brit and of the stuff of which fables ar made." [Athenæum. **1263**

FALSE HONOR [by T: BENTLEY: *E: Walker*, 1879.] "is a clever and amusing story, original in plot and in many of its incidents; so strongly tinged, however, with the dramatic element, that we never lose a sense of unreality in the characters introduced. The book purports to be a picture of some fâses of London society. We do not kno why it would not answer all requirements for the popular comedy, even to the last scene." [Boston "Literary World." **1264**

FAMILY AFFAIR (A). [by "HUGH CONWAY," i. e., F: J: Fergus: *Holt*, 1885.] It "is a pleasant thing for a popular author to leave behind him a novel worthy of lasting favor.It is less the story — the plot — tho that is strong, original, and impressiv, than the detail, which charms lastingly. The characters, the conversations, the social incidents, ar fairly deltitful, and the Talberts ar a creation as enjoyable as Dickens' famous brothers. The housekeeping idiosyncrasies of the 'charming Horace and Herbert, making it possible for them to identify a doubtful little boy by the

fact that he wiped his shoes before daring to enter their house ar a constant fascination." [Critic. **1265**

FAMILY FEUD (THE) = No. 689.

FAMILY FORTUNES [by "E: GARRETT," i. e., I.. Fyfe Mayo: *Dodd*, 1882.] "is well worth reading, — a simple, natural chronicle of a few lives, with little incident and less love-making, but with much shrewd observation of men and things. The real heroin is the family servant, whose acute remarks reconcile us even to the painful scotch dialect." [Critic. **1266**

FAR ABOVE RUBIES [by C.. ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Lippincott*, 1867.] "is an interesting and simple story, gracefully and fluently written, pure and healthful in tone, depicting scenes and characters for which it comes within the experience of nearly every reader to find a parallel; and, if it be wanting in that power and depth of thôt which hav hitherto marked the writings of this versatil and most industrious novelist, it is nevertheless surrounded by that pleasant quiet atmosfere which renders novels of country life particularly refreshing. The narrativ runs smoothly, undisturbed by any violent or stirring events, and is interspersed with many charming descriptions and sensible reflexions which hav the merit of not being wearisom." [Round Table. **1267**

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. [by T: HARDY: *Smith*, 1874.] "Sensationalism is here all in all. If we analyze the story we shall find that it is nothing but sensationalism, which, in the hands of a less skilful writer, would simply sink the story to the level of one of Miss Braddon's earlier performances. Take the career of Gabriel Oak, who is the least sensational of the chief characters. He loses

the whole of his property in a sensation scene of 200 or 300 sheep being driven by a dog over a precipice. He finds his mistress in a sensation scene of blazing ricks. He regains her estimation in another sensation scene of thunder and lightning in the same rick-yard. So the story progresses in a succession of sensation scenes. But sensation scenes are no more Mr. Hardy's strong point than they are G: Eliot's. The scene in which Troy woos Bathsheba with his sword is a piece of mad extravagance, fit only for the boards of some transpontine theatre. The whole chapter is simply a burlesque upon the cavalier poet's lines, 'I'll make thee famous by my pen, and glorious by my sword.' Mr. Hardy has not done this, but only made the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Of course Mr. Hardy has had good reasons for dealing us such a dose of sensation. He knows what true art is, but he prefers, in this story at least, to give his readers a bastard substitute." [Westminster Review.] — "Far from the Madding Crowd" depends for its interest not so much upon an exciting plot, as upon natural delineations of character, keen observation of nature, shrewd remarks, and quaint humor. The scene is laid among homely rustics and sheep-farmers, of whom it can truthfully be said, in the well-known words of Gray, that: —

'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
[stray.

Their sober wishes never learnt to
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.' [Canadian Monthly. 1268

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL.

[by "G: ELIOT" i. e., M.. A..
(Evans) Cross: Blackwood, 1866.]
"Beyond the plot there is in George

Eliot's new novel a portrayal of character and of English country life whose exquisite fidelity can scarcely be realized except by those who have gone through those midland regions with which her story is connected. All who have with charity and interest studied the characters of the best dissenting ministers, will feel with gratitude that the character of Mr. Lyon is a faithful picture of many a faithful man.... There is a notable change in the tone of G: Eliot since the appearance of 'Adam Bede' [No. 1027]. Her style is quieter, her spirit calmer, her social protestantism less bitter. In humor, certainly Mrs. Holt falls much behind Mrs. Poyser — than whom, by the way, no more original character has appeared in English fiction since Pickwick." [Round Table. 1269

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN. [by T: HARDY: Harper, 1880.] "Anything from Mr. Hardy's pen, however slight, is worth reading; there is little of the dramatic in it, which is unusual, and the women are rather shadowy, which is still more so; but there is the same insistence upon the irony of fate, and the same intimation that if you let things take their course in this world they will turn out sadly and impotently, but in general bearably — or at least this happens oftener than other novelists are apt to think." [Nation. 1270

FERNYHURST COURT. [by F: PARTHENOPE (NIGHTINGALE) VERNEY: Strahan, 1871.] "We are indebted to the author of 'Stone Edge' for another excellent story. We cannot call to recollection a book in which women, as distinguished from feminine lay figures, have played so distinguished and diversified a part.... Our author should win the gratitude of her sex for a series of charming portraits of what hundreds

of english ladies ar and may be. May Dimsdale stands out their queen by rit divine. The story of her love, fairly and naturally won, not lavished on the least worthy object, after the fashion of most heroins, reveals to us the character, nowhere formally described, of a pure, hi-minded, warm-hearted, honest english maiden. . . . Other varieties,—the worldly mother, the Belgravian woman of fashion, the limp but loving girl, who leans for support upon a curate,—ar described with kindness and skill; and the male actors, tho not one of them but the Squire is quite worthy of their gentler relatives, hav all their places and functions in the tale. Not a few sound and honest observations on society, instinct with Liberal thôt of the hier type, contribute to the value of a book which, on every ground, will well repay perusal." [Athenæum. **1271**

FERNLEY MANOR [by — () DANIELS: N. Y., *Brady*, 1866.] "is a pleasant picture of old-fashioned country life. The story is a simple one, fairly and unaffectedly told. There is a carefulness and truth in the delineation of the characters not always observable in works which claim a hier place in modern fiction." [Round Table. **1272**

FIVE CHIMNEY FARM = No. 699. FIVE OLD FRIENDS AND A YOUNG PRINCE. [by A. I. (THACKERAY) RITCHIE: *Smith*, 1868.] The five tales ar not so much the 5 old tales of childhood rationalized and 'improved,' as the frâse is — that is, having all their poetry and beauty taken out of them — but transformed into a second and nobler meaning. . . . But where other writers hav so ignominiously broken down, Miss Thackeray has won her greatest success. Where they always prove dull and wooden, she is lit and graceful, — where they paint with heavy, coarse

strokes, she sketches with the most delicate touches. . . . Lastly, we must not forget the many touches of real poetry, pictures of the sea, and of the earth, of spring and of harvest, which ar scattered up and down these tales in such profusion. We have selected '*Jack the Giant-killer*' for especial praise, but it perhaps contains less poetry of this kind than many of the others." [Westminster.] See "*BLUE BEARD*." **1273**

FLOWER AND THE SPIRIT (THE). [by FREDERIKA MACDONALD: *Blackwood*, 1887.] "The opening chapters ar excellent, hitting off the humors of the strange cosmopolitan society of a Bloomsbury boarding-house with much humor and point. . . . There is humor, too, in the sketch of Stephen Bloxam, the heroin's step-father, whose perpetual vacillation between self-reproach and self-compassion is cleverly illustrated. . . . In contrast with such actualities we hav the heroin and her old danish friend, representatives of ascetic mysticism and romanticism respectively. The latter is a thôroly sympathetic personage, charmingly drawn." [Athenæum. **1274**

FOOLS OF FORTUNE [by F: BOYLE: *Chapman*, 1876.] "must not be confounded with the average novel. It is rather bohemian, but full of life, movement, picturesque scenes, and brilliant talk. Literary men should certainly read it, as there is much in it which concerns them." [Westminster Review. **1275**

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE. [Boston, *Burnham*, 1862.] "The author of this charming novel has had the hardihood to marry her heroin at the beginning of her story. We find much to praise in this well-told story and very little to dislike or blame." [Church Monthly. **1276**

FOR CASH ONLY. [by JA. PAYN:

Chatto, 1882.] "Mr. Payn has long ago established a certain reputation as a romance writer. His strength lies in the narration of wild and more or less impossible adventures. But when, as in 'For Cash Only,' he comes before us as a painter of men and manners, he is far less successful. He wastes a good deal of virtuous indignation on a recent well-known novel, whose title he thinly veils under the pseudonym of 'Butterflies' ['Moths'], but in so doing he loses sight of the old proverb about people who live in glass houses, for the picture of morals with which he presents us is little, if at all, less revolting than that which he condemns, with the aggravating circumstance of being infinitely more vulgar." [Westminster Review. 1277

FOR LILIAS [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Bentley*, 1885.] "is a thoroughly wholesome and charming story, in which types of graceful womanhood predominate, tho the writer has given us one finished portrait in Capel Frere, whose whimsical fancies reconcile the reader to that absence of hearty humor noticeable in most books by women. The plot is effective in that it affords the writer full scope for the delineation of domestic life, in which she excels, and for the development of the character of the heroin, who is no paragon, but nevertheless a striking and attractive figure by reason of her very faults. Miss Carey's method is none the less successful because it is a little old-fashioned; the dialog is easy and natural, but singularly free from all approach to slang; and her latest work will maintain, if it does not advance, her reputation as a genial and refined writer." [Athenæum.] — "In 'For Liliass,' the author avails herself of all the agreeable traditions of English fiction; there are warm and well-lighted rooms, well-to-do people, regular

meals, afternoon tea, plenty of bread and butter, and a gentle ripple of friendly, soft-voiced conversation. This may not be original or exciting, but 'ways of pleasantness and paths of peace,' are refreshing to the critic, who believes that altho the novelist should not sacrifice his meaning to the requisitions of mere agreeableness, out of regard for art and the taste of his readers, he should still have beauty in some degree or other as his chief end in view." [Lippincott's. 1278

FOR OLD LOVE'S SAKE [by MARIA G. FETHERSTONHAUGH: *Bentley*, 1882.] "is avowedly a prose expansion of Mr. Gilbert's comedy 'Sweethearts,' and the theme has not suffered in the hands of the novelist. The story is slit enuf, but those who do not despise a mere love tale will not be disappointed in the troubled course run by the loves of Cornet Dundas and Lady Margaret. She is proud, tho honest enuf; he hot-tempered; and the two manage to be strangers to their better selves for some five-and-twenty years, when the cornet, now a general, makes his peace with the woman he left in pique as a girl. Not an unparalleled situation; but it is drawn with a lit hand, and yet not without pathos. The gravity of Dundas' embarrassment, when his pledge has to be exchanged with one kept faithfully for years, and the question arises, 'Where the devil did I put that rose?' makes a good foil to his almost too easy recovery of his place in Margaret's affections." [Athenæum. 1279

FOR PERCIVAL. [by MARGARET VENABLE: *Lippincott*, 1878.] "It is not often the critic's happy lot to be able to praise a book unreservedly, but we can truly say that *For Percival* is a most lovely story, one of the most charming works of fiction which have appeared for the

last ten years.....And this book is infinitely better, both for the pleasure it gives and for the influence which it may exert, than books remarkable only for the extraordinary talent and cleverness displayed by their authors. It shows admirable drawing of character, especially in Lissy, — absorbed in her love, and sensitive to every breath of coldness, — in the proud, frank, passionate Lottie Blake; and in Percival himself, an instance of that rare union of strength of mind, honesty of purpose, and gentleness of heart, which more than any other, probably, attracts the deepest affection of women. But there is something better than the most skilful description or the shrewdest observation: there is sympathy, and a great deal of it. In the author of this story we have a person who answers The New Republic's definition of a woman of culture: one who 'as I speak of love or sorrow, makes me feel that she herself has known them; as I speak of ambition, or ennui, or hope, or remorse, or loss of character, makes me feel that all these are not mere names to her, but things.' Perhaps the best idea we can give of the author is by saying that if we can imagine the George Eliot of *Middlemarch*, minus philosophy and Greek, and plus a certain all-pervading gentleness, we shall have before us the writer of *For Percival*." [Boston "Literary World."

1280

FOR RICHER, FOR POORER [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1870.] "is precisely the sort of book which might be expected from the author of 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter' and 'Basil Godfrey's Caprice.' It is the story of a young clergyman of ability, but precarious health, who goes through many struggles with an attached wife; but, at last, finds himself blessed by fortune, and may reasonably be expected to

'live happily ever after.'....Equally true are the descriptions of the little inland town, with its microscopic squabbles, jealousies, and cliques, where Mr. Lampleigh commences his career, and the miniature sea-coast community — a cross between a rural parish and a watering-place, where he begins life again as a curate. It is not a novel of thrilling interest; but most people will read it with pleasure, and those who delight in domestic scenes will accord to it still higher praise." [Athenæum.] — "Holme Lee's success does not end with her sketches of north country manners and scenery. We have never before met so charming pictures of Brétagne. How the actors pass and re-pass from Cumberland to Brétagne, and how they live at the Villa de l'Espérance, the reader must find out for himself. We have dwelt so long upon the setting of the tale that we are unable to do justice to the characters. But there are few people who will not take an interest in the lives of Robert Rawstroun and Nan." [Westminster Review.]

1281

FORTUNE'S BUFFETS AND REWARDS [by E. D. PRIMROSE: *Unwin*, 1886.] "is a study, rather close than masterly, of some phases of university life in **Edinburgh**. Its strength is of the conscious and conscientious kind, but there is plenty of keen observation, quick intelligence, and insight into character. The moral intention is unmistakably high, and the realism of one side of the picture, though unpleasant, is not coarse for coarseness' sake....But the book, though it is redeemed by more than one example of quiet courage and unobtrusive heroism, is scarcely cheering....The process by which the students and their ways are presented is photographic. Their adventures, friendships, hoaxes, and foregatherings are evidently

as like the real thing as can be. Throu all this realism runs a vein of something akin to romance." [Athenæum. **1282**

FORTUNE'S MARRIAGE [by GEORGIANNA MARION (CRAIK) MAY: 1882.] "is a fine instance of what mît be termed the novel of conversation. It is almost a drama. The characters who ar for the most part before the reader ar only 3; the dialog, throu which the author works out her story, is handled in a masterly way; and the whole work has a certain natural charm, a grace and skill in portraiture, an impression of refined realism, that has no parallel in the productions of any contemporary novelist..... Briefly Ronald Glyn, the thriving barrister of 80, a well-meaning but cold and rather egotistical man, found few points of sympathy with Fortune Denbigh, the warm-hearted girl of 20, who had been petted all her life. It was Ursula, Ronald's maiden-sister, who acted as dea ex machina, and brôt about the union of these two, until, like Benedict and Beatrice, they succumbed to one another's charms. The incidents leading up to the marriage ar cleverly managed; and the subsequent estrangement, culminating on the one hand in wounded pride, and on the other in pathetic resignation, is no less admirably wrôt out. During a period of separation and sorro, Fortune learns the virtues of self-restraint, and Ronald at the same time begins to realize what he has lost. Nothing could surpass in delicacy the story of that second wooing, in which the man found himself repelled by the woman who had once been at his feet.....The situation is novel and piquant; and it is carried to obvious ending with exquisit delicacy and tact." [Boston "Lit. World." **1283**

FOUR CROTCHETS TO A BAR. [Smith, 1881.] "There is no elaborate character-drawing, and no elaborate plot-

making, but it is full of a lively knowledg of the world, and of rattle almost always amusing and now and then very clever.The story is cleverly contrived, and the conversation brit, with just enuf tendency to flippancy to bring the reader into that state of mind half-way between amusement and superciliousness, which most conciliates his self-love. The author understands more classes than one: perhaps his best male sketch is that of an assistant in a dispensary, subsequently a professional fotografer, who is a very vulgar-minded young person; and his best female sketch is that of a vain and shōy young woman, — a chemist's dauter, — who becomes his wife, and whose beauty he describes as taking his breath away — 'She's just like peppermint and water.'" [Spectator. **1284**

FOUR MACNICOLS (THE) [by W: BLACK: Harper, 1882.] "is only a bit of a sketch which the reader will wish longer, of brave, hearty scotch fisher-lads. It has in it all the best traits of Mr. Black's work, and the peculiar charm with which he always depicts life upon the sea. It has, too, a special wisdom, in that the boys work their way up in a natural manner. No miraculous discovery, no prodigy of benevolence smooths the path for them; they make their modest fortune with only such help as diligence and perseverance may expect." [Nation. **1285**

—, SAME, with **A BEAUTIFUL WRETCH.** Macmillan, 1881.

FOUR SCHOOLFELLOWS. [Skeet, 1878.] "The 4 schoolfelloes in the french convent, tho not very attractiv, ar not uninteresting. Thère is something rather grand about the proud beauty Adrienne de Coralac, who loses at one fell stroke her wealth, her beauty and her lover, and parts with the latter with a scorn which hides effectually the

terrible wound she sustains. Old Lady Caroline is somewhat too fantastic in her cynicism to be quite real, but she, as well as the other matrons, is consistent in her oddities. Gertrude Calverly is both womanly and spirited, and is well rid of the selfish barrister who so nearly married her for her wealth. On the whole, there is character in the story, which involves a large number of parts in general ably sustained." [Athenæum. **1286**

FOXGLOVE MANOR [by Ro. BUCHANAN: *Chatto*, 1884.] "is a powerful study. Mr. Buchanan has firmly grasped the character of a man of a sensuous and even refined imagination, but without any moral fibre. Tho the man is a clergyman the author disclaims the intention of making an attack upon the clergy generally, but he has made an opportunity for a great quantity of controversial matter by introducing as the chief contrast to the clergyman a professed agnostic. Mr. Buchanan has drawn the central figure with consummate skill, and told his story with great vigor, directness, and rapidity of narration. At the opening the clergyman is set clearly before the reader, fascinated by the charms of art and religion, and yet haunted by doubts as to his creed, keenly sensitiv to opinion, emotional, and vaguely ambitious. He is half attracted by the unconcealed adoration of a simple little girl when, in the midst of one of his impassioned sermons, he sees before him the face of the woman he had once loved. She is married, and has come to liv in his parish. Then begins the story of his moral failure, and Mr. Buchanan has revealed the workings of his mind and his spiritual degradation with complete success." [Athenæum. **1287**

FRAMLEY PARSONAGE. [by AN-

THONY TROLLOPE: *Smith*, 1861.] "Too many hundreds hav read this beautiful novel for it to be necessary to giv any account of it as a story. Every one who reads novels at all is familiar with the little brown Lucy, and how she won the golden prize at last, and chiefly by seeming not to care for it; with Mark Roberts, soft, easy, pleasure-loving; and dear Fanny, all that a pretty young wife and mother should be; with Lady Lutton, despotic and benevolent, narro and generous, proud and Christian-hearted; with Mr. Sowerby, eaten by creditors and the great duke; with Griselda Grantly, that matchless marchioness, who gave to dress what others would giv to passion, or to pleasure, or to heaven. . . . Here is a man's book, written by a man in a thöroly masculin spirit and with every adjunct and circumstance mâle, as the French say, to the back bone. We regard this work of Mr. Trollope as matchless in its way, being so perfectly pure and yet so manly, such fitting food for men, but with no odor and no savor which shall hurt the tenderest maiden." [London Review. **1288**

FREDA [by — (SMEDLEY) HART: *Bentley*, 1879.] "is a most entertaining book. 'Freda' happened to come in the revuer's way as a book to be read for pleasure, and not for business, and he can therefore say in the most unhesitating way that he found it a delitful story. To say that it is eccentric would not be an exaggeration. Such creatures as Freda, happily for the peace of male mankind, are not found wandering about the world; but they ar not the less attractiv to read about. Of course, she represents something in life; she is a type of a number of very inferior realities, but the writer has contrived, without making her in the least unnatural, so to glorify and idealize her, to make her

so charming, so naïve, so amusing, that we recognize in her a creation of singular merit. To have made so striking an addition to that gallery of imaginary portraits which a reader's mind possesses is no slight achievement in a novelist, and the author of *Freda* has attained it. As a tale, it is needless to criticise it. Of course, it is highly improbable, but the improbability is quite in keeping with the whole of the book. We are better pleased with such delittful creations as these, than we have often been with characters drawn on the strictest rules of art, and plots constructed with a most dutiful regard to probability. We feel that we have not given our readers the least idea of what *Freda* is, and can only recommend them to find out for themselves. Men will probably share our enthusiasm, but some women will think it silly." [Spectator. 1289

FREDERICK RIVERS; INDEPENDENT PARSON. [by FLORENCE () WILLIAMSON: *Williams & Norgate*, 1864.] "The author's object is to show the vulgarity, narrow-mindedness, intolerance and petty tyranny which prevail in Dissenting circles when a minister of more enlarged and liberal views than the majority hold, dares to act in accordance with his conscience. . . . Mrs. Williamson exhibits a good deal of ability in the development of her characters, and her book is clever and striking. Frederick Rivers, the hero, is a Dissenting minister who, while admiring the courageous protest of the old Puritans against tyranny in Church and State, heartily dislikes the gloomy and forbidding principles they have transmitted to the nonconformists of the present day. He sees no harm in the theatre; he is fond of secular literature; and altogether he is a frank, open-hearted, genial, we might even say jolly, young fellow, with a

world of energy and serious thought in him, nevertheless. Necessarily, he is persecuted by the narrow-natured tradesmen and their wives who 'sit under him;' and he has other trials as well. His sweet-souled, quiet, helpful wife dies in the course of the story, which ends in his second marriage to another equally charming woman, Effie Holmes, whose father having been ruined by the dishonesty of a clerk, has been getting her living as a shop-woman, and thereby mortally offending her rich and selfish uncle. The story is altogether slight, though it includes an underplot in which this uncle is duly brought to shame and unhappiness. Too much of mere talking, description, and discussion is the great fault of the book, which, however, shows also a great deal of humor, observation, and good sense." [London Review. 1290

FRERES (THE) = No. 456.

FROM BIRTH TO BRIDAL [by () DAY: *Hurst*, 1873.] "is a wholesome and pleasant novel, with plenty of fresh air, free country life, and talk about children and dogs in it. The girl whose story it tells is an original character, but quite natural, and very charming. . . . Then there is an admirable little episode, in which a quiet, sensible, unselfish, fair-minded man wins his wife's love, without letting her discover that he has suspected the lack of it. The story, very simple in the beginning, gradually goes into a complication involving a difficult situation, a father and son being respectively in love with the same person. This position is so skilfully treated, with such nice delicacy and simple grace, that while all that is pathetic in the story is put forward with power and effect, no unpleasant impression is produced." [Spectator. 1291

FROM MOOR ISLES [by JESSIE FOTHERGILL: *Bentley*, 1888.] "is pre-

eminently a pretty story. It has delicate sentiment and picturesque scenes, and the language has at times a quality quite musical. The reader may make his choice of a hero, for our attention is divided between the devoted gardian of the young Inez, and the casual violinist who was the victim of a bluff at the destructive game of poker which lost him his estate. One may choose, too, his heroin, whether it be Alice Ormerod, who spent her life in unreciprocated love for the fitful son of Moor Isles, or Inez, who followed the dictates of her heart in spite of external surroundings which seemed to impel her in other directions. Miss Fothergill, in all she does, shows a literary instinct of the first order." [Critic.] — "Brian Holgate is a really fine presentation of the artistic temperament, a temperament which Miss Fothergill understands thoroughly, both in its weakness and in its strength. The early chapters, in which Brian is the prominent figure, are the strongest in the book; and the noble portrait of Alice Ormerod makes them the most attractive as well. Never, indeed, has Miss Fothergill given us a more graciously molded heroin than this Yorkshire daughter of the people who is Brian's good genius; and probably most novel-readers will be disappointed that her loving devotion does not receive what they will deem its natural reward; but we incline to think that this is one of the cases in which the old fairy-tale ending — 'They were married, and lived happily ever afterward' — would have been a sacrifice of imaginative veracity to superficial effectiveness." [Spectator. 1292]

FROM THE HEATHER HILLS [by — () PERKS: *Hurst*, 1887.] "is a graceful, interesting, and pleasant story. As may be inferred from the title, it is largely an out-of-doors book, and it is

not one of those books in which nature smells of the lamp, but rather one which answers us by some intangible suggestion, that the writer has had long and loving familiarity with the springy moorland carpet and the keen moorland air. Even when Peggy Dalrymple is taken by Lady Erinwood from her Highland home into the whirl of a London season, we hardly lose the out-of-doors feeling, for

"She brings the scent of heather with her,
To show in what sweet glens she grew; —
Whene'er she trips in any weather,
She steps as if she trod on heather,
And leaves a sense like dropping dew."

[Spectator.

1293

GABRIELLE VAUGHAN [by M. E. SHIPLEY: *Seeley*, 1876.] "has the merit of increasing in interest as the story proceeds. The scene and actors are at first unattractive. A struggling doctor's family in the outskirts of London does not promise to afford anything exciting in the way of incident, and a large household kept in submission to domestic discipline does not at first seem likely to present any extraordinary varieties of character. Yet, though the circumstances of Miss Shipley's heroin are sombre, and the episodes of her story tame, Gabrielle is so consistent in her adherence to duty, so steady in her unselfishness and submission to petty slights, so capable of self-sacrifice in the more important matter of her engagement to Gilbert Selwyn, that in the end she secures the reader's sympathy, and one takes more pleasure in her final happiness than at first seems possible. The drawback from one's complete enjoyment of her triumph arises from the vexatious and unnecessary nature of the trial to which she is exposed. Gabrielle is the artistic member of a commonplace family. It will be seen that the story has nothing of the sensational kind to recommend it;

that in spite of its neutral coloring, several situations and dialogs are sketched with much force and truth to nature, and that the large party of youths and maidens are drawn with much clear distinction of their several characters, should be sufficient to recommend the book to those who are content with an unpretending 'moral tale.' [Athenæum. **1295**

GARDEN OF EDEN (The) [*Bentley*, 1882.] "is the work of a cultivated and observant mind, and possesses merits which raise it above the level of mediocrity. . . . It is thoroughly readable, unexceptionable in tone, and written in an intelligible and pleasant style. . . . The hero, John Clifford, and the heroine Althea Biron, are clearly, even powerfully drawn characters, and each possesses a distinct and marked individuality. They are not puppets ticketed with some form of vice or virtue which they are continually called upon to display, nor are they dummies, introduced in the first chapter, with a minute description, to which the progress of the story adds not a single feature. They are more life-like creations, whom the reader feels he comprehends better every moment while the plot is being developed." [Athenæum. **1296**

GARDEN OF MEMORIES (A) [etc.] [by MA. VELEY: (†, 1887) *Macmillan*, 1887.] "contains three stories, all of them somewhat slender in texture, but all worked out with much delicacy and skill. We can imagine the old picturesque garden, a genuine 'rus in urbe,' which is the bone of contention between Mary Wynne and Thomas Brydon, — she wanting to keep it because it is associated with a sweet sentiment, he eager to buy it because he sees in it the only possible way of furnishing improved dwellings for a population in whose welfare he

feels a keen interest. And the conflict between these two sentiments impresses us as being real, and one in which it is possible to feel a genuine interest. And there is skill, too, in the way in which the two are ultimately reconciled. In 'Mrs. Austin,' a young man falls passionately in love with a woman older than himself; half out of compassion, half from affection which her lover's passion has called into being, she makes up her mind to accept him, and lo! he has changed. The third story is another variation on the familiar theme that first-loves are often variable. The lover in 'Mrs. Austin' is a fine young fellow, in spite of his fickleness; the other characters, both in this and the third story, fail to interest us." [Spectator. **1297**

GARSTANGS OF GARSTANG GRANGE (The). [by T: ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE: *Smith*, 1869.] . . . "In their way we have lately read nothing better than the sketches of the firm of Slowcomb and Sligo, solicitors in Silchester. The temptation to burlesque in the case of Mr. Sligo must have been very great. A follower of Mr. Dickens would most assuredly have given us a gross caricature, where Mr. Trollope has finely shaded off the character. Mr. Slowcomb, although we do not see so much of him, with his old-fashioned watch chain and seals, hanging like a kitchen clock's pendulum, and his anecdotes about the county families and their secrets, is equally well sketched. But the real power of the book is shown in the skillful way in which the plot is gradually developed, and brought to a climax only in the last chapter. Plot-interest is excessively difficult to manage. The plot-interest of such writers as Mr. *Wilkie Collins* and Miss *Braddon* is not the plot-interest of true art, but of a kind akin to the morbid curiosity which is excited by an

Old Bailey trial. Mr. Trollope's plot is dependent upon the development and evolution of his characters." [Westminster Review. **1298**

GENTLE AND SIMPLE [by MA. AGNES (COLVILLE) PAUL: *Paul*, 1878.] "is a good story, and of a kind that demands a hearty welcome, in these days of insolently-careless writing and low motives in the literature of fiction. It is admirably written, in a style which combines ease and carefulness, and it is as refined as it is clever. . . . The scheming German girl is an admirable foil to the noble and upright Millicent, but the contrast is never drawn coarsely, nor are the two brought face to face in any broad rivalry." [Spectator.]—"Gentle and Simple" is a pleasing novel of character. . . . In spite, however, of her treatment at the hands of her purse-proud uncle and her plebeian aunt, in spite of the doubtful attentions of a worthless fortune-hunter, and the enthusiastic patronage of her cousin, Millicent is a marvel of delicacy and good feeling." [Athenæum. **1299**

GENTLEMAN VERSCHOYLE. [by LAURA M. LANE: *Low*, 1875.] "The plot is simple, almost commonplace. The style, however, is free from blemish; some of the characters are well drawn, and in their delineation the author displays considerable knowledge of human nature. The tone of the book is healthful throughout, and the author, though venturing to deal with questions not generally supposed to fall within a woman's province, treats them in a thoughtful, temperate, and reasonable manner. What we most like is the tender, charitable, and sympathetic feeling evinced, and the care the author takes to avoid making the dramatic personæ unnaturally vicious or virtuous. . . . The book is characterized by delicacy and refinement. [Athen. **1300**

GEOFFREY HAMLYN [by H. KINGSLEY: *Macmillan*, 1857.] "is full of power of the most varied and different kinds, descriptiv, analytical, and humorous. We do not know in fiction a complex character better described or more thoroughly analysed than the heroine, who, as her father regretfully says, 'is not a lady,' but a passionate village girl, with a tropical nature, an unregulated brain, and all the instincts of an actress of the lower type. The portrait of this girl, with her fierce, yet not hateful egoism; her capacity of mixing real emotion and histrionic abandon; her rude, and, so to speak, animal, yet true affection for lover, husband, son and friends; her lawless wilfulness, and her latent capability alike of a goodness to which she never reaches, her nature being too vulgar, and a criminality to which she never falls, her training and circumstances being too favorable, is a work of the highest art, and shows in H. Kingsley not only unusual powers of observation, but power of description of a severely restrained kind, such as is given only to the masters of fiction." [Spectator. **1301**

GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT [by "F. G. Trafford," i. e., C. ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Tinsley*, 1865.] "is an excellent novel, powerfully and carefully written. George, the runaway clergyman, the plodding man of business, with the secret which has darkened his life, but also developed his energy and strength of purpose, is an excellent portrait. He has thrown away his gown, changed his name and become a man of hard work,—giving himself no rest that he may earn money to retrieve the fatal error into which he has been led as a young man. The reader's interest in the man and his fortunes is thoroughly aroused; he has been so deeply

wronged, not only by his own act of which he is conscious, but by the wrong of another, which has changed the aspect of his fortune. Throughout he is a deeply injured man, but he is so strong, so upright, and, above all, so full of hard work, that the reader never deems him a victim; he is fighting a brave battle, and only for a foul blow, a treachery against which he could scarcely have guarded, he would have won the victory. When he is struck down, he endures like a man. Few heroes of novels win the respect of the reader like George Geith. The other characters are well drawn. Mr. Molozane, the proud gentleman ruined by mining speculations, is excellent. Beryll, the young daughter, is a charming creature. The incidental sketches of character are all good; as are also the descriptions of the city, of the country, both in summer and winter. We abstain from telling the plot because we recommend our readers to get the book for themselves." [Athen. 1302]

GEORGY SANDON. [Boston, 1865.]
= *A LOST LOVE*.

GERALD [by ELEANOR C. PRICE: Chatto, 1885.] "if only a story, is an original and interesting one. The last few chapters, on life in **Cape Colony**, are written with a good deal of power, and the touch at the close is to be commended both from the artistic and the moral point of view. It is a pleasing innovation for a heroine with two lovers, who marries the wrong one, not to be released by her husband's death from her unfortunate fetters, to marry at last the right one. Theo is not released, but learns to love her chains." [Critic.]—'Gerald' is a very pretty tale, with enough of continuous interest, character, and lively dialog to keep the reader pleasantly engrossed. . . . Theo is a half-bred, disdainful young lady, whose features are

constantly lit up with a fine scorn, and who likes to tell her friends in word and action, especially when she is going against their wishes, that she always does what she chooses. Fortunately, however, she nearly always chooses to do the right thing at the right moment, from happy instinct and pure goodness of heart, so that nothing very mischievous comes of her obstinacy." [Ath. 1303]

GERALDINE AND HER SUITORS.
[by M. C. M. (S.) SIMPSON: Hurst, 1881.] "There are people whom even the unsocially disposed greet with alacrity wherever they may come across them, and whose books the burdened reviewer and the most right-minded reader alike take with a smile of serene consciousness that they will find in them neither bad sense nor bad grammar, neither ill nature nor slang, and neither be introduced into the society of ruffians or profligates, nor yet into the blinding splendor of that company of Olympians to which Lord Beaconsfield is good enough to act the part of Hermès. Among these universally-welcome people, Mrs. Simpson has for some years taken her place. . . . In turning out these smooth, bright, and well-written novels—'Winnie's History,' [No. 560], and 'Geraldine'—she is always 'mistress of the situation,' dealing with her subject with perfect ease and tact, and the grace of a gentlewoman. Her heroine in this book is a young widow, a pleasant variation on the perpetual theme of chits of 18 endowed not only with all the solid sense of 28 but also with the savoir-faire and knowledge of the world to be acquired at 80. The story of this charming widow is prettily told, and placed in a part of South **Wales**. Everything in the book is perfectly natural, and the talk, of which there is abundance, is never tedious." [Spectator. 1304]

GIANT'S ROBE (The) [by F: ANSTEY [GUTHRIE]: *Appleton*, 1884.] "is a very clever book. It is satirical but not cynical, amusing but not shallow; without being in the least didactic, it preaches a powerful sermon, and the moral it draws is that dear to the heart of Mrs. Opie: 'Nothing is safe but the truth.' The hero is a young man with many pleasing traits and much surface brilliancy which make him attractive to all about him, but the truth is not in him, and the literary imposition into which he is allured appears to him a venial error — so long as he is not found out. It is not till the very last of the peacock plumes is torn from the poor shivering jackdaw that he sees himself as he really is, and is brôt to the state which the mystics call 'vastation,' in which the planting of a new life becomes possible. Such a theme for a story sounds grim and severe, but in point of fact its treatment is not at all in the tragic vein. The brilliancy of the style is that of his comedy, and there is a kindly tolerance of tone which extends even to the deeper-dyed villain of the story. Ideal goodness is sustained in the character of Mabel, who is as charming as his spirit, intelligence, rectitude and feminine softness combined can make one." [American.] — "As it is neither fantastic nor funny, extended comparison between it and 'Vice Versa' would be idle. It is a more solid and thoughtful work than Mr. Anstey's earlier novel. The plot is an excellent one; the characters are well chosen, and the expression, if not always free, is never inadequate, often happy. The author has already been accused of stealing his central situation, but his preface acknowledges a debt to the intrigue of a Christmas story. Fortunately it makes little difference whether the incident is

borrowed or not, since the treatment is strikingly original and vigorous. Mark Ashburn's appropriation of his friend's accepted manuscript is something more than a common theft for money and notoriety; it is the extreme expression of belief in his own literary talent; it is the forlorn hope upon which hangs the fate of his hitherto unappreciated 'Sweet Bells Jangled.' In the drawing of the vain, shallow, but not wholly worthless Ashburn, every stroke tells. While his literary hallucination lasts, he does infamous things, and is comparatively happy. Forced admission of his mistake about the quality of his genius brings some dim perception of the extent and variety of his errors, and pangs of remorse for the suffering and sorrow so uselessly heaped upon Holroyd. Then his natural impulse to help other people, chiefly that he may be comfortable, takes possession of him, and he tells the truth." [Nation.] — "The story of 'Tom Singleton' [by W. F. SYNGE: *Chapman*, 1879.] turns upon the difficulties which arose from a man's appropriating to himself the glory and the profits of a play, the manuscript of which had been sent to him from India by his friend the hero. The author's invention is happily contrived." Compare, also, plot of No. 273. [Athenæum.]

1305

GIDEON FLEYCE [by H: W. LUCY: *Holt*, 1883.] "created, it is reported, a sensation in London because of its life-like sketches of certain well known public characters. This may well be, but the book challenges admiration on its merits as a story, and will be read with pleasure by readers who know nothing and care as little about London notabilities. It combines various kinds of merit more or less rare by themselves, and rarer still in combination. Its style

is attractiv in its artful, or rather, artistic simplicity. Its plot is more intricate and more full of surprises than one is accustomed to look for now-a-days, and, tho hovering on the brink of melodrama, never actually loses its air of every day, newspaper reality." [Nation.

1306

GILBERT RUGGE [by H: JACKSON: *Harper*, 1866.] "is a very clever, gracefully written story. The hero is the well-born young gentleman who starts in life under the most favorable auspices, is lured away from his first love by a city beauty with whom his suit eventually prospers, only that she may jilt him heartlessly upon the discovery that he is the offspring of a mésalliance, hitherto successfully concealed by his family from himself and the world; poverty and other misfortunes accumulate about him that his character may be purified by adversity in the orthodox manner, which being happily accomplished, and having furthermore achieved success, as usual, in literature, he woos for the third time his first love, is accepted, and married; while retributiv justice in various forms overtakes the evil-minded." [Round Table.

1307

GIRL HE DID NOT MARRY (The). [by IZA DUFFUS HARDY: *White*, 1889.] "Thère is much pathos in Miss Hardy's description of a wayward, hi-spirited, láfing coquette gradually being reduced by several bitter experiences to a sad and solitary woman. It is a pitiful story, but it is redeemed by the really lifelike character of Hazel, who under her frivolity and heartlessness, as far as wooers ar concerned, bears a courageous and a tender spirit, and has that strong family affection which is the deepest feeling of many of the best of her sex. . . . The book is britly

written, and the author wins our sympathies for the luckless heroin." [Athenæum.

1308

GIRL'S ROMANCE (A). [Edinburgh, *Edmonston*, 1867.] "The story is as natural as it is graceful, and it has the merit of being very touching and pathetic without leaving a painful impression. So many of the romances which we meet now-a-days ar either hopelessly vapid and unmeaning, incurably morbid, or repulsivly unnatural, that it is a real pleasure to lit unexpectedly upon one which is pure and fresh and healthy, which tells a charming love-story in a style deserving of hi praise, and which throuout teaches an excellent lesson in an unobtrusiv manner. . . . It is a very simple story, with little incident in it, its merit arising chiefly from the excellence of its delineation of one character. Janet Radway has been bred almost alone. Her mother is an invalid, her father a scholar, almost always absorbed in his studies. . . . And so she groes up enthusiastic and romantic, eager to solv the mysteries of life, and little qualified to bear the sorroes which they involv. Chance throes her in the way of a wandering artist, who greatly admires her, and amuses himself by flirting with her. He means no harm, and he has no idea of intentionally deceiving her, for he is not entirely heartless. But he is sufficiently selfish to allow himself the pleasure of winning this young and confiding heart, and cold enuf to be able to withdraw and leave it to grieve for its loss without troubling himself about its sorroes. Thère is great charm in the description of Janet's almost overwhelming joy when she finds out that he cares for her, and her belief that a happy time is at last beginning for her, and the pictures in which she figures by

his side, while wandering throu the woods or by the riverside, ar full of life and color. . . . Life gains by degrees a firmer hold over her; the possibility of happiness again enters into her meditations, and she learns to look calmly back on the past, and to estimate at its true worth the character of the man whom she used to adore. At the same time she learns the value of such a true affection as that which a very different man from the romantic but selfish artist who won her girlish heart has felt for her since the days of his boyhood. The conclusion of the story is well managed, there being a very dramatic scene just before its close. It is a book of very decided and unusual merit. We ar sure that we shall deserv the thanks of our readers, many of whom nit be led by the modesty of its appearance to overlook it, if we induce them to read this charming record of 'A Girl's Romance.'" [London Rev. **1309**

GIRTON GIRL (A). [by ANNIE () EDWARDS: *Bentley*, 1886.] "The girl never goes to Girton; neither is she the chief personage of the story. Nevertheless, she is a charming and original girl. . . . The true 'motiv' of the story, apart from the love troubles of Geoffry and Marjorie, is very like that of 'Ought We to Visit Her?' The selfish, indolent, half-cynical worthlessness of the man in both novels and . . . Dinah's character ar worked out perfectly; the little touches of unreasonableness, due to her entire ignorance of that kind of life in which Gaston is a blasé adept, ar supplied with great skill. The reader's sympathy with her is sometimes taxed a little, but it never quite givs way. And the britness and movement of the story, sarcastic and sardonic as it is, around the honest, frank, honorable, loving woman's figure in the centre, ar

very pleasant. The married flirt, of the confidential, 'incomprise' kind, with a facility for depreciating men's wives, with a deadly skill, tho she is charming to and concerning her husband in public, is always a success in the hands of Mrs. Edwards. She has never surpassed the typical flirt of this novel, Linda Thorne." [Spectator. **1310**

GLAMOUR. [by "WANDERER:" *Sonnenschein*, 1886.] "The hero of this pleasant and readable book is a young man who is somewhat of a paragon without being a prig, and is sorely perplexed as to whether or not he shall marry a charming, sensible, and in every way desirable girl, because he cannot be sure that he is in love with her. Tho his opinion inclines to the contrary, he is, nevertheless, quite open to conviction; and as, on recounting his symptoms to, and taking counsel with, various friends, he finds they ar all confident of his amatory condition being what it should be, he supposes they must be rit, and marries accordingly. Thanks partly to *his*, and partly to his wife's merits, they get on happily, except twice, when chance brings him in contact with a woman who has a fascination for him, and whom he no sooner sees, than he flirts with her in a manner most unbecoming to a married man. On both occasions, retribution folloes swiftly." [Spectator. **1311**

GLENCOONOGE [by R: BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES: *Blackwood*, 1891.] "is a well-written and litley-conceived story. . . . At Glencoonoqe the narrator stumbles upon a pretty romance, which begins in a sufficiently commonplace fashion, groes upon one as it develops, and gradually passes throu the fâses of mystery and dénouement." [Athenæum. **1312**

GLENNAIR [by H.. HAZLETT:

Phila., *Claxton*, 1869.] "is a simple, but by no means uninteresting story, the scene of which is laid in the **Highlands** of Scotland. The diction is familiar; the incidents, tho somewhat commonplace, hav all the charm of probability, and there is a general tone of directness pervading the narrativ which suits well its subject. The characters of the chief personages ar nicely balanced; they ar neither marvels of goodness nor monsters of iniquity, but just such men and women as we meet every day, with the same proportional mixture of good and evil. The author does not present us with a series of incredible adventures; she passes quietly throu the shaded paths of private life, conversing with gentle natures and patient sufferings." [Round Table. **1313**

GOLDEN BAR (A). [by E. M. (TAYLOR) ARCHER: *Hurst*, 1883.] "Old Squire Haseltine is a county magnate, with a grand park and house, which bear the name of their lord. As death draws near, he meets for the first time pecuniary embarrassments. He cannot leave his property to his eldest son, who has died; nor to his younger son, with whom he has quarreled; and he cannot take it with him. . . . Suddenly they come to understand each other, — but whether throu an increase of wisdom, — each of them having learned that pride is not a thing to be proud of, and that true love is not a thing to be spurned, — or throu some skilful device of the lawyers allowing each to be happy, in spite of the codicil, and without either of them condescending to humiliation, we shall not record. The tale is wholly free from the pretentious bad taste now so common. It is written with singular felicity of style, and uniform purity and refinement; it abounds in lively dialog and vivid description; and while it is free

from all which is 'sensational,' it does not lack scenes of passion, in the hier sense of that often misused word." [Spectator. **1314**

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY (The). [by W. A. BESANT & J. A. RICE: N. Y., 1874?] "We hav here a rather clever educational idea joined to another marked quality of Mr. Besant's mind — his love for exaggeration; so that as a whole story it is simply an extravaganza. Every character, with the exception of Jack Dunquerque and Capt. Ladds, is overdrawn, altho faithful enuf to certain parallels of truth. Gilead P. Beck, the nervous, loquacious, egoistic, whole-souled american, who, thanks to the luck of the Golden Butterfly, 'struck ile,' is a type everyone knoes off the stage. Delitful, genuin Phillis Fleming, the charming illustration of the very suggestiv educational experiment, is alas! an impossible girl. The twins ar, we ar glad to say, more conceited imbecils than we find in life, broad as that latitude is. Yet the book is remarkably clever. Could anything be keener in its sarcasm against modern dilettanteism than the talk of the twins over their picture and their poem? Who does not enjoy the droll satire of that inimitable dinner of authors which Gilead Beck gave in hopes that the literary lions would sho their points, and the satire of the points which they did sho — appreciation of mulligatawny, clear, and an intimate knoledge of horseracing? Taken in connexion with the description of the vulgar display, the menu cards, the allegorical fountain, the Stars and Stripes, the rock-oil lamp, and the fact that the man of oil felt instinctively that he was being guyed by the great moralists — a more spontaneous bit of humorous writing could scarcely be conceived." [Critic. **1315**

GOLDEN MILESTONE (The) [by SCOTT GRAHAM: *Wyman*, 1885.] "records some 'passages in the life of an ex-Confederate officer,' and the Virginian whose unexpected claim to represent the elder branch of the family of Stacpoole Court has so far-reaching an effect upon the fortunes of his english cousins, is a good specimen of an american gentleman. It is obvious to the practised novel-reader that the union between Radcliffe and his fair cousin is merely a matter of time, and that in this will be found the solution of the difficulty. Love at first sit is seldom entirely unappreciated by its object; and when Radcliffe imperils his life to save that of Dulcie's objectionable brother he wins entire forgiveness for his imaginary offenses. A good deal of the story is taken up with the struggles of Dulcie and her father in the provincial town to which the latter, after his ruin, has betaken himself as an organist; and the more or less vulgar society of Westlake, with its petty system of persecuting those it does not understand, is very fairly described. There is a tolerable and not exaggerated yankee, or naturalized yankee who acts the good fairy all round, and combines dollars with infinit good nature." [Athenæum. **1316**

GOLDEN SHAFT (The) [by C: GIBBON: *Chatto*, 1882.] "is a genuine work of art, fashioned out of materials which mit seem meagre but for the skill with which they ar manipulated. The actors ar few in number, and hav not the prestige of exalted rank, great wealth, or even exceptional personal attributes. The scene lies in the south-west of **Scotland**, in a small town and its néborhood. Tho there is no lack of incident, there is little which verges on the sensational. Nevertheless, the story, even from the first chapter, fixes the at-

tention and enlists the sympathy of the reader, and the interest never flags. Whêrein the charm consists it is not difficult to say. Entire naturalness in the march of events, and in the dialog, force and delicacy in the delineation of character, telling descriptions of scenery and atmosferic conditions, sound morality, and good, unaffected writing—such is the bill of fare here offered." [Westminster Review. **1317**

GOOD MATCH (A) [by AMELIA PERRIER: N. Y., *Ford*, 1873.] "is an amusing, hoydenish novel, told in the first person by a poverty-stricken young woman. She livs with grand but also poverty-stricken relatives, who ar trying in vain to marry her to a vulgar, but rich and aged widoer, who livs at Texton Hall, the seat of Lord Texworth. Lord Texworth himself has disappeared from human ken in order to make enuf money to buy back his estates, which, under stress of poverty, he had sold, with the rit of buying them back at the same price at the end of 25 years. The heroin falls in love with a young and handsome stranger, and the two ar married. Of course he turns out to be the missing ôner of Texton Hall, and, after some years of hard work, they liv in happiness and affluence. The plot is as transparent as it is artificial; but the story, altho it does not always preserv the elegant proprieties which should adorn the noble line of Texworth, is often funny enuf." [Nation. **1318**

GOSAU SMITHY (The). [by LOUISA (TAYLOR) PARR: *Daldy*, 1874.] "Mrs. Parr's tales ar not wanting in graceful passages. Some of them ar rather sad, as that of 'The Gosau Smithy,' a story of Swiss peasant life, in which a pair of faithful lovers ar ruthlessly drowned in a lake. 'La

Bonne Mère Nannette,' too, has a painful history, tho her self-sacrifice and fidelity bring their reward in the evening of her days. '*Little Nan*' is the pathetic story of an orphan girl, whose early life among a set of kind-hearted tramps, and later trials under the severe disciplin of a 'respectable' school, produce a discord which mars her girlish days, tho in the end she finds happiness as the wife of a good man, who attempted to be her benefactor in childhood. The second volume consists of love-tales in a hier grade of society, mostly natural and pleasing, tho a little inclined to be 'goody.' Yet they smack of observation, and ar true enuf to that peaceful type of nature to which the author is wise in confining her attention." [Athenæum.

1319

GRAPE FROM A THORN (A) [by JA. PAYN: *Harper*, 1881.] "is a hily amusing novel. The amusement consists in the delineation of a group of characters collected at a watering-place. The plan of the story is simple, and the author's effort is chiefly expended on portraiture and dialog. The result givs a new and enlarged sense of Mr. Payn's powers. He writes here with a delitful humor and even with occasional brilliancy, and nothing could be better in its way than some of the touches with which he takes off the follies and vanities of a set of fashionable people. [Boston "Literary World."

1320

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. = No. 722.

GREAT GULF FIXED [by "GERALD GRANT," i. e., Gertrude Grant (†, 1883) *Tinsley*, 1877.] "is not a conventional novel. Neither is it more than reasonably sensational. The hero is not perfect; nor is the heroin divinely beautiful. The char-

acters ar neatly and naturally, rather than powerfully drawn. The women ar womanly without being insipid, and the leading lady is a charming creature. Mr. and Mrs. Lane, the little cosy, comfortable, good-hearted middle class couple, ar well described; and it is possible to feel that we hav knõn them somewhere." [Athenæum. 1321

GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND (The) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1880.] . . . "is noticeably good among the great number of Mrs. Oliphant's good novels. The story runs along so pleasantly and maintains the reader's interest so completely throuout, that one hardly cares to pick it to pieces in order to sho how cleverly it is put together. The heiress and her friends ar depicted both before and after she comes into her fortune. The society is chiefly that of a provincial town. First one sees the people enuf to understand them and to form some opinion upon their characters; then the heiress becomes great, and begins to be petted and courted by the women, and made love to by the men, and thus an excellent opportunity is created for working out the diversities of ordinary people." [Athenæum.] — See *SIR TOM*.

1322

GREEN HILLS BY THE SEA [by H. C. DAVIDSON: *Hurst*, 1887.] "is a story of the **Isle of Man**. With none of the fierceness which certain latter-day novelists affect, the book has enuf of personal atmosfere and grace of manner to compel the attention and to silence, for the time being, the noise of the world without. Nothing, perhaps, either in fiction or life, is so pleasant as to fall into the spirit of a tiny island, except to escape from it when the spell ceases to work. In '*The Green Hills by the Sea*,' in spite of di-

gressions and unnecessary complications which somewhat mar its symmetry, this spell outlives the reading, and even the reviewer may feel regret in laying down the fatal 'last of three.' . . . The author's forte consists in getting his readers well into a certain train of thought and emotion, and there holding them in contentment with a skill which amounts to art. . . . The appearance, the atmosphere, and the general 'sentiment' (so to speak) of *Manxland* are vividly felt and rendered; yet imaginativeness of treatment and softness of outline are preserved throughout." [Athenæum. **1323**

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY [by W. BLACK: *Macmillan*, 1877.] "begins very pleasantly. Has not Mr. Black a simple and peculiar grace of literary entrance? On this occasion it seems charmingly proper that we should go to an old and much-admired acquaintance, Queen Tita of the Faeton, our introduction to a new heroine, and one of the loveliest and most clearly individualized of them all, Lady Sylvia Blythe. We like her scotch lover too, and entirely believe in him. Balfour, whose name is historic if he is in trade (so aristocratic do we all become in the charmed 'Liberties' of english fiction!) — Hugh Balfour, of the high mind, the hard head, the true heart; of enlightened and wary but ungrudging benevolence; of strict but unsentimental sense of honor, scornful integrity, and haughty, quarrelsome temper." [Atlantic.] — "We have not scrupled to tell a good deal of the story, because no one's stories suffer less than Mr. Black's from such treatment. We are never tempted to look at the end; for the secret of their success lies much more in the manner than the matter. His people are real people, and pleasant,

too, as a rule; and they say and do pretty much what we hear said and see done when we are among persons and in places where we like to be. His genius resembles very closely that of Mr. Trollope, but his taste is better: he is a purist when the elder writer is a naturalist [realist?]." [Athenæum. **1324**

GREEN PLEASURE AND GREY GRIEF [by MA. () (ARGLES) HUNGERFORD: *Smith*, 1885.] "is what many of its readers will be inclined to call a sweetly pretty story. There is no question as to its sweetness and prettiness, for it is full of delightful love-making, and is told with dainty tenderness by one who understands both idyllic love and the art of romantic writing. The author is never tired of describing the happy intercourse of fresh young hearts, and follows with evident zest the fortunes of 3 pairs of lovers through the chequered course of their mutual passion. Perhaps her story would have been better described by an inversion of the title, for the grey grief is not allowed to overwhelm the pleasure of any character who figures in its pages." [Ath. **1325**

GRISEL ROMNEY. [by M. E. (FRASER-TYTLER) GREENE: *M. Ward*, 1881.] "The reader who asks, when he has finished 'Grisel Romney,' what has carried him through the story without any feeling of tediousness, will not easily find an answer. That it is written with good-feeling and good-taste, in a style which never offends by incorrectness or extravagance, is the chief merit which he will be able to find in it. . . . But these criticisms will probably not occur till the end of the story has been reached; and that it should have been reached not only without difficulty, but with pleasure, is no slight commendation." [Spec. **1326**

GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND [by () MARTIN: *Griffith*,

1884.] "is well worth reading. The guide, philosopher and friend is Phillis Carr, charming and distinguished, but penniless, who consents to act as bear-leader to a rich mushroom family. The mushrooms are good, honest folk; in spite of being homely and unfashionable they are true gentlefolk, and they win upon us as we follow them in their timid siege of London. The son of the house, a handsome, silent, and true-hearted young giant, inevitably falls in love with Phillis, and the course of his love does not run smooth. The by-play is pretty, and the earnest, downright Dick Harrison, the hard-working East-end curate, is very amusing." [Athenæum. **1327**

GUILD COURT. [by G. MACDONALD: *Hurst*, 1867.] "When we speak of 'Guild Court' as a very entertaining story, abounding with wholesome interest and wise counsel, it must be understood that our commendation of the book is addressed specially to a select class of readers, who are capable of appreciating the author's method, and do not accuse a novel of unreadableness merely because it lacks the devices of sensational artifice, and to be enjoyed must be examined instead of 'skimmed.'

. . . . Tom Worboise defeats the dishonest contrivance of his selfish father, and rehabilitates himself in the respect of his neighbors and the heroine's love. Even those who only value prose fiction for the excitements which may be derived from it, will acknowledge that this latter part of 'Guild Court' is capital." [Athenæum. **1328**

HAGAR [by M.. LINSKILL (†, 1891): *Clarke & Co.*, 1887.] is "a delicate and tasteful piece of work." The love of Christopher Fane for Hagar makes a beautiful little story, strongly tinged, indeed, with the melancholy through which Miss Linskill seems to regard her world,

but very attractive. In fact, this time she has put a certain constraint on herself, and not buried the happy lovers under the landslide which overwhelms poor Phil. She may take our word that the story is not the worse for it." [Spectator.] — "We can heartily recommend 'Hagar.' Even those who have once read it will, we are sure, read this picturesque story again with pleasure, so fresh and touching in its simplicity is it. Miss Linskill is in her element upon her Yorkshire coast, with its rough but good-hearted country-folk, and its wild, fascinating beauty. Her Yorkshire dialect is capital, and Hagar, with her shy, girlish love for her idol — the poor village schoolmaster, — is a most charming character." [Spectator. **1329**

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY [by AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS: *Tinsley*, 1866.] "in spite of some extravagances, is one of the pleasantest novels of the season. It is full of crisp writing and easy dialog. The writer has lived in a world of books, and has also made the world her book. The title alone is enough to render the work popular in a country where the 11th commandment, 'thou shalt not be poor,' if not always obeyed, is always feared. But the book gives far more than the title promises. The hero, who has been bred in the wildest part of Switzerland, inherits four millions, and a wicked cousin. The young savage, up to the time of his windfall, does not know what a Bank of England note is. The barbarian is ignorant of I.O.U's. Civilization, however, acquaints him not only with the latter, but with forgeries. Good society shows him ingratitude, and other polite vices. The work is full of clever, incisive sayings, and is marked by an absence of all vulgarity." [Westminster Review. **1330**

HAND OF ETHELBERTA (The). [by T. HARDY: *Holt*, 1867.] "In taking up Mr. Hardy's new story, one instantly re-discovers how great is the charm of a book in which the style everywhere gives token of a sensitive personal touch from the author, where the words do not, as in average novels, shrivel and harden into their ordinary aspects, but continually freshen in the quiet dew of that which the author lets fall upon every detail. . . . In Ethelberta there is certainly no lack of interest of a kind which must be acceptable to a wide variety of readers. The heroine is a butler's daughter who, from governing, has passed into London society as the daughter-in-law of Lady Petherwin; and the strange predicament of her parentage, together with her personal attractions and the motif of marrying in a way to profit her poor relatives, which greatly complicates her love-affairs, — these elements are all of lively efficacy. The turns of the plot, at the close, are extremely clever and absorbing." [Atlantic.

1331

HANNAH. [by DINAH MARIA (MULLOCK) CRAIK: (†, 1887) *Harper*, 1871.] "Hannah Thelluson is such a woman as Mrs. Craik delights to draw, and such as few writers can draw so well. She admires beauty of soul, and invests with it all her heroines. While we do not find Hannah herself to be really fascinating — because, probably, her charms are too spiritualized to affect our earthly judgment — we yet admire her as the embodiment of the very highest qualities of womanhood, sympathize with her through her long trials, and rejoice in her final bliss. She is the only character in the story to which the thoughtful reader can give his unqualified approval. Bernard, though drawn with great skill, and a character in some respects really novel,

sometimes merits a feeling a little milder than contempt; but he 'comes out strong' in the end. Of the other personages in the story little need be said; they are all mere foils to set off the principals. The incidents are few in number, and not striking; in fine, there is little in the book to divert attention from the leading actors in a quiet, though intense, drama. One of the most beautiful things in the story is Hannah's love for Rosie, in the setting forth of which there are frequent touches which probably no one but a mother [!] could have effected, and which will bring tears to many maternal eyes. While, as we have said, 'Hannah' is a painful story, it is absorbingly interesting. No novels of the time, we think, are so influential as this author's, in promoting a love for moral beauty, and developing those virtues which, in the language of Mr. Butler — 'Grace and gladden all our Saxon homes.'" [Boston "Literary World."

1332

HAPPY WOOING (A) [by H. CLIFFE HALLIDAY: *Hurst*, 1889.] is "a capital bit of comedy. The earlier part of it is poor as regards literary effect, but as the plot develops one becomes thoroughly interested. A young lady and her supposed guardian aunt arrive from Pelican Island, and as they are reputed to be millionaires they create a great sensation. Their names are Jennie and Minnie Money, and they are wooed and left for their great wealth. There may be such nincompoops in the peerage as Viscount Daffodil and the Hon. Robin Redwood, but scarcely any, I should think, so absolutely devoid of sense and grammar. One makes love to Jennie and the other to Minnie, and each learns to his horror that all the money has been left to the girl wooed by his friend. In the end a fine young

fello, Valentine Silver, carries off the ânt; and Adam Ash, an out-at-elboes scribbler, who makes a gigantic success with a novel, wins the other. Upon the wedding-day genuin surprise is evoked by the discovery that the two ladies ar sisters, with £250,000 each, besides real estate galore. They hav resolved to yield only to the feeling of love for themselves alone; and the end justifies the means, tho it causes considerable scandal and remains a nine days' wonder." [Academy.

1333

HARD CASH. [by C: READE: *Blackwood*, 1864.] "The book which re-introduces us to the pair we left [in 'Love me Little, Love me Long'] in the first glo of bridal happiness is entitled 'Hard Cash.' The Hard Cash of the work is David Dodd's cash, £14,000, which in those 20 years which hav passed since we saw him, he has amassed for his children. He is 20 years older, when we see him, every day of it. He is all mello experience, benignity, the softened, widened soul of natural charity which it requires years to develop. That is the only change which has come over him. [Blackwood's.

1334

HARRY BLOUNT [by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON: *Roberts*, 1875.] "is a wholesom, brit, and interesting story. It gives pleasant and faithful pictures of english school-life, and grafic sketches of hunting and yachting adventures, and embodies some useful moral lessons together with considerable practical information." [Boston "Lit.World." **1335**

HARRY MUIR [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1853.] "tho sad 'is over true'—a real picture of the weakness of man's nature, and the depth of woman's tenderness—and in its sadness true to the country in which the scene is laid. From the in-

troduction of Harry Muir, his case will be perceived to be hopeless; it is the manner in which out of its bitterness gracious influences and pure affections ar developed, which givs the charm to the tale. Some of Martha Muir's less amiable peculiarities ar exaggerated in an old relativ, Miss Jean Calder—who is one of those grim, parsimonious cronos who figure often in domestic tales of the 'North Countree.' The narrativ has its relief of serene sunshine, amidst so much gloom, in the loves of Cuthbert and Rose—and, to repeat our praise, is not one to be entered on or parted from without our regard for its writer being increased." [Athenæum.

1336

HARVEYS (The) [by H: KINGSLEY: *Tinsley*, 1871.] is a "slit but readable story;—instinct with the author's peculiarities of thòt and style. The conversations ar terse and animated and really like the speech of every-day life. The Harvey family do not fail to sho a great variety of individual peculiarities, and resemble one another only in the bohemianism and generous recklessness which thèy inherit from a puzzle-headed and simple-hearted father. Mr. Harvey, much exercised by theological scruples, yet too humble to regard his fine scent for mare's-nests as a feather in his intellectual head-gear, devoted to his family, yet as incapable of providing for them as a hen for her adopted ducklings, and struggling cheerily and patiently with a very sordid entanglement of pecuniary troubles, is a sketch which would be well worth more complete development, wer not the type unfortunately common. In the autobiography of the young artist, his favorit son, we hav an amazing series of adventures compressed into a field of very limited compass. In the school-

life so capitally described, in the struggle of his artistic novitiate, in his relation to the congeries of religious and theatrical fanatics which surround his disastrous but amusing experience of german dungeons and duelling, the buoyancy of young Harvey's character produces the very complications which set it forth to such advantage." [Athenæum. **1337**

HATHERCOURT [by M.. L.. (STEWART) MOLESWORTH: *Holt*, 1878.] "is a singularly pure, graceful, simple, and pleasing story, with an air of refinement and hi-breeding about it. . . . She takes men, women, and things as she finds them, and all she attempts to sho is that the life and possible experiences of two young ladies in the quietest of country rectories ar adequate and attractiv materials for the novelist willing to make the best of them. . . . The narrativ never becomes exciting, but the interest is steadily maintained throuôut." [Appleton's. **1338**

HAWORTH'S [by F.. ELIZA (HODGSON) BURNETT: *Scribner*, 1879.] "is a strong story but not a good one. The people to whom it introduces us ar not in any sense good company; and there is very little in the book to inspire a generous sentiment or to quicken a worthy purpose. 'Life' enuf, of a certain sort, the book contains; but it is a kind of life of which most of us kno far too much already; the writer deservs no thanks who makes us liv it over again, and seeks to awaken in us a savage pleasure as its tragedy goes on before our face." [Good Company. **1339**

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*, 1880.] "This is a novel which no one can read without pleasure. In plot, in treatment, and

as regards most of the characters, it is almost devoid of faults. . . . The plot of the story, if not novel in its essential features, is made interesting by the manner in which it is developed, and by numberless little incidental refinements and devices. It has a mystery in it, but not a harroing or portentous mystery — in fact, one foresees very early in the story what the general course of things is likely to be; but the charm of the tale is enhanced rather than diminished by this transparency, because we ar constantly called upon to admire the simplicity, naturalness, and dexterity whêrewith the successiv complications ar introduced and unravelled. The idea of introducing, out of a clear sky, a claimant to an estate the inheritance of which was supposed to be as settled as the succession of the seasons, is not unknôn to novelists, but to make the disinherited gentleman deserv his fate by the whimsical and empty perversity of his disposition is a deltitful stratagem, and renders the good-humor of the reader imperturbable throu all vicissitudes. Again, the honesty, simplicity, and mingled gentleness and firmness of the 'little gentleman' who represents the disturbing element in the tale is a most happy variation upon the conventional treatment in such cases. And Mr. Paul's love affair is ingeniously contrived to sound an accompaniment to the prevailing sentiment of the story, and at the same time to humiliate the objectional persons, and to gratify the well-disposed ones." [Spectator. **1340**

HEALEY [by JESSIE FOTHERGILL: (†, 1891) *Harper*, 1875.] "is a rather unpleasant novel, but givs evidence of considerable originality and power; there is nothing humorous, or even cheerful in it, except the dénouement, where the lovers ar married. But they

ar lovers of an odd sort, and their courtship by no means realizes the ideal felicities of that relation. The heroin is a remarkable character; there is a strong heroic element in her nature, and tho she does not fascinate the reader, she gains a strong hold upon his respect and interest. There is nothing romantic about her; she is plain, and attractive only to those who hav learned to love her. The scene of the story is laid in **Lancashire**, and the dialect of that region is often puzzling to the reader." [Boston "Literary World." **1341**

HEART SALVAGE. [by K.. (SAUNDERS) COOPER: *Chatto*, 1884.] "This collection goes to sho that the author of 'Gideon's Rock' has not lost her skill, and several of her tales ar marked by a good deal of pathos. The fiery, unhappy, warm-hearted, unsuccessful Tom Bailey is a figure one will remember, tho his secret trouble is only the fancied estrangement of a friend, and tho his more palpable sufferings ar the commonplace troubles of unromantic poverty in a suburban villa. Besides Tom, his good wife and gentle dauter ar well described in '*By the Stone Ezel*.' *The Harpers of Min-y-don* ar more picturesque in their surroundings. The characters of the father and son—the former full of the weaknesses as well as the strength of genius, and shallower than the son even in his art, tho for that reason more at his ease in its exercise and so far more successful—ar well contrasted. And the filial devotion of Lewis is touching. '*The Silver Lane*,' the story of a feat of courageous humanity, and some smaller tales make up a sufficient issue of wholesom provender for summer idleness." [Athen. **1342**

HEARTH GHOSTS [by H: JACKSON: *Low*, 1871.] "would hav been more appropriately named, 'The Chron-

icles of Market Mulling,' but for the suggested comparison with the charming stories of Mrs. Oliphant. . . . We recommend these narrativs as wholesom and agreeable reading." [Athenæum. **1343**

HEARTSEASE [by C.. M.. YONGE: Oxford, *Parker*, 1855.] "is the most *true* looking story we hav read for a long time. It is simple enuf. The honorable Capt. Martindale has fallen desperately in love and married in a great hurry, quite unknón to his father, the dauter of a country lawyer; Violet is little more than a child,—she is the 'Heartsease' of the book, and a charming creature. She is not endowed with any talent, nor any great strength of character,—with nothing but the simple idea that she must do her duty; and her gentle, straitforward simplicity works like a charm upon the whole family. Her amiability and gentleness mature gradually into hi principle and firmness,—without losing their unconscious gracefulness." [Athenæum.] — "'Heartsease' is a novel whose success would not speak well for our national literary taste, did we not kno that there is always a large and respectable reading public with no taste at all, but plenty of comfortable leisure which hangs terribly on their hands, when neither gossip nor tea is going forward. The book does not much exercise even the most ordinary impulse which leads to reading—curiosity; and can lay claim in no hi degree to any dramatic, narrativ or descriptiv excellence. . . . Of insit into character, analysis of human passion and emotion—of intellectual strength, we find no trace." [Westminster Review.] — "The virtuous men and women of Miss Yonge ar so free from any touch of earthliness, and ar characterized by a purity so far removed from anything

which is met among everyday persons that they are sure to be enthusiastically admired by all lovers of morbid intellectual and spiritual phenomena. On the other hand, her bad people are so wholly and preposterously bad that no one could dream of imitating them, and their acquaintance can not, therefore, contaminate her readers. The colorless creatures whom Miss Yonge mistakes for women, and the weak and feminine beings whom she presents as her ideals of manly perfection, have no element of interest to the normally healthy mind. Still, there is a very large number of people who admire these novels, and regard Miss Yonge as an infinitely nicer writer than, say,—C: Reade.” [Round Table.

1344

HEATHCOTE [by ELLA MACMAHON: *Ward & Downey*, 1889.] “is a pretty and lifelike, rather gushing story of a cathedral town. The heroine is the archdeacon’s daughter, and the hero is sub-editor of a daily paper. The sub-editor’s father was a music-master; but as his mother belonged to an old and proud family, which had proved its pride by rejecting the daughter who disgraced it, Heathcote Grant was admitted to be superior to his position, and his presumption in falling in love with the beautiful Violet Ward was not so overweening as it might otherwise have been. There is some good drawing in this story; the characters are decidedly like human beings, and its tone is high and well sustained. . . . The love story is admirably contrived, and will give pleasure to every one who reads it.” [Ath. 1345

HEIR OF REDCLIFFE. [by C.. M.. YONGE: 1850.] “There is another class of novels—novels of the domestic class—which has also a great influence. I recollect hearing Mr. Guizot say, that the literature of France would match

(by which, of course, he meant would beat) all our literature, with one exception, and that was our domestic novels. He said: ‘In science we match you; in poetry we match you (tho in that he is quite in error); in history we match you; but we have not anything in our literature like “The Heir of Redclyffe” and your [other?] domestic novels. All books of that class are peculiarly English. They are books describing a virtuous domestic life. They do not go to the tragic or dramatic for interest, but they draw it from the simple springs of natural life. This we have not in the literature of France.’ Our previous want of acquaintance with this Pusey-novel arose from no barbarous indifference to the important literary events of our age and country. We abstained from reading it, solely from the dread of the effect which it might have in unfitting us for enjoying any other works of fiction afterwards. We were well aware, from our knowledge of the disastrous influence in this respect, which the work had exercised over that large and discriminating portion of the reading public of England which is chiefly composed of curates and young ladies. Among other sad cases, in our circle of acquaintance, we met two which especially struck us. One instance was that of a curate (still living, and still, through the scandalous neglect of his friends, unprovided with proper accommodations in an asylum for the insane), who, after reading ‘The Heir of Redclyffe,’ expressed himself critically in these terms: ‘There are only Two Books in the world. The first is the “Bible,” and the second is the “Heir of Redclyffe.”’ The other instance is still more afflicting. A young and charming lady, previously an excellent customer at the circulating libraries, read this fatal domestic novel on its first appearance

some years ago, and has read nothing else since. As soon as she gets to the end of the book, this uninteresting and unfortunate creature turns back to the first page and begins it again. Her family vainly endeavors to lure her to former favorites or to newer works; she raises her eyes from the too-enthraling page, shakes her head faintly, and resumes her fascinating occupation for the 1000th time, with unabated relish. Her course of proceeding, when she comes to the pathetic passages, has never yet varied. She reads for 5 minutes; and goes upstairs to fetch a dry pocket handkerchief, comes down again and reads for another 5 minutes; goes upstairs again, and fetches another dry pocket handkerchief. No later than last week it was observed by her family that she shed as many tears and fetched as many dry pocket-handkerchiefs as ever. Medical aid has been repeatedly called in; but her case baffles the doctors. The heart is all rit, the stomach is all rit, the lungs ar all rit, the extremities ar moderately warm. The skull alone is abnormal. [Compare No. 1344.] This is the story of the Pusey-novel which is the Wonderful Lamp not to be found in France. . . . The characters by whose aid the story is worked out, ar simply impossible. They hav no types in nature, they never did hav types in nature, they never will hav types in nature. . . . Throuôut the book up to the scene of his last illness, Sir Guy is the same lifeless personification of the Pusey-stricken writer's fancies on religion and morals, literature and art. He is struck speechless with reverence when a rhapsodical description of one of Raphael's Madonnas is read to him. He occupies 3 summers in studying the Morte d'Arthur (not Mr. Tennyson's poem, but the old romance)

and, in spite of this romantic taste, when he gets to Italy he will not read the magnificent descriptions of scenery in 'Childe Harold' becaus Lord Byron was a profligate." [C: Dickens.]—"Here ar Sir Guy Morville and poor little Amy, both of them virtuous to a degree which would hav put Miss Edgeworth's most exemplary characters to the blush, yet Guy, after being bullied and badgered throu the greater part of his short life, dies of the fever which should hav carried off Philip; and Amy, besides being left widowed and heartbroken, givs birth to a dauter instead of a son, and so forfeits the inheritance of Redclyffe. On the other hand, Philip, the most intolerable of prigs and mischief-makers, whose cruel suspicions play havoc with the happiness of everybody in the story, and whose obstinate folly brings about the final disaster,—Philip, who is little better than his cousin's murderer, succeeds to the estate, marries that very stilted and unpleasant young person Laura (who is after all a world too good for him), and is left in a blaze of glory, a wealthy, honored, and distinguished man. It is true that Miss Yonge, whose conscience must hav pricked her a little at bringing about this unwarranted and unjustifiable conclusion, would hav us believe that he was sorry for his misbehavior, and that his regret was sufficient to equalize the perfidious scales of justice." [Atlantic. 1346]

HEIR OF THE AGES (The) [by J. A. PAYN: *Harper*, 1882?] "is one of the delightful stories which may not liv forever as literature, but ar as welcom as the flowers which bloom in the spring when they appear. Besides its humor and epigrammatic charm, the story has the merit of a dramatic and novel *dénouement*, which, instead of end-

less happiness after a long series of catastrophes, winds up with a catastrophe after the happiness." [Critic.] The motif seems to have been suggested by the literary career of George Eliot. **1347**

HER WITHOUT A HERITAGE [by E. FAIRFAX BYRNE: *Bentley & Son*, 1887.] "is undeniably clever.

. . . Brit Judith Romilly is bred in a strait sect of Dissenters. To the narrowness of her religious creed is added the narrowness of the middle class before the poor gentry has at all amalgamated with it. The description of life in Wesleyan circles at the beginning of the century is probably true enough. Old Romilly and his wife are kindly specimens of a race which had many virtues not seen conspicuously in their descendants, although the mill-owner saw nothing but dishonesty in labor combinations and his charming old wife believed in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. An ardent spirit like Judith's naturally would revolt against her home; and when an enthusiast like Gervase Germaine made it his business to enlighten her intellect, and inspire her with doubts of the truth of her creed, there was scarce the semblance of a struggle.

. . . Gervase is a fine character, apart from a little young-mannishness; he behaves like a gentleman at the fire, and in the matter of the sale of an estate; while his forgiveness of the picturesque ruffian Rick Blakedeane, and the method in which he returns good for evil, quite transcend the expectations we are led to form of him at the outset." [Athenæum. **1348**

HELEN BLANTYRE [by A. E. A. MAIR: *Smith*, 1875.] "herself is a pleasant specimen of a simple, fresh-hearted young girl, and the friends of her sex who surround her are fairly described. Lady Jane Wynchester is

a genial, worthy soul; Agatha Blantyre something more — a woman with her principles, but soured and case-hardened by an early disappointment in life. . . . On the whole, the characters engage our interest, and the story is a fairly interesting love-tale of the modern school." [Athenæum. **1349**

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. = No. 730.

HER DEAREST FOE. [by "Mrs. ALEXANDER," i. e., Annie (French) Hector: *Holt*, 1876.] The author here "recovers, in part, her descent, but hardly reaches the grade of her first book. Her best characteristics, however, are manifest in 'Her Dearest Foe,' which will be read with the quiet, reasonable enjoyment which results from natural pictures of life, marked sketches of character, and an unvarying spirit which sustains the reader's interest. The plot of the story is not complicated, and is quite possible. . . . Mrs. Travers is very nearly a perfect woman, but the author has made her, in one or two cases, unnatural and untrue to herself. Lee has much *espièglerie*, and makes an admirable foil for grand Mrs. Temple. Tho not so satisfying a novel as 'The Wooing O't,' this should rank next in merit to that popular book. It is admirably pure in tone, and, tho not didactic, teaches useful lessons." [Boston "Literary World." **1350**

HER GREAT IDEA [by LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WALFORD: *Holt*, 1888.] "contains 7 stories. All are of a humorous nature, and that Mrs. Walford possesses a fund of humor every reader of her novels knows. In these tales she is seen at her best — the crisp, nervous style, the keen but never ill-natured satire, the ready command of interesting situations all going to the enhancement of the reader's enjoyment. Nothing could be better in their way

than *Paul's Blunders*, *A Tumbler of Milk*, and *Ada*." [Boston "Literary World."] **1351**

HER MOTHER'S DARLING [by C. ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Tinsley*, 1877.] "is as pleasant a character as Mrs. Riddell has ever introduced. Left fatherless and poor at an early age, and soon afterwards losing her invalid mother, she makes use of her talent as a singer to support herself, which she does very bravely and honorably, tho, öing to the unscrupulousness of some of her companions she does not escape slander. Her adventures in the strange world to which Miss Rodwell introduces her, the contrast between her hi-minded and womanly nature and the coarser clay of such as Archer and the Rodwell, her stay with some rich 'vulgarian' relatives, and the final happy resolution of all her difficulties, make up in their relation a very readable novel." [Athenæum.] **1352**

HER SECOND LOVE. = *A LOST LOVE*.

HER TITLE OF HONOR. [by "HOLME LEE", i. e., Harriet Parr: *King*, 1871.] "The plot is slit and the story lacks proportion, but the author has displayed several good qualities which compensate for these defects. Pengarvon, on the Cornish coast, is the chief scene of the story; and Francis Gwynne, the son of a miner, is the hero, whose career without being vicissitudinous is described with such skill as to interest any novel-reader not hopelessly a slave to sensational literature. Some of the characters ar admirably sketched. . . . Altho the characters lived at the end of the last century, their ways ar our ways and their lives ar our lives." [Athenæum.] **1353**

HERIOTS (The) [by H: STUART CUNNINGHAM: *Macmillan*, 1890.] "is

a love story of the most modern kind, in which the passion is so unobtrusiv and reasonable that it is discovered only by those most interested when the circumstances ar all in its favor, and it could almost be done without. Olivia and Jack ar poor, but Olivia has rich relatives in whose house she meets a Mr. De Renzi, a brilliant man of the world, who amuses himself in Parliament and elsewhere with a whole-souled devotion to that employment, as the son of a great London financier should. He, however, falls in love with Olivia, and his father's consent is won by coupling the marriage with a splendid business opportunity. After her engagement, Olivia is introduced to the cream of the cream of english society, including vulgar Americans, manufacturers' wives from Manchester, insufferably rich Londoners, cynical Frenchmen, dull poets, and a duke or two. But tho the reader finds it enjoyable, Olivia does not like it. She and De Renzi quarrel, and it begins to dawn upon her that she loves Jack. He makes a similar discovery, and they ar married in the last chapter. There ar many more than usually clever passages in the book; it is thöroly readable, and almost too uniformly amusing." [Critic.] **1354**

HERIOTS CHOICE. [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Bentley*, 1880.] "The principal feature of the book, except a consistently polemical purpose in the High Church direction, is the great inferiority of the male to the female characters. Mildred is vividly described, and brings a fine nature before us; Olive, the poetess, is also an original conception, and mit be drawn from life, and the rest of the pleasant group of maidens hav their special attributes; but the imbecil clergyman and the brutal squire, — Richard, the

opinionativ young 'priest,' who marries the heiress, and Polly's moon-struck lover, ar all sad specimens of the worst half of humanity." [Athenæum.

1355

HERO (A) etc. [by DINAH MARIA (MCLOCK) CRAIK: (†, 1887) *Harper*, 1853.] contains 3 stories. "The hero is a boy, but a true hero; and the story, related by a bachelor uncle to a group of nephews and nieces, is designed to sho that heroism is not a matter dependent on age or sex, hi or lo birth; that the hero is not, ex officio, girt with a sword; nor is it essential that he slauter others, or be slautered himself. '*Bread upon the Waters; a Governess's Life*,' is the title of the second story, and is sufficiently descriptiv to convey an idea of its spirit. '*Alice Learmont*' closes the volume. In this the scene is laid in scottish cottage life." [N. Y. "Literary World."

1356

HERO CARTHEW. = *PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILON*.

HESTER [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*, 1884.] "should rather hav been called 'Catherine,' for the reader's interest is more warmly bestowed upon the proud, masterful, loving old lady, who receives so scant measure of gratitude from those she has befriended and adopted, than upon the equally proud and passionate young girl, who has youth on her side when the hardest trial of her life besets her. Tho at the opening of the story Catherine cannot endure the hi-spirited dauter of John Vernon, yet Hester is really her counterpart, and when a great blo falls upon them, when Hester loses her lover and Catherine the son of her old age, when disappointed affection and trust ar more grievous to bear than the repetition of financial trouble supposed to hav been vanquished long before, the two

noble souls draw together, and understand that their repulsion was meant only to unite them finally. All the story of Catherine's second struggle, the success of which cannot mend the broken heart which the discovery of Edward's heartlessness, not his dishonesty, has caused, is pathetic and impressiv." [Athenæum.

1357

HESTER'S VENTURE [by MA. ROBERTS: *Longmans*, 1886.] "'Hester's Venture' is long without being tedious, wholesom, but never mawkish, and marked throuôut by the kindly wit, refined protraiture, and acute perception which hav been observable in former works by the same hand. Thêre ar at least half a dozen finished studies of character and as many clever sketches. Of the former, Olivia Vane, the actress, 'a lovable, faulty creature, with a divine spark in her,' whose 'moral squint' brings such trouble on the heroin and herself; Mrs. Torrington, a charming picture of serene old age; her grandson John and his lo-born wife; and lastly, Hester herself, with her hi-bred scorn of all pettiness, her courage and conversational charm, ar perhaps the most successful." [Athenæum.

1358

HIDE AND SEEK [by [W:] WILKIE COLLINS: *Bentley*, 1854.] "is a well-intentioned novel, exposing the creari-ness of the existence of a religious family of the middle class, and the evil influences of a 'sound and serious' education on an impetuous and warm-hearted youth." [Westminster. 1359

HIGHER LAW (The). [by E. MAITLAND: *Chapman*, 1870.] "The art with which these characters, altho all good, ar made to differ, and with which their several idiosyncracies ar brôt out, is not slit. Sophia and James ar so constituted as to render a union between them, if it could take place, essentially a happy one,

by reason of the affinity of their natures. Similarly, Margaret and Edmund were 'made for one another.' By a great misfortune, James and Margaret are thrown together before they meet their several affinities, and James falls in love with Margaret. She, on the other hand, altho experiencing a most friendly affection for him, is quite untouched by that divine fury and passion of love without which no wedded pair are likely to be happy. James perceives her coldness, but trusts that time will change the friendly into a lover-like attachment, and persuades Margaret to marry him. Their married life is not a happy one. Margaret's coldness remains unchanged altho she esteems her husband, and tries in every way to please him. The husband's anger and misery at the want of reciprocity in his affection is vented on his wife and himself alike, and causes great unhappiness to both. While they are living in this state Edmund Noel, a friend of the husband, but up to that time a stranger to the wife, comes to them. Instantaneously the capacity for passionate love, which had slumbered so long in Margaret's nature, is awakened at the sight of the being for whom by the 'higher law' of nature she has been intended, and with whom she is to have been mated. The love is mutual, and soon acknowledged between the two; but altho they permit themselves many endearments, their respect, and affection for James prevent them from yielding to temptation. The struggle of the affections and the lives of the unhappy trio are given with great force; and simple as the tale may seem from this account of it, the reader will find much to interest and excite in the way it is told. The end is as happy as the circumstances will permit. James Maynard is killed. Margaret, after a decent

interval, marries her lover." [Athenæum. **1360**

HIS COUSIN BETTY. [by F. M. PEARD: *Bentley*, 1888.] "Betty, the blunt, impetuous, half-boyish, but gently bred and lovable heroin, does not seem at all a likely person to be drawn to the quiet, prim, and at first sit rather priggish hero; and indeed the acquaintance of the cousins begins with a quite unreasonable amount of dislike, not to say hatred, on Betty's side. . . . Very cunningly poor Betty is persuaded that John is in love with her, and still more cunningly—for this feat requires greater delicacy of treatment—John is persuaded not only that Betty loves him, but that she expects him to make her an offer of marriage. The stratagem succeeds; but before the wedding, John has discovered one half of the truth, and shortly afterwards Betty discovers the other. The situation is both interesting and pathetic, for the poor girl has given the love which she supposed to be spontaneously set, while the man's passion is only less absorbing and less certain of itself because it has been artificially forced into a hurried maturity. We will not tell more of the story, which from this point onward becomes less and less dependent upon mere incident; but it is difficult to praise too highly the deftness, the subtlety, the fine imaginativ insight which mark the book from the time when the hero and heroin are drawn into the wretched labyrinth, to the happy day in which, having threaded all the devious mazes, they emerge upon the bright open land which lies beyond. 'His Cousin Betty,' whether regarded from the intellectual or the literary point of view, is a singularly able and attractive novel." [Spectator. **1361**

HIS HELPMATE. [by FRANK BARNETT: *Appleton*, 1887.] "This author

HIS GRACE. [by W. E. NORRIS: *Methuen*, 1892.] "Of all the imaginary dukes with whom we are acquainted, Mr. Norris' is the most delightfully human. His grace of Hurstbourne is a grown-up boy,—boyish in his tastes, in his recklessness, in his frank good-nature, most boyish of all in his determination to outshine, baffle, and in every way discomfit that very adult cousin, Paul Gascoigne, whose wealth and cleverness make the contest from first to last a very unequal affair. Of course, we know all along that the duke will be victorious; and there is real cleverness in the adoption of the expedient by which, in the final encounter, the duke's strong muscles rather than his wits extricate him from the very tight place in which he finds himself. The struggle on the floor of Gascoigne's chambers for the possession of the document with which the better-equipped combatant has threatened a 'coup-de-grâce,' may not be warfare of the legitimate kind, but it has a barbaric magnificence, and, dramatically, it is one of Mr. Norris' happiest effects." [Spectator.]—"In construction, as in writing, Mr. Norris has eminently 'le style coulant,' which is a very different thing from mere fluency. His novels have the virtues of the oyster in an old, a vul-

gar, but an excellent apolog—they "go down so easily." There may not be very much in 'His Grace.' When Mr. Norris, in the first few pages, has introduced you to the self-deprecatory narrator, and to his Eton friend who comes into a dukedom and offers him a sort of agency just when he is very much down on his luck, and to the narrator's sister who, being penniless, has engaged herself to a harmless, but not charming, parson widower, and to the duke's cousin, who has had the ready money left him, and is a detestable creature—you smile superior and say "I know what is coming." You *do* know what is coming; but you entirely mistake Mr. Norris' cleverness if you think that he is not perfectly aware of your knowledge, and resolved to take advantage—a quite good and craftsman-like advantage—of it. Pleased with yourself, you are also pleased with Mr. Norris, and with the ornaments and surprises which prevent your satisfaction from being mere patronage. And then it goes down so easily! There are no cheques, no bréaks, no puzzles, no false notes. It is like a very good dinner, whereof you hardly remember the details, but are aware, after digestion, that all was and is peace. There is a touch of greatness in this." [Academy. 1361 q

has been identified with sensational novels, but this one is mainly domestic. It has a spice of exciting incident, but the interest as a whole is subdued. It is a brit and wholesom little tale." [American. **1362**

HIS SISTERS. [by HERBERT P. EARL: *Low*, 1887.] "Mr. Earl has a pleasant story to tell of certain young men and maidens, of a quiet english type, set in a quiet background. There ar several heroes and heroins, who receive impartial treatment at the author's hands, and who rouse impartial, if not quite indifferent interest in the mind of the reader; and there is at least one cold and calculating villain, of a sort not unusual in fiction, who makes a great deal of mischief before his time of reckoning comes. He is a lawyer, with an inordinate taste for other people's money; and he contrives to indulge his taste pretty freely. Of course there is a virtuous young man on his track, and in the end he gets his deserts. But Mr. Earl does not overdraw all his characters. Some of them are thöroly natural creatures, in whose joys and sorroes it is easy to sympathize; and if the narrativ is not very exciting, at any rate it deals with persons and things as they ar." [Athenæum. **1363**

HISTORY OF A WEEK (The) [by LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WALFORD: *Blackwood*, 1886.] "is eminently a femin work. It has a good deal of clever tho slit study of character. The 2 shallo and flirting, but essentially good-hearted sisters, the cousins of the heroin, ar a pleasant contrast to some of the equally shallo, but spiteful young women who seem to form the ideal of some novelists; and the heroin herself is identifiable." [Athenæum. **1364**

HOLLYWOOD. [by ANNIE L. WALKER: *S: Tinsley*, 1880.] "A

good book, simple in plot and unobjectionable in its manner of narration, is 'Hollywood.' It is a tale of true love and of the interruptions by which its course is impeded. . . . Miss Walker is natural and simple throüout. She weaves her plot quietly, without hurry or strain, and eschews the gaudy-colored threads by which a feebler worker or a novice would hav been tempted. Her characters, tho not commonplace, ar ordinary types of humanity; they do what we should expect of them at the rit moment, and possess our sympathies because they do not excite our ridicule or disgust. There is no villain to speak of in the book, and no impossible hero; the interest excited is perfectly legitimate, and the inconsistencies fairly intelligible. 'Hollywood' is likely to please its readers without taking them by* storm; it is a book which cannot offend and cannot leave a bad impression." [Ath. **1365**

HOME AGAIN [by G: MACDONALD: *Appleton*, 1888.] "is not in the author's old vein, being less elaborate, less didactic, and less solemnly thötfül; but much tenderness and feeling underlie the britness and spirit of the new story; and perhaps the tenderness has all the more chance of making itself felt where the lesson is needed, for being concealed a little more than usual under the cleverness. There is a too painfully appropriate moral worked out unrealistically at the close, when the thötless and almost cruel hero suddenly melts into all the most desirable fäses of unexpected manliness, common sense, filial devotion, and affectionate respect for the rit woman; but his nauty ways ar worth reading about, even if his conversion is felt to be purely a literary one; and the first part of the volume is really very entertaining. The ins and outs of both fashionable and literary snobbery ar

well worked, and the reader will delight in much intellectual by-play of spirited thôt and talk." [Critic.] — "The hero goes home to the father he has looked down upon because a farmer could not be a gentleman, and in the loving, wise companionship of a true-hearted man, under the tonic influence of his sturdy, sensible cousin Molly, and with honest work to do, he goes into worthy manhood. Such a story, earnest, thôtful, far-reaching in its purpose, is good to read and to think about." [Boston "Literary World."]

1366

HOME SWEET HOME [by C..

ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Tinsley*, 1873.] "consists of the autobiography of a girl, who, on the death of an affectionate and somewhat puritanic grandmother, with whom her early years have been spent, is transplanted from her native soil, a stratum of small dissenting trades-people in a provincial neighborhood, to the somewhat different region of musical and theatrical Bohemia. Anne, who has been early left an orphan, inherits from her father a strongly artistic bias, possessing likewise the endowment of a glorious voice. The conflict of feeling is decided mainly by the insidious influence of a German musician who is acquainted with some friends of hers in the country, and has had the sagacity to foresee in Anne's voice a possible source of emolument to himself. The character of this wily Herr Droigel, with his effusively demonstrativeness and sentiment, his calculating regard for the main chance, and dogged though not ungentle tenacity of purpose, his flow of talk, his amazing candor, his unchivalrous diplomacy, is the best part of the book. The adventures of Anne under his roof, her zest for her art, her distaste for its profession when her eyes are opened to the knowledge of certain hard facts of

the life she has to lead, constitute the substance of the three fairly readable volumes." [Athenæum.]

1367

HONOR BLAKE. [by — ()

KEATINGE: *King*, 1872.] "The heroine is one of the most genuine characters whom we have for a long time met in fiction. The scenes abroad are sketched with great spirit. The chapter 'Bayonne' in the first volume is alone worth scores of ordinary novels. Mrs. Keatinge can describe the wild coast scenery and the fir woods with the same skill with which she can paint Honor's first ball. The episode about the Simmonds family, and the story of the forged check are also told, the first with some humor, and the second with some dramatic power." [Westminster.]

1368

HONOURABLE ELLA (The) [by the EARL OF DESART: *Hurst*, 1879.] "is a lively book. The author's caustic humor, his vivacity, his witty and unexpected comparisons, make his pages sparkle, and give the reader many a pleasant laugh. . . . The conversation, for instance, between the vulgar millionaire and Lady Lorton, is as much overdone as if it had been written for a farce to be played before a very indiscriminating audience. . . . Lord Desart certainly succeeds in keeping his readers in a good humor. He is never dull, and if he has a taste for moralizing at times, and is delighted to gird at the follies of society, he does it shortly and sharply, and lets one see that his own estimate of human nature is not that of the worn-out cynic." [Athenæum.]

1369

HONOURABLE MISS (The) [by "L. T. MEADE:" *Methuen & Co.*, 1891.] "is a bright and lively story, with a fine heroine, whom it really does one good to read about. The vulgar people of the country town where the little drama is played are sometimes a little tiresome.

Perhaps it mīt be said that the comedy sometimes verges upon farce. But the novel is worth reading." [Spec. **1370**

HONORABLE MISS FERRARD.

[by MAY (LAFFAN) HARTLEY: *Bentley*, 1877.] "Since we read Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* [No. 1137] we remember no such graphic pictures of life among the spendthrift class of Irish gentry as is here afforded. It is a singularly original story, told with a pre-Rafaellite fidelity to detail, a steady sacrifice of romantic effect to truth, which make it read like a real history. Helena Ferrard, its heroin, a beautiful, tameless, utterly untrained creature, is daughter of Lord Darraghmore. The ancestral home has long since passed from his hands, and he and his family are, to all intents and purposes, vagrants, living here and there, banqueting with ruf profusion when the quarterly stipend is paid in, and starving for the rest of the year. . . . The interest of the tale centers in the fortunes of the wayward and beautiful Helena. At one time she is sent to some maiden ants in Bath; but alas! the process of civilization is too bitter for her, and after a fortnit of regular and decorous living, she escapes to her wild brood in Ireland. Continually in hope, we are continually disappointed; and when, at last, she turns from the fairer fortune which mīt have been hers, and to which the deeper instinct of her heart invites her, and folloes her peasant lover to America, it is with a constriction of grief and regret that we see her vanish. Did she really come? It is hard to accept the story as a mere story, and to say this is to offer hī praise to the story-teller." [Boston "Literary World."] — "It is rustic Ireland that is now described, and the central figure is a wild Irish girl, the daughter of a ruined peer. Helena Ferrard goes up unedu-

cated and uncared-for, folloing the sordid vicissitudes of her father's shiftless life, and without companions except her ruf poaching brothers. . . . Accordingly, we think none the less of her for preferring the love of the honest young farmer, with whom she seeks a wider and more tolerant world in Canada, to the equal devotion of the educated Englishman, whose kindness has been so constantly directed to her; her first allegiance is untarnished, and the wrong she does to Satterthwaite never dawns upon her. It is of a piece with her rejection of her ant's kind overtures, and yet in neither case is there mere ingratitude." [Ath. **1371**

HORRID GIRL (A). [*Bentley*, 1876.] "The lady who is unjustly characterized as a 'Horrid Girl' is one Mary St. Felix, who, in her old age, tells some incidents of her life to her nieces, or rather allows them to read some old letters which relate them. Mary's worst fault is having been rather hoyden, having caught some wild habits, including that of swearing, from the sailors and other ruf characters in whose company the motherless girl spent a portion of her childhood. On the death of her grandfather she goes to a school which is kept by a pair of very evangelical ladies, kind souls enuf, but naturally apt to be scandalized at their fiery pupil. She is much relieved by the diversion of going to spend some time at a large country house where under the easy rule of a good-hearted but vulgar dowager, young men and maidens do much as they list, in the way of amusement and intrigue. . . . Mary goes out of her reckless girlishness into a very lovable young woman. Her conduct is good and true to nature, at least to the nature of a thōroly honest and affectionate girl,

gifted with good spirits and healthy nerves." [Athenæum. **1372**

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. [by M.. E.. (BRADDON) MAXWELL: *Harpur*, 1875.] "It would be hard to find a more unequal writer in her field than Miss Braddon. . . . Her 'Hostages to Fortune' is one of her successes. It tells the story of an easy-going self-indulgent London littérateur who, tired by his work and his social duties, flies for rest to a distant spot in **Wales**, where he falls in love with a very charming country girl. Altho he has already decided the question of marriage in the abstract unfavorably, he was led to break his resolution, and he married her and brót her to London. Thère he fitted a house for her extravagantly and wasted his hard-earned substance in little dinners, old china, etc., until bankruptcy stared him in the face. The wicked people ar a Mrs. Brandreth, an actress, who had formerly been engaged to him, but had thrón him over to make a better match, and who, being now a wido, is anxious to marry him, but who becomes a fury on account of her second love, and the other is a wealthy pursuer of pleasure who falls in love with his wife. These two come to bad ends, while the man of letters resumes domestic life in Wales, well out of the way of danger." [Nation. **1373**

HOUSE ON THE MOOR (The). = No. 744.

HOUSE PARTY (A). [by "OUIDA," i. e., L.. De la Rame: *Lippincott*, 1886.] "The last story in the little volume, entitled 'A Rainy June' is all that saves the production from absolute worthlessness. This little tale is told with striking cleverness in a series of letters, and in its least effects, Ouida's artistic skill comes out in clear relief. It is cynical, but the cynicism is often delitfully

amusing and compels a láf." [American. **1374**

HOUSEFUL OF GIRLS (A). [by "SARAH TYTLER," i. e., Henrietta Keddie: *Smith & Innes*, 1889.] "The author has considerable knowledge of girl nature, and she has found a congenial theme in her present story. The four sisters, Annie, Dora, Rose, and May Millar, ar charming in their different ways. Their characters ar developed by the bracing necessity of taking their òn paths in life when the county bank fails, and the good old doctor, their father, loses his savings." [Athenæum.] — Compare plot of "Not like other Girls." **1375**

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED, etc., [by LOUISA (TAYLOR) PARR: *Strahan*, 1871.] contains "not one good story, but a whole collection of good stories. Each is excellent in its way. 'How it all Happened' is a tale of two marriages, which happen in the most improbable way, but to which Mrs. Parr, by her happy humor, which wards off all criticism, contrives to give the air of probability. . . . Mrs. Parr is as happy in describing forein characters and forein scenery, as those of her nativ land. We most heartily recommend her volumes to all those who can appreciate true humor and true pathos." [Westminster Review.] — "The author has solved the problem of being domestic without being tame. This is partly the result of her undoubted power of description and her insit into character, and partly of the kind of life which she describes — life mostly of the quiet rustic sort lurking in old country towns and odd seaside villages, which hav not yet been crushed into uniformity by the march of 'progress.'" [Athen. **1376**

HUGH MOORE. [by EVELYN STONE: *Blackwood*, 1885.] "A yacht in the

Ionian seas, a golden evening in Corfu, the english owner of the yacht and his companion, younger son of an irish lord, a wily consul and his pretty daughter, with the intriguing spirit of her Levantine mother strongly developed — such is the opening scene and such are the leading characters of this acceptable story. The impressionable young irishman is the hero whose adventures are related in terse english, studded with natural incidents and dialogs. There is nothing out of the ordinary beat in Hugh Moor's experiences, and when the reader knows that there are more heroines than one he may make a tolerably confident surmise as to the development of the plot which dates its origin from that autumn trip in the Mediterranean." [Athen. 1377

HURST AND HANGER [Paul, 1886.] "is an attractive picture of a group of families in their middle-class life, and concerns itself with loves and affections of the younger members, coming to an end only when the entire company have been settled off in well-assorted couples, after many chances and changes, and without the slightest reason for anxiety as to their future lot in life. Apart from the usual lottery of love there is not much in the way of incident. . . . It is not a rare thing to meet a story which rests its claims on nothing more exciting than the vicissitudes of domestic affection and conventional courtship, but it is rare to find one in which the feeling is so true and the descriptions so delicate as in 'Hurst and Hanger.'" [Athenæum. 1378

IDA CRAVEN [by JESSIE () CABELL: Holt, 1876.] "is a very good novel. Its subject is the married life of a young woman, who, after a scrappy education in different parts of Europe, when still very young, marries an east indian official 20 years her senior. She takes this

step without loving him, as much from a careless curiosity about her fate as from any other motive, while at the same time she loves him as much as she does any one. When in India she tries to be a good wife, but her romantic dreams are far from satisfied, and when she has much idle and lonely time on her hands the appearance of an attractive but slightly scampish former lover arouses her from her apathy and threatens to cause considerable confusion. . . . But she has eyes to see her duty, and does it; she turns off her flandering lover and tells her husband, who swallows the pill as well as he can; and in time the curtain falls on a reunited and happy couple. These few lines do but scant justice to the clever way in which the author has drawn the heroine's character and has followed its growth from the stony-hearted indifference of youth to its maturity through experience." [Nation. 1379

IDEALA [E. W. Allen, 1888.] "is a strange but intensely interesting volume. It is not a novel, but a portrait of a single character 'by suffering made strong,' a character full of inconsistencies and warring impulses, lofty aspirations and sensuous promptings — the character, in fine, of a woman who, to quote the author's words, 'had gone down to the verge of dishonor, but whose goodness had raised her again above the best.' Ideala is certainly one of the most original figures to be encountered in the whole range of contemporary fiction, but she is at the same time one of the most unmistakably true to life. The author is in love with his creation, and he certainly succeeds in rendering the brilliant and wayward personality of his heroine singularly attractive to the reader. The descriptive passages are picturesque, and the dialog dashed with humor." [Athenæum. 1379A

ILL-REGULATED MIND (An) [by K.. WYLDE: *Holt*, 1886.] "is a curious and somewhat strained little story, but full of vividness and pathetic interest. None of the people would probably behave in life as they do in the book, but that does not necessarily lessen the pathos and prettiness of the story in these days of almost too much realism. The characters stand out with singular clearness, and the story is one to linger in the mind." [Critic. **1379B**

ILLUSIONS [by H. MUSGRAVE: *Bentley*, 1887.] "mit well hav been called 'Disillusions.' The sweet women characters, drawn with much care, ar all more or less rudely awakened from the dreams of human perfection in which their visionary training had allowed them to indulge, and scarcely one of them is happy enuf to keep her illusions to the end. It is true that they come across unfavorable specimens of the illuding sex. . . . Her sisters ar only less delitful than herself." [Athenæum. **1380**

IN A CATHEDRAL CITY [by BERTHA THOMAS: *Bentley*, 1882.] "is a slit but pretty story. The most prominent character is a young man of humble birth, endowed with a fine voice, who, after having been looked upon as a black sheep and a ne'er-do-well in his nativ place, becomes a member of the choir of 'St. Martin's Minster.' There ar some love passages between him and Elsie Ford, a pretty little dressmaker, who has fled from a worthless husband. Leonard tempts her to cast off her fetters, but she resists in spite of her liking for him; and when he is brôt out in London, and makes a sensation, he soon displays the worst side of his nature. Elsie's husband comes to a tragic end, and a modest lay clerk is eventually rewarded for a love much more genuin and faithful than that of

the inconstant young tenor. There is some very charming work in Miss Thomas' volumes." [Athenæum. **1381**

IN DURANCE VILE. [by MA. () (ARGLES) HUNGERFORD: *Lippincott*, 1885.] "The work of 'The Duchess' is noted for its unevenness; but in this collection of short stories she is at her best. The best is *A Week in Killarney*, which is a most entertaining, and at the same time most natural, description of the woes of a young couple who had unlertaken to chaperon on a trip throu Ireland a young lady with 2 lovers. We ar not at all sure that we hav not enjoyed it as much as the similar adventures of the famous 'Phaeton.'" [Critic. **1382**

IN FAR LOCHABER. [by W. BLACK: *Harper*, 1888.] The author's "delineation of the 'dour Scotch,' the stiff-necked, Free-Church Scotch, who swear by the Covenant and hate the Establishment, who ar incomparable kill-joys, is an illustration of justice without mercy. He givs credit for many recognized virtues to the minister and even to his elders and their wives. He refrains, too, from suggesting that almost every one of them may be possessed of a cruel and vindictiv spirit of fanaticism. But he doesn't like the 'unco guid' nor wish any body else to like them; he is glad to get off to the moor and heather, and sing the hospitality, the prodigality, the impulsiv, warm-hearted shiftlessness of the keltic Highlanders. Arriving at 'Far Lochaber' he is delitedly at home, and infects the reader with his sense of pleasure." [Nation. **1383**

IN GLENORAN [by M. B. FIRE: Edinburgh, *Oliphant*, 1888.] "is a pretty tale of scottish village life. The good genius of the story is Kate Cameron, the minister's dauter. She, while suffering from a cruel disappointment in her lover,

tries to comfort her poorer friends and to act as peace-maker. Too much sympathy is demanded for Allan Campbell, a ne'er-do-well, spoiled by his devoted sister. Nevertheless one folloes his fortunes and those of Miss Kate with interest." [Athenæum. **1384**

IN LONDON TOWN. [by K. LEE: *Bentley*, 1884.] "The stammering young assistant at the British Museum, with his wonderful shyness and his solid worth; the girl who has been bewildered by lectures and 'hier education,' and who is rescued from the terrors of Girton by the aforesaid assistant; the old museum-haunter, who vainly tries to establish his claim to a title and property, and ends by starving himself, and worse; the dafter of this man, by an Italian mother, who shares her father's garret and nurses a Socialistic hatred of the rich in her tempestuous heart—all these ar well imagined and designed, and they ar by no means arbitrary creatures wherewith to people the floors of a London lodging-house. Much depends upon the telling; and in describing these personages, with that of the Perseus who delivers the little Andromeda out of her garret, Mrs. Lee has been for the most part hily successful. No doubt she puts occasional temptations in the path of a hypercritical reader, who mit find something to lûf at here and there, and something on which to base a serious homily. But 'In London Town' is an unusually interesting story, and it treats sundry topics of the day in a well-informed and rational manner." [Athenæum. **1385**

IN LOW RELIEF [by MORLEY ROBERTS: *Appleton*, 1890.] "is clever enuf to hav a very distinct success. It is an intense love-story, but its every incident goes to illustrate the prevalent ideas, habits and characteristics of half a

dozen men who occupy a group of studios in London. All the men ar 'bohemians,' and the heroin is a 'model.' Thère is no effort made to sho off any of the characters under hi lits,—quite the reverse,—but no one can help feeling that the story helps rather than hinders our faith in the real greatness of humanity. The hero is a literary man; he haunts his friends' studios, and is something of an art critic. He wastes a good deal of time, as they all do, and we see the gropings of genius in pursuit of its true work;—its patient waiting with an instinct that if one waits long enuf, something must drift up from the unknown. . . . Success has not sapped the integrity of any of this little coterie, and they nurse thêir illusions and follo thêir ideals with the most disinterested disregard of consequences. . . . This is a shiftless, unthrifty way of living, but it is at any rate enuf of a contrast to the rich, sordid, materialistic world we hear most about, to enable us to believe that thère may exist a possible medium if the balance be ritly struck. The story lies entirely outside the world of society. Its climax concerns only 3 people, each of whom has gone throu an arduous struggle. Thère ar 2 touching intervues between Armour and Torrington, who ar in love with the same woman, which sho the power of the author, and ar indeed the triumf of the book. The effect produced by the heroin is also something to be remarked. She can hardly be described, for she creates her atmosfere, moves in it, and carries it with her from studio to studio. But to discern how modest, pure, and charming a woman may be, even without the ordinary conventions and safeguards which society imposes, the reader must go to the book." [American. **1386**

IN ONE TOWN [by EDMUND

Downey: *Ward & Downey*, 1886.] "tho a little pragmatical and matter of fact, is not uninteresting. It has no hits and depths, but confines itself entirely to the commonplace joys and mishaps of every-day men and women, including an old sea-captain, a friendly ship-broker, a sailor-lad, a giddy clerk or two, a nice young woman, and so forth. The various dealings of these characters with each other ar described without much spirit or excitement, and the story is eked out with some of the usual business of narrativ fiction. Thère is the 'Auld Robin Gray' business, and the stolen will business, and a shipwreck, and a few other familiar incidents; but, all put together, the action of 'In one Town' does not amount to anything like a sensational romance. The author has written for quiet and mildly disposed readers, and for them he has written successfully. It is a great thing in these days to conceive and write an unobjectionable story." [Athenæum.]—"The scene is an old seaport in the south of **Ireland**, and several chapters ar devoted to the talk of the shippers—each man of them a character. The story is that of a girl, who pledged herself on the eve of his sailing on a long voyage, but was forced by her mother into a marriage with Captain McCormick. While the latter is absent the old lover returns, and then begins her struggle between love and duty, made desperate by the rumor that her husband's vessel has gone down, but when further word comes that it is not true, she thanks God that she can meet him with the consciousness that she has 'sinned only in thôt.' However, the worthy captain is really lost at sea, and in the end the lovers ar married. Many threads of other lives ar made to cross the chief

story, and the every-day events in the old seaport ar made to go rit along as they would outside of a book." [Boston "Literary World." **1387**

IN SILK ATTIRE. [by W: BLACK: *Tinsley*, 1869.] "Allowing for the improbability which lies at the root of this novel, and which leads to some minor faults of the same kind, we say at once that it is thöroly pleasant and readable, marked by much and varied cleverness. Mr. Black's plot is not in itself a new one. The unavoidable rivalry between 2 girls who ar in love with, and almost equally loved by, the same man, has often been treated. But in the present instance, the contrast is not so strongly felt as usual. Both girls ar worthy, both ar unselfish, and each seems to wish the other to win." [Athenæum. **1388**

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE [by HAMILTON AIDÉ: *Smith*, 1871.] "is a very charming story. The character of Sir Andrew Harrieson, whose family was so intolerably proud, yet not too proud to add to its wealth by marriages with plebeian heiresses is a sketch in which the author excels. . . . We shall not spoil the reader's pleasure by telling him the way in which Mr. Aidé undoes the knot which he has so skilfully tied. We shall simply say that the last chapters in the book ar by far the most interesting." [Westminster Review. **1389**

IN THE FLOWER OF HER YOUTH. [by MABEL COLLINS: *White*, 1883.] "She is the dauter of a burly man of letters, large-hearted, extravagant, careless of opinion, but with a genuin love for the dauter who has been his comrad since her infancy and her mother's death. Alone with her father in the country she goes to be a charming girl of 17, with all the imagi-

PELHAM. [by Baron LYTTON (1805-73); London, 1827.] "Pelham," "Devereaux" and "Paul Clifford" are works of which the tendency is to bring into repute folly and vice, and even crime—works from the perusal of which we arise with much the same feeling as if we had escaped from low, disreputable, and impure company, into which we had unwillingly been brot by accidental circumstances,—with a sense of contamination, a feeling as if our mind had been soiled by the contact of the grossness and vice around us" [Amer. Monthly Review.]—"We pronounce any man a pernicious humbug who professes to inculcate useful and ennobling lessons of duty, and does the very reverse; who dresses sophistry and vice in the garb of wisdom and virtue, and thus deludes the thoughtless into worship of the monsters, whose hideous mien, if undisguised, would fill them with hatred. And does not Mr. Bulwer do this? Are not all his works saturated with voluptuousness, replete with false and meretricious views of life? And does he not at the same time assert that he is applying fiction to the most salutary, the

most elevated purposes? We make 3 distinct charges against the author of the Pelham, or rather of the Faikland series,—for the republication of that precious mass of filth, after the celebrity of the writer was established, indicates a desire to have it regarded as entitled to the honors of the first born darling. We assert that his characters are for the most part full of affectation and exaggeration; that his philosophy is in the main but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and that he is wholly deficient in that high moral sense, that perception of the beauty and sublimity of religion, without which a novelist can never succeed in giving a true picture of life, in unfolding the mysteries of existence, and in improving his fellow-men. He is the most artificial writer, we have no hesitation in saying, of the day; more addicted to frigid ecstasies and studied enthusiasm than any of his fellows. We never seem to see the incidents he relates or hear the dialog he puts into the mouths of his characters; but always to hear him repeating the latter and describing the former." [Amer. Monthly Mag. 896 m

PEARL [by EMILY JULY: *Hurst*, 1868.] "is a refined and charming story; the incidents and characters are managed with delicate subtlety; and there is a careful finish about each character which raises the story into a work of art . . . Mrs. Doynton is a dear old lady. The other characters are more sharply designed and less finished; they serve to throw out the delicate coloring of Pearl and Mrs. Doynton." [Athenæum. **1672**

PEN [Roberts, 1888.] "is a sweet little story, well written and well conceived. Both the sisters, Pen and little Tre, are charming, and Sandy and his love-affair enlist from the first a sympathy which his red hair and yellow-green eyes have no power to do away with. The book is entirely wholesome and to be commended." [Catholic World.] — "Penelope and Theresa Brand, to whose fortunes the tale relates, are the children of a shiftless and not very meritorious artist, who has married, against the wishes of her family, a rich man's daughter. The marriage is never forgiven, and the children grow in poverty, but so long as their sweet mother lives her influence keeps her husband tolerably strait. When she dies he goes to the bad rapidly, takes to drink and opium, and little Pen, just 15, with all her mother's capacity for self-devotion and all the honorable instincts of a lady, has to face debt, disgrace, and penury, with but one friend to turn to for aid. This friend is Sandy MacClaren, a man younger and better off than Louis Brand, but still from some old attraction his warm friend and the devoted servant of his wife and children . . . How Pen redeems her promise 10 years later we must leave to be found out from the book, which will be found full of the delicate charm which characterizes

the older stories of its author." [Boston "Literary World."] — "It is a tale of early trials, ending happily through the girl's strength of character and native virtue. The author shows the possession of real feeling and of good taste, and she has an effective style. The pathos of the book is unforced and touches a true and responsive note. The moral tone is high, and better recreation and instruction than it offers could hardly be asked." [American. **1673**

PENANCE OF JOHN LOGAN (The). [by W: BLACK: *Low*, 1889.] "Of the 3 stories 2 are good enough to lead one into the temptation of over-praising the unexpected. It is at all events a pleasure to read 'The Penance of John Logan,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and one cannot help saying that they seem better than Mr. Black's recent novels. The third story, 'A Snow Day,' is a story of love and salmon-fishing, in regard to which one must be thankful that there is no yachting in it. 'The Penance of John Logan' is so well contrived, so bravely told, and so lifelike that its simple pathos is irresistible." [Athenæum. **1674**

PENDENNIS. [by W: MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: (†, 1863) 1850.] "Pendennis is an unsteady, ambitious, clever but idle young man, with excellent aspirations and purposes, but hardly trustworthy. He is by no means such a one as an anxious father would wish to put before his son as an example. But he is lifelike. Clever young men, ambitious but idle and vacillating, are met every day, whereas the gift of persistency in a young man is uncommon. The Pendennis phase of life is one into which clever young men are apt to run. The character if alluring would be dangerous. If reckless, idle conceit had carried everything before it in the

story,—if Pendennis had been made to be noble in the midst of his foibles,—the lesson taut would have been bad. But the picture which becomes gradually visible to the eyes of the reader is the reverse of this. Tho Pendennis is, as it were, saved at last by the enduring affection of two women, the idleness and the conceit and the vanity, the littleness of the soi-disant great young man, are treated with so much disdain as to make the idlest and vainest of male readers altogether for the time out of love with idleness and vanity. And as for Laura, the younger of the two women by whom he is saved, she who becomes his wife,—surely no female character ever drawn was better adapted than hers to teach that mixture of self-negation, modesty and affection which is needed for the composition of the ideal woman whom we love to contemplate.” [Anthony Trollope.] — “Here we have 2 characters totally distinct, as different in their daily life and habits as it is possible to conceive, and yet each marking the author’s self-consciousness, each in their degree a prototype of the man. We refer, of course, to Pendennis and Warrington. Some have thought that in the latter he drew himself, and at first sight it seems natural to couple the thoughtful, grand, slightly cynical, because hard-trying man, smoking his lonely pipe in his chambers, and wearing his tattered clean shirt, with the sarcastic, vigorous writer; this may seem more natural than to couple the latter with the prig Pendennis,—selfish, dandified, preferring claret to beer, conceited, vain, and spoilt, and yet with Thackeray’s own honest heart, which eschewed vice, and tried hard and successfully against the power of the Evil Nature to withstand temptation.” [Westminster Review.] — “My father

scarcely ever put real people into his books, tho he of course found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown. I have always thought that there was something of himself in Warrington. Perhaps the serious part of his nature was vaguely drawn in that character. There was also a little likeness to his friend E. Fitzgerald, who always lived a very solitary life.” [A. I. (T.) Ritchie.] — “Yet as to Warrington, we must quote Thackeray against his daughter. When Pendennis was published, he sent a copy to one of his intimate friends, G. Moreland Crawford, Paris correspondent of the ‘News,’ who had nursed the novelist through the long and dangerous illness which nearly put an end to Pendennis. The copy was accompanied by the following letter: ‘You will find much to remind you of old talks and faces,—of W. J. O’Connell, Jack Sheenan, and Archie Archdeane. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for taking you all round, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world to this. You don’t smoke, and he is a consumer of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the Deanery and the Garrick, and War. is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried.’ Warrington, therefore, seems to have owed his being to the novelist’s acquaintance with Crawford, altho there is undoubtedly [and possibly unconsciously] much of Thackeray himself in it,—more, perhaps, than in the character of Pendennis.” [Lippincott’s.] **1675**

PENRUDDOCK [by HAMILTON AIDÉ: *Osgood*, 1873.] “is a good novel. It is written as an autobiography, and sets before us the youth and early manhood of a man who leaves his home and

makes the best way he can in the great world. He is an honest, simple-hearted yung fello, a favorit with all except his relatives; but his enthusiasm and over-confidence in others as well as in himself ar continually getting him into hot water. All his deeds, the most innocent as well as those which ar rather dubious, ar harshly judged, the ears of the girl he lōves ar filled with calumnies about him, and his life is by no means an easy one. A german lady, who is 10 years older than he, is a kind friend and counselor to him, but this fact is not ignored by a censorious world . . . The author has written a very readable novel, which we trust givs an exaggerated representation of the improprieties of London society." [Nation.

1676

PERIL [by JESSIE FOTHERGILL: (†, 1891) *Holt*, 1886.] "dōes not disappoint readers who remember 'The First Violin' [No. 698] and 'Kith and Kin' [No. 1436]. It is long, elaborate, and sōmewhat involved; but it is not tedious, and at times is startlingly vivid and intense. It is the story of a yung lady with a 'temper,' who rarely dōes anything but what is dangerous, and who wrecks *her* peace and the fortunes of the man she lōves by the caprice of a vengeful moment. But thēre is food for reflexion in the very evident fact that the girl's 'temper' is due to circumstance as well as temperament, — to the people who did not lōve or understand or disciplin her, as well as to her ōn recklessness; while sōme of the scenes ar powerful enuf to make it that really ingenious and rare thing, a novel which suggests thôt while dealing with what is sensational." [Critic.

1677

PERPETUAL CURATE (The) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1864.] "tho perhaps it

contains no single sketch quite so fresh and full of humor as Tozer, the dairyman and principal chapel-warden of the Independent congregation at Carlingford, is a more perfect work than 'Salem Chapel' [No. 1756] mainly because it has no vein of melodramatic alloy like that otherwise inimitable story . . . The workmanship is not ōnly good but singularly uniform; thēre ar skilful intellectual touches in every page, and even when the last thread of the story is displayed, we read with quite as much interest as before, to the very last page, confident that the minute strokes of instt and humor with which every character is shaded will not cease till the end. In 'Salem Chapel' the rubbishy element connected with Susan's romance sounded so striking a discord in the tale, that we had to reassure ourselves repeatedly that we wer under no delusion as to the realistic power of the more striking features. Here thēre is nearly perfect keeping in the whole . . . For the rest, the critic has little to do but to point out the many slīt but admirable sketches, lifted by a delicate humor which seldom exaggerates even by a hair's-breadth, which the tale contains . . . The dismay with which the rector's wife sees her husband, of whom up to her marriage she had hoped to make a hero, indulging in what she thinks almost malignant feelings against his rival, and eagerly catching the idle gossip unfavorable to him, the despair with which she tells herself that these petty feelings would not hav gained any hold on him had they not waited so patiently for their marriage during those 10 years for his promotion, the feminin sagacity with which she half controls her regrets and half vents their bitterness on the unlucky curate who fans her husband's clerical animosity, ar blended most delicately with

the over-nicety of a woman still half a spinster in habits and tastes. The glaring pattern of a drawing-room carpet with which the previous rector had provided the rectory, and which it was thôt too expensiv to replace, is an especial theme of constant irritation to poor Mrs. Morgan, — not that humorous irritation which a woman would feel to whom such matters had assumed their rît subordination in life, — but the grave irritation which they would cause to one who had long looked forward to marriage as the beginning of a full true life, and yet found it setting in motion a variety of petty annoyances, and cares, and trials of temper which had never before beset her . . . The great artistic merit of the story is the *evenness* of the literary workmanship. Almost every page is saturated with delicate and earnest observation of life and character." [Spectator.] — See *MISS MARJORIBANKS*. **1678**

PERSUASION. [by J.. AUSTEN: 1810.] "Whatever draws attention to Miss Austen is a boon to mankind and a benefit to literature, and it would not be easy to find anything about her and her novels which would not be pleasant to read, if the treatment be only appreciati and the style good. It is only too lazily delitiul to wander in spirit about the lanes of Highbury with Emma Woodhouse, [No. 1246] or linger in the glades of Mansfield Park, [No. 1500] with Fannie Price, or look out on the sea from the Cobb of Lyme Regis with Anne Elliot, or accompany Elizabeth Bennett [No. 1697] to her pitched battles at Rosings or her triumph at Pemberly. We could read Miss Austen's novels almost for ever, and anything concerning them has, of course, its borroed charm." [Spectator. **1679**

PETRONEL. [by FLORENCE (MAR-

RYAT) (CHURCH) LEAN: *Bentley*, 1870.] "Petronel is a yung lady of somewhat explosiv and fiery temperament, but very charming and lovable, — whose story is pleasantly told. She is the dafter of a 'bohemian' artist, who, having eloped with a lady of rank, deserts and leaves her dependant for the last offices of friendship, and her dafter for parental care on the kindness of their cousin . . . At length, when an unusually sharp passage of arms between her cousin Marcia and her charge has compelled the Doctor's interference, he selects a school for her at Antwerp, whêre is laid the second scene of Petronel's history . . . A happy reconciliation of the family party forms an appropriate end to a slît but ably-written story." [Athen. **1680**

PHANTOM FUTURE (The) [by H. S. MERRIMAN: *Bentley*, 1889.] "is readable for several reasons. It introduces the bar-room life of struggling literary men, actors, medical students and others who turn nît into day; it describes a David and Jonathan sort of friendship; and it contains a pretty lôve story . . . The friendship between Crozier and Valliant is delicately handled — between the strong, steadfast sailor and singer, and the brilliant artist, who conceals beneath a careless, rather dissipated mask the consciousness that his days are numbered, and that he is in the grip of mortal disease." [Athen. **1681**

PHARISEES. [by — () EDWARDS: *Maxwell*, 1884.] "The Pharisees ar the county folk who welcom, after 9 or 10 years of australian exile, yung Squire Oldcastle with his wife Star, formerly an actress, on whose account principally he had gône into banishment [Compare plot of No. 1634] . . . He is gradually made to feel ashamed of his wife, to think that she stands in his way, and to act with

cruelty toward her, even when he fancies that he is playing an unselfish part. The situation is complicated by his younger brother Errol, who falls madly in love with Star, and by his friend Major Peveril, tho both these men in their different ways ar guided by honorable motifs, and by a desire to befriend the unfortunate wife. Guy and Errol ar worked at by the author with much care, and with sōme success, but it is Star who holds our attention fixed throuōut. She is prouder in her soul than all the Oldcastles, and better, and more worthy to be loved. Her pride leads her throu great sufferings, and subjects her to much insult and humiliation. The author dōes not shrink from painting scenes of tragic intensity, and her novel is painful in the hīest degree. But its power is unquestionable, and the reader becōmes engrossed in watching the martyrdom of a wayward, over-sensitiv, and yet noble woman. The story is far above the average." [Athenæum.

1682

PHILIP EARNSCLIFFE. [*Amer. News. Co.*, 1866.] = *MORALS OF MAY FAIR*.

PHILISTIA [by "Cecil Power," i. e., [C:] GRANT [BLAIRFINDEL] ALLEN: *Chatto*, 1884.] "is an unusually clever novel. It has a very apparent political and social bias. The most prominent characters ar Socialists, and all the intellectual and cultivated men in the book are represented as thōroly convinced of the absolute truth and rīteousness of the Socialist doctrin, even tho self-interest may restrain them from personally obeying its dictates . . . It is the spirited and pithy dialog which givs to 'Philistia' its undoubted superiority to the ordinary run of novels; for it must be confessed, the incidents ar farcical, and not a few of the personages either exaggerated or

unnatural; and thère is, too, a jumble of classes which is quite bewildering. For instance, 'Little Miss Butterfly,' the dauter of a small grocer in a petty town, is depicted as the very akmē of elegance, cultivation, and refinement; yet with her surroundings, how could she escape being what G: Eliot called 'spotted with commonness'? And this is no solitary example: few indeed of the characters ar the legitimate outcom of thèir antecessents. But the gravest drawback to Mr. Power's work is its marked Socialistic teaching. It is mischievous to disseminate error in an attractiv form, and no error could be more signal than that which attributes to a social scheme of human devising, the power to suspend or materially modify a great natural law like that of the struggle for existence." [Westminster Review.] — "Thère is a quiet, pleasant tone about 'Philistia' which recommends it to one's liking in spite of an occasional straining of the socialistic note. If Ernest le Breton is somewhat tiresome at first, in the pertinacity with which he obtrudes his socialism on all with whom he cōmes in contact, we forgiv him afterward for the troubles his conscientiousness and his principles bring him into, for his quiet resignation and gentleness under their wēt. The main thread of the story runs very simply. Le Breton is driven by his opinions from his tutorship of Lord Exmoor's son, and then from his school-mastership, on the strength of which he had married, into journalism. Here, but for the help of friends, he would hav starved, again on account of his opinions, until the success of his pamphlet on the poor of London brōt him prosperity and the editorship of a socialistic paper. The tale is told mildly, yet with vivid incidents, and with minor

threads ingeniously woven in, which make it full of interest. There is no study of a social fâse, as in '*Alton Locke*,' no sensational use of socialistic organizations, as in '*Sunrise*'; but merely the recognition that there is a new faith groing up which is already strong enuf to be the guiding motiv in the lives of some men of culture and breadth, as well as men of narro and intense ideas." [Nation. **1683**

PHINEAS FINN. [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: 1868.] "In writing '*Phineas Finn*' I had constantly before me the necessity of progression of character — of marking the changes in men and women which would naturally be produced by the laps of years . . . So much of my inner life was passed in their company, that I was continually asking myself how this woman would act when this or that event had passed over her head, or how that man would carry himself when his youth had become manhood, or his manhood declined to old age. It was in regard to the old duke of Omnium, of his nefew and heir, and of his heir's wife, Lady Glencora, that I was anxious to carry out this idea; but others added themselves to mind as I went on, and I got round me a circle of persons as to whom I knew not only their present characters, but how those characters wer to be affected by years and circumstances. The happy, motherly life of Violet Effingham, which was due to the girl's honest, but long-restrained love; the tragic misery of Lady Laura, which was equally due to the sale she made of herself in her wretched marriage; and the long suffering but final success of the hero, of which he had deserved the first by his vanity, and the last by his constant honesty, had been foreshadoed to me from the first . . . Lady Laura

Standish is the best character in '*Phineas Finn*' and its sequel '*Phineas Redux*'—of which I will speak here together. They ar, in fact, but one novel, tho they wer brôt out at a considerable interval of time . . . But I found that the sequel enjoyed the same popularity as the former part, and among the same class of readers. Phineas, and Lady Laura, and Lady Chiltern—as Violet has become—and the old duke—whom I killed gracefully, and the new duke, and the yung duchess, either kept their old friends or made new friends for themselvs." [Author's Autobiography. **1684**

PHINEAS REDUX. [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1874.] "Many novel-readers will recall with pleasure Mr. Trollope's *Phineas Finn*, which in some ways is among the best of his stories, and they will welcom a continuation of the adventures of the yung irishman who made a great many friends in his struggle with life, as depicted in the earlier volume, and by his disappointed hopes of success as he approached middle age. We left him then returning to Ireland to marry the simple girl whom he had first loved, and in *Phineas Redux* we hav him returning to London, a widoe, after 2 years' absence, and once more taking part in politics." [Atlantic.]—See *EUSTACE DIAMONDS, PRIME MIN.*, etc. **1685**

PHŒBE, JUNIOR [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1876.] "purports to be a last chronicle of Carlingford, and the reader will not regret the renewal of his acquaintance with that typical old-fashioned town. The present chronicle deals with the fortunes of the minister's dauter whose father and mother, finding the jealousies of their nêbors too much for them at the outset of their married life, emi-

grate to the North, and finally to London, raising themselves in the social scale of dissent by these changes, and dropping in the process much of the belligerent nonconformity which was natural in their former position. The philosophy of hereditary dissent, as opposed to the mental attitude of the original separatist, is amusingly analyzed, tho no fair-minded person will accuse her of an unfriendly spirit; and types of character differing as widely as Copperhead the contractor and Sir Robert Dorset and Mrs. Tom Tozer are effectively sketched in the author's happiest manner. Phœbe is capital. The self-possession with which she guides herself throu the difficulties of her position as a thoroughly educated girl, who has quite left her relatives behind in a social point of view, but whose polish has gone sufficiently deep to make her act towards them without the slightest indication of meanness, or false shame, is excellent. Her honesty (which was an effort to the fair bourgeoisie) in this case proves the best policy as also does the frankness with which she accepts both the task of civilizing and cherishing the loutish Clarence Copperhead, and the gage of battle promptly thrown down by her future father-in-law. Every one will sympathize with her clever defeat of that gross specimen of the monied proletariat . . . Of course a perfect lady would hardly have gone in for the prize, with or without the expectation of such a struggle to retain it; but Phœbe is not perfect, nor quite a lady, and obtains in her Clarence the opening she desires for further social success." [Athenæum.] — "When Mrs. Oliphant writes about young girls she is sure to be entertaining, and generally she shows herself in her best novels a worthy follower of Miss Austen, while there is hardly one, even

of those most hastily written, into which she does not put some few pages of such simplicity and apparent artlessness that the reader wonders why all domestic tales are not like hers. 'Phœbe, Junior' shows both her excellences and her faults. There is a great deal which is clever in it. Phœbe is well drawn, and all of the family life of Ursula and her young sister is well described. The difference between the two young men, one of whom is a nonconformist while the other is a churchman, is set before us in a most lifelike way. But what is disappointing is the upshot of the whole story. Why should Phœbe, after all, marry the man she does? That termination is a disappointing one, and, if it was intended for satire, it is too suddenly thrust upon the reader to make him sure of the intention. We become too fond of Phœbe not to pity her fate, and, with all her faults, she seems too sensible a girl to choose such a fate. Still, Mrs. Oliphant knows her public better than we do." [Nation.] **1686**

PHYLLIS [by MAY (LAFAN) HARTLEY: *Smith*, 1877.] "is a love story of the post-nuptial period, which has a great deal of merit and interest, tho it is not strikingly original, and has the one recommendation which tells most strongly for a book intended to be amusing,—it amuses . . . In 'Phyllis' we find a very fresh and pleasant atmosphere . . . The author writes perfectly good English, and she possesses both refinement and humor . . . The story of the girl-wife, whose husband has ignorantly done her a great wrong, and who is content with the liking which an unawakened heart gives him, until he shall be able to win a warmer and more satisfying sentiment, would have been more true and pleasing without the inci-

dent of Sir Mark Gore, a commonplace and over-dōne specimen of the false friend and unprincipled man of society. It is much to the honor of the lady who has written this clever and interesting novel, that she fails in all the scenes of dangerous flirtation, while she succeeds perfectly whēre the sentiments and the difficulties with which she deals are entirely honest and natural." [Spec. **1687**

PHYLLIS BROWNE, See No. 1153.

PIQUE. [by S.. (STICKNEY) ELLIS: *Smith*, 1850; Boston, *Loring*, 1863.] "The manner of narration is so easy, earnest, and pleasant as to have enticed us on from chapter to chapter, with a charm which is by no means of every week's experience." [Athenæum.] — "It is probably destined to become as popular as the novel of which it frequently reminds us—'The Initials' [No. 473]. The characters develop throu spirited conversations, always natural and without exaggeration. The pages are never dull, the story being varied and full of interest. It is a tale of the affections, of the home circle, of jealousies, misconceptions, perversions, feelings, the incidents groing naturally out of the defects and excellences of the individuals depicted. We commend 'Pique' to all lovers of refined, spirited, and detailed home novels." [Continental. **1688**

PLAYWRIGHT'S DAUGHTER

(A) [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Bentley*, 1884?] "is an admirably told story. It is not the story, but the telling of it, which is striking, for we have had much the same material before, but seldom do we have such spirit in the rendering of a more than twice-told tale." [Critic. **1689**

POINT OF HONOR (A). [by ANNIE EDWARDS: London, also *Har-*

per, 1863.] "The heroin remains at Chesterford, leading her solitary life and loving him. Meantime the vicar, a man of strong nature, much tenderness, and great tact, whose character is admirably drawn, loves Jane, and bides his time. After 10 years, however, Mohun returns, walks into Jane's parlor, and asks her to be friends with him. She, loving him no less than ever, assents gladly . . . But, altho she forgives, she will not receive him again on the old footing, and he drives off with his handsome adventuress wife, and Jane loves and is married to Mr. Follett. The story is told with great yet with very simple skill, and the characters of the few personages are revealed rather than portrayed." [Galaxy. **1690**

POLLY [*Tinsley*, 1867.] "is essentially a village portrait. The author pays a flying visit to a garrison town whēre some amateur theatricals are going on, and occasionally peeps into the palace of a bishop; but with these exceptions the incidents are transacted in a village, the changes of scene not extending beyond the vicarage, the mansion house, and the inn. Polly Churchill, the heroin, is one of those charming characters far less frequently met in the fiction of modern days than we could wish . . . She is merely a simple, true-hearted little girl, the daughter of a parson; she looks after a crowd of little brothers and sisters, and is a devoted believer in one of the most worthless parents who ever existed." [London Review. **1691**

POOR GENTLEMAN (A). [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1889.] "The contrast between the boisterous family life of Penton Hook and the solemn grandeur of Penton Hall, whēre old Sir Walter reigns childless but for an only daughter and her

elderly husband, is not all in favor of the latter. Mrs. Oliphant has not lost the art of delicate contrasts in female character. Ally and Anne are a charming pair of sisters, and their gentle mother is admirably described. Of the men there is less to be said. Mr. Russell Penton, the prince-consort of the queen regnant at the Hall, has the most individuality. His gentle disapproval of his wife's attitude to the heirs of entail, and his generally loyal and tactful submission to the necessities of a position which bores him to an extent none of his family circle quite appreciates, are excellently set forth. For a lazy, acquiescent sort of a man he manages to have a great influence in the right direction over his wife, who, in spite of her prejudices and force of character, is sensitive to his inarticulate judgments on her views and ways. . . . Rochford, the smart young lawyer, is only a sketch. The philosophic old roadman is another. 'One like me, as sits here hours on end, with nought afore him but the clouds flying and the wind blowing, learns a many things.' One would have liked to hear more of them." [Athen. 1692]

POOR SQUIRE (A). [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1882.] "It is always a pleasure to read one of 'Holme Lee's' novels, a pleasure not a little increased when we turn to them from the tedious frivolities or dismal moods of passion and crime with which some writers would amuse or instruct. The 'Poor Squire' is a love-story, pure and simple. When we are introduced to the hero, he has had his disappointment. His father, offended by the too evident ennui which the girl to whom he is engaged shows in her first visit to the family home, leaves away from him the greater part of his wealth. He is now a poor man, and her friends break off

the match. Some years afterwards, their influence makes her contract a new engagement, a grand match, for the new lover is a duke, only old enough to be her grandfather. But the Squire is stirred to rebellion, and she, too, when she finds that he is faithful to his old passion, asserts herself. There are no grand emotions, no harrowing scenes, or startling surprises. The tale has just the quiet charm which surrounds the Squire's home, 'a land of ancient peace.' But we follow it with unflinching interest, so natural is everything, so graceful the touch with which the author brings her men and women before us." [Spectator. 1693]

PORTIA. [by MA. () (ARGLES) HUNGERFORD: *Lippincott*, 1882.] "There is an exceeding amount of excessive playfulness in the pages of 'Portia,' for a novel with so formidable a secondary title as 'By Passions Rocked.' A serene and slender mystery does, indeed, try to meander gracefully among the puns and frolics of the heroes and heroines, and a great deal of agony is piled suddenly on the last page; but on the whole the book is amusing rather than tragic." [Critic.] — "It is a rather painful story, told in this author's sprightly manner — always in the present tense — of a man's love for a woman, which she rejected because there was an ugly story afloat of his being a forger. She believed it. By-and-by the besotted old clerk who had really committed the forgery confesses his crime, and Portia turns to her old lover, but it is too late." [Boston "Literary World." 1694]

PREMIER AND THE PAINTER (The). [by J. FREEMAN BELL: *S. Blackett*, 1888.] "The theme is politics and politicians, and the treatment, while for the most part satirical and prosaic, is often touched with sentiment, and

sometimes even with a fantastic kind of poetry. The several episodes of the story ar wildly fanciful and ar clumsily connected; but the streak of humorous cynicism which shōs throu all of them is both curious and pleasing. Again, it has to be claimed for the author that — as is shōn to admiration by his presentation of the excellent Mrs. Dawe and her cookshop — he is capable of insīt and observation of a hī order, and thērewith of a masterly sobriety of tone.” [Athenæum.

1695

PRETTY MISS BELLEW. [by “THEO. GIFT,” i. e., Dora Henrietta (Havers) Boulger: *Bentley*, 1876.] “To readers looking for a fresh, pretty, and wholesom story, with a good deal of honest sentiment, sōme pathos, and in places a consilerable strength of passion, we commend Mr. Gift’s latest book . . . The realness of his people is so firm, and the charm of his yung heroin so abiding, that he is able to take the most curious liberties in talking about them.” [Atlantic.] — “The author has told very cleverly a story of home life, with a heroin modern, independent, thōroly natural and without a tinge of fastness. It is a capital study of character, and if it convinces any would-be heroins that everything natural in character is certain to be interesting, it will add sōme tone to the great army of men who are searching for home life of the rīt kind. The readers aimed at would probably observ that the hero is quite a useful example of how not to do it for men. He is the stereotyped englishman, delīts in his rufness, asks the girl he loves to marry him as he would his ‘tiger’ to bring him his boots. It is needless to repeat our conviction that the hero, when introduced into the sfere of home life, will adorn it as all english husbands do.” [Penn.

1696

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. [by J.. AUSTEN: 1816.] “An often quoted passage from the diary in Lockhart’s ‘Life’ contains the fullest recognition of this. ‘Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen’s finely written novel “Pride and Prejudice.” That yung lady had a talent for describing the involvments and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisit touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!’ But much more, of course, than “truth of sentiment and description” goes to the creation of Jane Austen’s power and charm. A profound insīt into the workings of the calmer and commoner human feelings and motivs — this and a marvellously subtle humor wer the two gifts which she was the first to bring in anything like profusion to the “novel of manners.” And the purest novels of manners, in the sense in which I have endeavored to define the frase, her stories ar. They giv, and they confine themselves strictly to giving, a picture of life as it presents itself under the most rigil rules of social convention, with only such actions described, such characters and feelings depicted, as these rules permit of being displayed.” [A. Trollope.] — “Pride and Prejudice must be deemed, on the whole, her best book. The heroin, Elizabeth Bennett, is, in the frase of Miss Austen’s day, a fine yung woman, clever and agreeable, good-looking and good-tempered, tho with a hī spirit which enables her to hold her ōn in all situations; and she is well matched with Darcy, who, in spite

of his aristocratic prejudice and stiff manner, is a thöro gentleman. All the figures in this novel ar well drawn, particularly those of the pompously stupid Collins, and of Mr. Bennett with his cynic filosofy, under which he hiles his disappointment at his matrimonial mistake, and the satiric humor with which he revenges himself upon his wife and yunger daueters for their exasperating silliness." [Boston "Lit.World." **1697**

PRIME MINISTER (The). [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1876.] "Formerly, whenever Mr. Trollope had written a new novel, it was customary for critics to giv full descriptions of his style, and to say that it was much more like such a representation as is given by a fotograf than like one of Turner's paintings, for instance; but now every one knöes öny too well how Trollope writes, and pretty nearly what measure of sentiment and romance he is to furnish us in the story which he unwinds like so much tape. 'The Prime Minister' stands true to the author's old traditions, and why it is not as good, or as bad, or as indifferent as söme 20 others of his less successful novels, it would be hard to say. Thère is the dose of political life, as the title of the novel suggests, whêrein we read of our old friends, the Duke of Omnium and Lady Glencora his wife, and then for the body of the novel we hav the story of the unhappy married life of the english woman who took the bit between her teeth and married, against everybody's advice, the disreputable Jew. There is about it all a calmness which is not classic, nor yet by any means romantic, and which is as monotonous as the bricks in the walls of city houses which belong to no school of architecture." [Nation. **1698**

PRIMROSE PATH. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*,

1878.] "A prettier or more idiomatic scotch story it would be hard to find, and tho its subtler touches will be lost on the general reader, the refinement of its humor an' the picturesqueness of its descriptiv setting cannot fail to be to söme extent appreciated. The picture of the gray, turreted manor-house, the home shared by Margaret with the stately old father, and John and Bell, faithfulest of ancient serving-folk; the contrasted beauty of the english grange, with 'its mass of flowers and leafage and blooming old walls,' in which she leads the more conventional existence preferred by her anglicised sisters, ar both excellent in their kind; while thère is not a character without individuality." [Athenæum. **1699**

PRINCE FORTUNATUS. [by W. BLACK: *Harper*, 1890.] "'Mr. Black's singing hero löves aböve his station, öny to hav his affection blüted by a 'no,' sweeter, however, than another's 'Yes.' After a proper season of self-abnegation and desperate follies, winding up in brain-fever, he consoles himself with the faithful adoration of a young italian person no better than himself socially, and rather worse artistically. No genius is needed to extend these simple sorroes into a very dull romance; the wonder here is, that, interwoven with equally simple joys, they make a very readable story, which gently stimulates curiosity to the end, and then modestly effaces itself from memory." [Nation. **1700**

PRINCESS OF THULE, = 905.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE [by C. ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Ward & Downey*, 1889.] "'is a pretty, domestic, 'middle-class' tale. But the best part of it, perhaps, is the description of the old fashioned house, in the suburbs of London 25 years ago, in which

Gregory Gifford, author and pressman, labors to support the ungrateful gentility of his commonplace sisters, and the airs and graces of his would-be fashionable yung brother. For nooks and corners of the London which is disappearing Mrs. Riddell has the sympathy which is essential to good description. Of the characters, Gregory is a marvellous example of unobtrusive sacrifice of self for family loyalty and ties of honor, such as is uncommon, but fortunately not unknown in daily life. Sunshine, as becomes her, rewards her patient hero at last, in spite of the faded 'ladies' who oppose her." [Athenæum. 1701

PRIVATE SECRETARY (The).

[by G: TOMPKYNS CHESNEY: *Blackwood*, 1881.] "Apparently, the whole work has been produced for the sake of the one figure to which reference has been made, and no competent reader will fail to perceive that Robert Clifford's private secretary, Hilda Reid, is a remarkably interesting and indeed masterly creation . . . She is represented as beautiful, but her beauty does not seem to have been of that type which especially appealed to her lover; and apart from physical charm, there is nothing to excite, but everything to repel passion in a purely business relation with a yung lady who, so far as can be seen by him, is distinguished mainly by good business habits, unfailing reserve, a suspicion of satire, and a noteworthy ability to take care of herself. To depict such a woman with unflinching veracity and with no softening of the angles of character, and at the same time to represent her as inspiring a love which is made to seem natural and even inevitable, is a task of amazing difficulty, but it is performed here with the ease of effortless strength, and it is only

on reflection that we perceive how great a triumph of subtle and delicate art has really been achieved. We are reminded of 'Jane Eyre' [No. 762] not only by the central character, but by the central situation. Clifford, the employer and lover of Hilda, is represented as in somewhat peculiar circumstances. He is the possessor of a temporary income of £5,000, but this income is forfeited, in the event of his marrying anyone but his cousin . . . He confides to Hilda his love and his embarrassment, and pleads for her consent to a permanent union consecrated only by mutual love and fidelity. At first, Hilda is firm in her refusal. She has had no religious training, and holds no religious belief, and is free from conventionality of thought; but she feels that were she to consent she would be degraded in her eyes, and ultimately in the eyes of her lover. She has, however, miscalculated her strength and the strength of the forces brought to bear against her. She is proof against her lover's pleadings, and even against his reproaches; but when she has sent him from her side, she goes to see her little brother at the school where Clifford's money has placed him, and there a plea is made which she cannot resist. Though a silent plea, it is more effectual than the spoken one. The agonized look on the face of the little boy — too young to understand more than that something is wrong — when she hints at a return to his old life, is too much for her; it is something that her imagination has not grasped, and she can hold out no longer . . . Apart from considerations which could appeal only to a religious mind, the argument for her lover's plea was logically unanswerable; for the circumstances were such that by giving way to him she could injure none but herself, while

she could giv unspeakable joy to those dearest to her, and help and comfort to many more . . . We will not spoil the pleasure of intending readers by following the process by which the tangled web in which Clifford and Hilda hav enmeshed themselves is at last partially disentangled. Enuf has been said to sho that there is in 'The Private Secretary' a sufficiently strong element of human interest to make it well worth reading." [Spectator. **1702**

PROBATION [by JESSIE FOTHERGILL: (†, 1891) *Bentley*, 1880.] "is to be cheerfully and unreservedly commended. It is a well told, thōroly healthful novel, abounding in effectiv and sympathetic touches, such as only an amiable and intelligent student of one's kind can command. The scene of this pleasant tale is laid in a Lancashire cotton-manufacturing district during the cotton famin of 1863. The distress and suffering of that melancholy period form a darker background to the homely and romantic experience of the several artistically individualized characters which figure in the interesting drama here unfolded." [Penn.]—"Altogether, 'Probation' is the most interesting novel we hav read for sōme time, and we can giv no better proof of this than the paucity of our critical notes, conspicuous by their absence; for criticism is forgotten when the interest is real and sustained, and when the style and sentiments do not interrupt, by arousing a spirit of antagonism. We closed the book with very real regret, and a feeling of the truest admiration for the power which directed and the spirit which inspired the writer; and with determination, moreover, to maké the acquaintance of her other stories . . . She is equally appreciativ of the eager, wealthy girl,

who, in impatience of the useless illeness of her class, becōmes a hot defender of woman's rits, as of the clever and cultivated man who gets her to work, instead of raving; and finally modifies her opinions and subdues her antagonism, by the power of his lōve." [Spectator. **1703**

PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER (The). [by A. EUBULE EVANS: 1882.] "Thère is much spritliness in the sketch of the foibles of the rich old ant and the feats of the little german professor. The shade of G: Eliot falls upon the pages;—the earnest yung doctor is surely a descendent of Lydgate." [Athenæum. **1704**

PRUDENCE. [by LUCY CECILIA (WHITE) (LILLIE) HARTE: *Harper*,—*Low*, 1882.] "This novelette will serv as a pretty sketch of æsthetic life. It is not powerful, but it is attractiv in its graceful pictures, and will not fail to appeal to the feminin mind, throu its delicate little details of dress and situation. Throuōut the story runs a thread of stronger fibre, which is worked out in the characters of Helena Armory and Jonas Fielding, and the book is wholly free from vulgarity,—no small praise to the taste of the author, when a story deals with 'Æsthetic London.' It is amusing to see the evident admiration, not to say reverential aw, with which the author speaks of this enchanted ground; but, after all, if pretty colors and picturesque attitudes may not be admired, it would go hard with those who kindly do their best to contribute to the pleasure side of social existence. The story is but a sketch, but it is a sketch suggesting sōme reserv power." [Spectator. **1705**

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. [by C: READE: *Sheldon*, 1870.] "Successfully to resist the machinations of

the Trades, and to overcome the shy, aristocratic instincts of the young gentlewoman, who has nothing in common with the hero but youth and a taste for carving, is the problem which Mr. Reade has to solve. As it is through the artistic and inimitable manner in which this is done that the story becomes a work of genius, a mere outline of the incidents would neither do the author justice, nor satisfy the reader . . . Considered, then, as a work of art, quite free from that quality of genius which defies analysis, it is an extraordinary production. If it lacks the exuberance of genius, it has at least no wasted power. Every incident tells. Even the poetry, which Mr. Reade uses but sparingly, bears upon the plot; the mysteriously lighted windows of the old church, the legend of the Gabriel hounds, the 'bad music' of the flawed grindstone, all prove to have a purpose beyond their intrinsic interest, and give us that double pleasure of which we have spoken. It is only when the book is finished, that the reader really begins to appreciate the completeness of that skill which has held him often breathless over its pages." [Overland. **1706**

QUAKER COUSINS [by AGNES MACDONNELL: *Harper*, 1879.] "is a pleasant, readable story, which gives the history of an orphan boy and girl left by their devout quaker mother to the care of almost unknown cousins. The prosperity, the ill-doing, and the downfall of these cousins, and the steady rectitude and disinterested fidelity of the cheated wards, make the story . . . Mrs. Burton, we think, is rather a favorite of the author, who describes with much care her muffled worldliness, her shallow content, and eternal striving for her own ends. Our favorite is rather Mr. Forbes-Stokes, who, cheated into marrying an

unloving beauty, gradually and painfully rectifies his lot by sheer nobility of nature. The opening of the story, which describes the life and household and the death of Susan Marsland, is very good indeed." [Nation. **1707**

QUATREFOIL. [by M.. DEANE: *Chapman*, 1883.] "M.. Deane's geese are all swans; and most of her ganders may be included in the same category. If the 4 delightful sisters who are hinted at in the title of this delightful story had been described as the pretty and natural geese that they are, and not as the superb birds which it was almost impossible for them to be, the record of their fortunes would have been no less attractive, whilst it might have been even more simple and pleasing. They are Welsh girls, living on a retired part of the southern coast, neglected orphans, and bound by a bond of exquisite love and confidence. A wandering artist discovers the four-leaved shamrock, and the usual consequences follow . . . The Welsh scenes have a glamor; but the account of the house-keeping in London is singularly pathetic and amusing." [Athenæum. **1708**

QUEEN MAB. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1863.] "Mr. Ford's character is very tenderly drawn, and the reader's sympathy with him never fails . . . The rest of the book is taken up with the efforts of Mr. Ford to make some atonement to Mabel—the name of the child left at his door—by earning money for her. The £500 found with her had set him on his legs and given him a fresh start in life, and with varying fortune he never fell back into beggary. The mutual attachment between him and Mabel is touching. Queen Mab, as she is called, is charming; the story of her life in the family is extremely well done; the gentle, scrupulous maiden aunt, who after the mother's death

keeps the house, is a good element, and Mab is well trained by her . . . The book is well worth reading, it is well and solilily written, and the interest is sustained to the last page. It illustrates Miss Kavanagh's leading article of faith, which pervades all her novels — the idea of a love existing through all trials, which nothing can change or weaken, and upon which time and absence take no effect. This is very beautiful and a true ideal, but considering how short human life is, and how soon youth passes and old age comes on, we could wish that Miss Kavanagh would be more merciful to her characters."

[Athenæum.

1709

QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT (The)

[by HARRIET (JAY) BUCHANAN: *Bentley*, 1875.] "one would suppose to be written by an irishman: — the handling of long words is sometimes more bold than accurate. But the picture of irish life would be deemed libellous if penned by an englishman. The queen is one Kathleen O'Mara, a young irish lady of high descent and romantic patriotism, who endeavors to preserve in their primitive vigor all the customs of feudal, or rather clannish, hospitality, — and, as far as possible, to revive the glories of the native princes from whom she is descended. As these projects require wealth, and the O'Maras have long been going poor, she overcomes her prejudices so far as to marry a rich englishman, to whom she eventually becomes sincerely attached. Her husband, a generous and honorable man, is, on his part, devoted to her, and willingly supports her in projects which move rather his curiosity than his admiration. The two natures, however, are on all points of feeling divided by the national characteristics of each, and misunderstanding soon arises, which is fostered, for their own purposes,

by every member of Kathleen's numerous family, from the priest to the poorest 'coshera' in the hall. Only at last, when her passionate heart is broken by the treachery of all around her, which culminates in an attempt to murder the open-handed stranger to whom most of them owe their bread, does she recognize the full worth of the brave man whom she has been taught to undervalue as cold and ungenerous. There is much merit in the contrast between the two fine natures of different national types, and great varieties of the peasant species are fully described, whose traits, however, do not seem to be deemed as repulsive as they certainly are."

[Athenæum.

1710

QUEEN OF THE COUNTY (The)

[by A. (CALDWELL) MARSH-CALDWELL: (†, 1874) *Hurst*, 1864.] "is the record of a good woman's life, and much of it has the air of being the genuine recollections of life and manners as they existed in an age gone by, though not so long passed away as to be without a charm for the present generation. The story of the heroine's early years, the nursery life of a large family, the sketches of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gateshead 80 years ago are charming . . . The first volume is occupied with the history of the youth and maidenhood of the heroine and her sister; it is a pleasant picture of two good, happy girls in the secluded house in Devonshire; the old-fashioned mode of education, and the 3,000 punctualities insisted on, are told with freshness and spirit; the friendship of the two sisters, their innocent confidences, their rambles through the deep lanes, will be read with pleasure even in these days of sensational novels, because they are true to a pure type of girlish life. The return of Dulce to her home, full of younger sisters, and the gradual ripening

of her girlhood into womanhood, under the warm and gentle influence of her mother as charmingly given. The eventful dinner-party, at which Dulce meets Peter Maladean, is told with a pleasant simplicity which secures the reader's sympathy." [Athenæum. **1711**

QUEEN'S HOUSE (The) [by LIZZIE ALLDRIDGE: *Bentley*, 1886.] "is exceedingly pleasant reading — so pleasant, indeed, that such an expression seems scarcely adequate. Its great charm consists in the descriptions of the Tower and its surroundings. In these she displays a delicacy of touch and powers of observation and imagination beyond the common order . . . All the same, there is much directness and honesty of purpose in the execution of some of her characters, and she makes no secret of her regard for one or two. In Alison, the heroin, she takes peculiar delight, and her readers will be likely to agree with her; for Alison is such a creature of health, sweetness, and (as it were) a certain subtle unripeness, held in combination by a strong dash of individual reality, as is not usual in modern fiction." [Athenæum. **1712**

QUEENIE. [by MAY CROMMELIN: *Hurst*, 1874.] "'Queenie' Demeric is one of an orphan family of 5, who live under the guardianship of a thin, hard-ant, and stout, choleric uncle, at the family mansion of Ballymore, in the north of Ireland . . . We need not detail the whole story. By and by, of course, all goes merry as a marriage bell, and Queenie gets what many women never get, — the right man at last, in spite of an intriguing wido — and a lost fortune, for her uncle consents to the match with the poverty-struck Wyverne out of pure contradiction to his wife. The story is, it will be seen, almost purely personal and devoid of plot, but it is

not without interest, and it is here and there clever." [Spectator. **1713**

QUEENIE'S WHIM [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Lippincott*, 1881.] "relates the adventures of 2 orphan sisters, the elder of whom supports the younger by teaching. They find a friend in one of the boarders at the school where they are oppressed, who invites them to visit her in her country home. There the opportunity of taking the village school at a comfortable salary is accepted, when 'Queenie' falls heir to an immense fortune, which it is her 'whim' to conceal for a year, and still to appear among her friends as the village school-mistress. Of course her reason is the dislike of her friend's brother for heiresses, and of course she does not acknowledge it. It is needless to state that this brother's affairs become involved soon after, and 'Queenie' induces the rector to lend the gentleman £2,000 of her money in his name. The rector's sister inadvertently discloses the true source of the loan, and the beneficiary, who has by this time fallen in love with 'Queenie,' decides that he must discharge his debt before he breathes his devotion. This a legacy enables him to do with but little delay." [Nation. **1714**

QUESTION OF HONOUR. [by W. COSMO MONKHOUSE *Chapman*, 1869.] "Side by side with the story of Jermyn, the literary man, runs that of Stuart Orme, a gentleman who has married, after the Scotch fashion, a high-spirited girl, who, believing afterwards that the marriage is not genuine, and that she is a clog to her husband, runs away from him and hides herself. After she has been absent a good many years, Stuart falls in love with another girl (who is very happily drawn), and the knot has to be cut in one way or another. How it is cut we hope a good many persons will

find out by going to the book. There is not an unreal or slovenly figure or character in it. Many of the persons strike us as being drawn from life." [Contemporary. **1715**

QUIET LIFE (A) [by F. L. (HODGSON) BURNETT: *Peterson*, 1879.] includes "2 short stories. In the first we have a rector's daughter dying of a broken heart through unrequited love—a pathetic and saddening picture; the other, *The Tide on the Moaning Bar*, tells the old story of man's inhumanity to woman, and of her consequent despair and death. Neither is in any sense powerful, though neither is unworthy of the author." [Boston "Literary World." **1716**

QUIXSTAR. [by E. L. TAYLOR: Edinburgh, *Edmonston*, 1873.] "The commonplace life of commonplace people in a small Scotch town does not, at first sight, promise to be interesting, and there is neither diversity of incident nor any great intricacy of plot to make up for the tameness of the subject; yet, so marked are the natures of the homely folk described, so fully do they live and move before us, that we have not seen many novels this season which we should be inclined to rank above it." [Athenæum.] — [Putnam.] "It is a novel which contains a great deal of cleverness rather than a clever novel. It gives an account of many of the inhabitants of a Scotch village, describing every one with intelligence and humor. The writer is a very sharp-eyed person, who manages to see into the secret hearts of many characters, and who puts them before us very clearly. The story is very simple, even, it might seem disproportionately so to the thoroughness with which the people are described, and there is something cloying in the continual flow of epigram, and something disappointing in the way in which what would, in more skilful hands, be the

material of many novels, is lost sight of by the author." [Nation. **1717**

RACHEL GRAY [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1856.] "is a charming and touching story, written from the humblest and simplest of materials; but the interest is genuine, and the story is narrated with grace and skill. A young seamstress, neither beautiful nor clever, is the heroine. There is neither love nor the shadow of a lover in the whole book,—the heroine begins and ends unmarried,—yet the interest is sustained, and the reader's sympathy never fails. The sombre, homely details amongst which Rachel's life is passed are made beautiful and almost saintlike, by the gentle, single-minded obedience with which they are fulfilled. No one can read the story and not feel a good influence from it. The characters are vigorously sketched, and have a life-like reality." [Athenæum. **1718**

RACHEL RAY [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1863.] "is richer than any other of Mr. Trollope's many works in two of the qualities which have made him an eminently popular novelist. Like the name of its heroine, the tale is homely, with a cheery light pervading its homeliness; but by the delicacy of its delineations of feminine character, and by the pleasant humor animating its sketches of ordinary domestic experiences, it is far removed from the merely readable and entertaining stories of practised writers. Its incidents are but the events which every inhabitant of a country town can match from the occurrences of his daily life, or from the treasures of local gossip . . . Even the charming love-passages of the hero and heroine,—his dashing confidence and her simplicity at the outset, their subsequent misunderstandings and final reconciliation,—derive their interest in no degree

from uncertainty as to the fate in store for them. At every stage of the story, after Rachel has incurred her grim sister's disapproval by 'walking with a yung man,' it is clear that the truthful, pure, hi-spirited girl will, in the end, marry 'the yung man,' and that the yung man will make her an excellent husband, notwithstanding his imperious airs and firm conviction that Devonshire ôt to giv up drinking cider, and the entire universe concede to the will of the masterful Mr. Luke Rowan." [Athenæum. **1719**

RALPH WILTON'S WEIRD [by "MRS. ALEXANDER," i.e., Annie (French) Hector: *Bentley*, 1875.] "describes prettily how an honest soldier defied fortune in the person of a wealthy and patrician uncle, and married for love a bohemian sort of yung woman. The lady turns out well; we find at last that she is really her husband's long-lost cousin and the ritful heir to the fortune he magnanimously throes away. In spite of the plot being so far commonplace, the story runs well in the artistic hands of the author; the characters are definit, the heroin charming, and the result agreeable to the reader." [Athenæum. **1720**

RANALD BANNERMAN'S BOYHOOD. [by G. MACDONALD: London, 1871.] "Ranald is a man writing the life of his boyhood; and that boyhood is gilded with 'the lit of the setting sun.' It has a look of romance and mystery seen in the dim distance, and yet it is the real ordinary and somewhat hard life of 3 motherless boys, in a scottish village. The incidents are trivial and common; the glamor of dear 'long ago' hangs over them, and they are touched in the spirit of tender reverence, with which every good man regards his father, and the home of his

youth. It may be that even these elements would not have made of it the charming book it is, if it had not also been written by a poet, who can so penetrate common things with the spirit of love and tenderness and beauty that (for the moment at least) the reader's own life shines with the lit reflected from its pages, and his heart glows under the influence of the lessons of 'plain living and hard [sic] thinking,' which are here set forth." [Athenæum. **1721**

RARE, PALE MARGARET [Louv, 1878.] "deals with a bevy of boys and girls, all well bred and well disposed, amongst whom the heroin exercises a strong, salutary influence. As they grow up she is, of course, loved by more than one of her companions; and quite enough is made of the rival passions to relieve any sense of excessive juvenility in the plot. Indeed, some of the latter scenes are thoroughly effective." [Athenæum.]—"There is nothing especially 'rare' or 'pale' about the Margaret who is the heroin of this story. She is a hi-spirited girl, who loves both open-air life and books, and who would scarcely be distinguishable from her fellows but for the accident of a divided and doubtful love. Circumstances have created a peculiar relation between her and a yung neighbor, a man of culture and even genius, and of commanding moral qualities, but suffering under the affliction of being a deaf-mute. On the other hand her heart is solicited by a less romantic but not less sterling affection on the part of the Vicar's son, a gallant yung sailor. This love-history, entangled as it is with that of a village beauty, is told with much vivacity. We follow it with interest, while we recognise in its personages genuine types of character. Of these personages, perhaps some of the less important are the most skilfully

drawn. Nothing in the book is better than Margaret's shallo, clever mother, with her art of sympathetic talk." [Spectator. **1722**

RAVENSHOE. [by H: KINGSLEY: Boston, *Ticknor*, 1862.] "The whole tone and spirit of the book ar thüroly english. It represents the best aspect of english life, character and manners. Whatever is most generous, heroic, tender, and true, is here to be seen, and not drawn in colors any more flattering than it is the rit of fiction to use. We think the author carries us too much into the stable and the kennel; but this, we need not say, is also english. But we hav yet to mention what we deem the hiest charm of this charming book, and that is the combination which we find in it of healthfulness of tone and earnestness of purpos. A healthier book we hav never read. Earnestness of purpose is apt to be attended with something of excess or extravagance; but in 'Ravenshoe' thäre is nothing morbid, nothing cynical, nothing quernulous, nothing ascetic. The doctrin of the book is a reasonable enjoyment of all which is good, with a firm purpos of improving the world in all possible ways. It is ðne of the many books which hav appeared of late years which sho the influence of the life and the labors of the late Dr. Arnold. It is as inspiring in its influence as a gallop over ðne of the breezy downs of Mr. Kingsley's Devonshire. It is, in short, a delütfül book, in which all defects of structure and form ar atoned for by a wonderful amount of energy, geniality, freshness, poetical feeling, and moral elevation." [Atlantic. **1723**

RAYMOND'S HEROINE [by I.. HARWOOD: *Hurst*, 1867.] "is told in simple, solid, and dainty english; such english as Daniel and Taylor wrote, we

should say, for it floes and rolls in unforced, limpid sweep . . . Its tale is written by ðne who has a master's eye for scenery, and that in the double sense; an eye for a landscape,—for the peculiarities of moorland, sward, wood, water, village—and also for the moral significance of these visible marks, for what may be called the sentiment of external nature The pretty fineries, and the weird and yet monotonous misery of the busy town and port, ar only less strongly marked by character than the surroundings of Black Moor Farm. Then, again, we hav real conversation in this book, not the stilted and mechanical fräseology nowhäre to be heard except in bad novels and bad plays." [Athen. **1724**

READY MONEY MORTIBOY [by W.A. BESANT & J.A. RICE: *Tinsley*, 1872.] "is not a book which we should recommend yung people of either sex to read; and yet it is a clever book, not without grave faults both of style and of tone, it is true, but ðne which no man who has experience of life can read without being the better for it." [Athenæum.]—"Nothing could be more healthful in tone than this story. Its incidents ar original, its treatment dramatic, and its atmosfere that of the broadest humanity. Thäre is no playing with souls, no hot-bed forcing of emotions, no straining after psychical effects—nor on the other hand is thäre any reflexion. The story is a straitforward, vigorous, and withal humorous narrativ of events. It has, besides, a sound moral. Retributiv justice of a Lear-like order arrives without waiting for the life-to-cöme." [Critic. **1725**

REBEL ROSE (The). [*Harper*, 1888.] "The scene is London, whäre the Honorable Mary Stuart Beaton, a legitimate descendant of the Stuarts,

and a very striking reproduction in face and figure of queen Mary, has come to press her claims to some estates bequeathed to one of her ancestors but confiscated . . . She is a most charming young girl, who presently leads into captivity, wholly without intent to do so, and with no effort save that unconsciously exercised by her beauty and pure womanly charm, the two men most able to advance her cause in the House of Commons—Sir Victor Champion, the Liberal leader, and Rolfe Bellarmin . . . It is not a great novel; it allows itself to be laid down without difficulty, altho it must be taken up again with pleasure. But it shows an easy and sympathetic mastery in nearly all its touches, and a keen insight in human nature in both its noble and its meaner aspects. It is written, too, in singularly even and well-bred English, which is always quite equal to the stress laid upon it by the exigencies of the business, the sentiment, or the passion of the moment. And as all of these, tho natural and real, are yet lifted out of the rut of the ordinary tale of contemporary life and manners, chiefly, perhaps, by the skill with which Mary Beaton herself and her would-be Bothwell are invested with imaginativ charm, the book fairly deserves the title of a romance rather than a novel.” [Catholic World. 1726

RECTOR'S WIFE. = *VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES*.

RED AS A ROSE IS SHE. [by RHODA BROUGHTON: *Appleton*, 1870.] “Throuôut this romance there is a great and explicit loathing of all persons in sickness, poverty, old age, or calamity of any kind except unhappy love, and most of the virtues are put where they belong, amongst the humbugs. You may say that the characters are vulgar in their lives and words, but it

is all nothing to the vulgarity which appears when the authoress speaks of herself in a parenthetical passage. There is no denying that she has dash; but you can not call it anything better. Her wit would not save a well-meaning book, but a very little wit goes a great way in a reckless or evil book.” [Atlantic. 1727

RED HOUSE BY THE RIVER (The). [by G. DOUGLAS: *Tinsley*, 1876.] “The author of ‘Brown as a Berry’ [No. 1122] has produced a readable little story. There is a good deal of pathos in the love of Elina Heron for her cousin Robert, who is a fine specimen of an ambitious, self-respecting man, shrewd on all points of worldly knowledge, and an able judge of character, except where the most important domestic event of his life is to depend upon his choice. Of course, such a man wastes the tenderness of his first passion upon the most flitting and fickle of all his feminine acquaintance, who is all the time to jilt him, and does so when a gentleman seems inclined to take the carpenter's place in his absence, excludes every one else from Robert's attention and finds easy room for repentance when her fashionable swain has deserted her. There are many touches which show appreciation of character; and the local peculiarities of the scene (the east coast of Scotland) are well preserved.” [Athenæum. 1728

RED TOWERS (The). [by ELEANOR C. PRICE: *Bentley*, 1889.] “The author of ‘Alexia’ [No. 1041] has charm, ease, and fitness of manner, and her latest novel is more than well planned, well told, and well sustained; it has also a way of its own—a way which seems more simple and natural, and less the result of art, than it is. The truth is that, of its kind, ‘The Red

Towers' could not easily have been better. The author has a knack of compelling the reader to take an interest in her puppets. Without seeming to go far below the surface, she has an almost unerring instinct as to the manner in which people speak, think, and generally comport themselves. Her creatures never surprise by exploding into new and incredible developments; they grow logically, according to circumstances and the unalterable law of their being. The dialog, too—which is appropriate, and nearly always apt—is a pleasure in itself; while there are at least 2 or 3 people to be fond of, and 2 or 3 more to be watched with the interest of a pleased uncertainty." [Athenæum.

1729

REGENT ROSALIND. [*Tinsley*, 1878.] "It is pleasant to meet a book of so 'old-fashioned' a type,—old-fashioned in the sense of being cool, quiet, sedate, and unpretending, like the lavender silk gowns and the black silk modes of our grandmothers. It is to be hoped that there exist even now a certain number of young persons whose taste is sufficiently unvitiated to permit them to read this simple story—written in unusually good English, and which deals with nothing out of the way of the homely life of thousands of English homes—with appreciation and interest. The 'situation' is not a novel one; we have made the acquaintance of a great many young ladies on their leaving school 'for good,' and taking their position as mistress of a widowed relative's household, and we have generally been interested in them, even when they have not been such imposing personages as Mrs. Oliphant's Miss Marjoribanks [No. 1557], or Mr. Trollope's Mary Thorne [No. 1213]. Miss Yonge's responsible young people are indeed too vir-

tuously, too self-conscious, and too full of a technical kind of scrupulosity, to interest us; but even for them we feel concerned when the 'Daisy Chain' [No. 1183] seems quite endless, and the 'Pillars of the House' at 13. The author of 'Regent Rosalind' has drawn a bright, honest, lovable, pleasant girl's portrait for us, and the accessories are all natural and well-developed." [Spectator.

1730

REPENTANCE OF PAUL WENTWORTH (The). [*Bentley*, 1889.]

"There is much variety of character and much literary excellence . . . In Muriel Ferrars the author has drawn a decidedly charming portrait, and it is consistent with her true and loving nature that, in spite of the sad knowledge she acquires of the stains and flaws in her ideal, her affection for the man remains. But there is infinite sadness in the shock which awakes her to the fact that this man has deceived her in the vital point of his marriage at the moment he won her love. Harder still is the fate of this girl who learns so cruel a lesson at 19, when she takes the advice of an austere young cleric, and puts, as she thinks, a barrier, in the shape of a loveless marriage, between herself and the treacherous suggestions of her heart. Utterly contrasted with the course of Muriel and Wentworth's affection is that of her sister's attachment to the clerical hero aforesaid. Philip Irvine is vowed to missionary work in East London, and has resolved to assume no domestic ties which can hinder him in his work. The descriptive portions of the book, the Swiss and Italian scenes especially, are generally well written, and the minor characters distinct, though the lovers engross most of the interest." [Athenæum.

1731

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

(The). [by T: HARDY: *Smith*, 1879.] "On this heath Mr. Hardy places a retired sea-captain with his granddaughter, a handsome, dissipated civil engineer, who has failed in his business, and now keeps the lone inn; the wife of a farmer, herself the daughter of a gentleman; her niece; and her son, the Native who returns. He comes from Paris and an uncongenial occupation, with culture and a burning desire to help his fellow men; he comes into the midst of crass superstition, where witches abound, and fried adder's fat is a specific against an adder's bite; and, a half-unconscious positivist, (for at one time he thinks of taking orders) he resolves to devote himself to teaching and raising the Egdon folk. Can Eustacia Vye help him in this—the sea-captain's granddaughter, a glorious woman as he thinks; one of larger culture and higher aims than those about her, and on that very ground considered as a witch by the simple heath folk? Surely not, for she loathes the heath, to which she is not 'native.' Weymouth is to her the world, and Paris almost a dream of heaven, the band on the parade sweeter music than the wind on the desolate upland, the flagged pavement suits her feet better than do the white quartz paths of the hill side. The bitter disillusioning of this eager, passionate girl, to whom one man's love seems to offer a means of escape, whose sensuous nature is attracted, on the other hand, by a flashy, handsome scamp; the patient acquiescence of Clym Yeobright, the Native, in what he cannot control; his no less persistent struggle with what can still be bent to his ends, as two of the elements in a tragedy of no common power and sadness. There is also the pathetic severance between a noble mother and a noble son, through a misun-

derstanding; there are failed purposes, and death, which, when it comes untimely, is an insult and an impertinence to life. The sombre heath is the background to all, the weird sounds of this heath are the constant orchestral music." [New Quarterly Magazine. 1732

REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE (The). [by W. HALE SMITH: *Putnam*, 1887.] "Appreciative readers of that remarkable book, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, which appeared a couple of years ago, will need but the mention of this new novel by the same writer to induce them to purchase it. Neither Mark Rutherford nor his friend Mr. Shapcott appears here, but the story is of the same grim, unpromising sort . . . With a powerful touch, not free from cynicism, the author sets before us the contracted life of the people of Cowfold, with their narrow horizons, intellectual, social, and religious. In this part of the story, too, there is a central unhappy marriage of a thoughtful tradesman to the silly daughter of the minister. The revolution is a church revolution which results in the overthrow of the gross ministerial hypocrite. This is no romance of love and wedded bliss in the last chapter, but a moving tale of 'martyrs without a cause,' of visitation upon the good and true for the sins of others,—a record drawn from 'a world of incompleteness, a sorrow swift, and consolation laggard,' which the lit-minded will shun, the cheerful dismiss with a sigh, and which others will read with the same mingled feelings with which they face the spectacle of life itself, in which romance plays so small a part, and where the best solution reaches us as it reached Maggie Tulliver [No. 1547]." [Boston "Literary World." 1733

RHODA FLEMMING [by G: MEREDITH: London, 1865.] "is as superior

to 'Emilia in England' [No. 1245] as if it wer the work of another man. The labored, almost uncouth style, and the distorted, exaggerated character-drawing hav well-nī disappeared. Thēre is a touch of Browning now and then in the speech, and in the dramatic presentation of ōne or two of the scenes; but the book is full of warmth and life and action; the story, with a slit pause in the middle, interesting throuōut, and is not spun out to undue length. Some of the characters ar vividly distinct, and almost all hav life and individuality, if one or two ar sōmewhat incomplete. The first part of the story is idyllic and charming, with the picture of the old farm in the midst of the blooming kentish landscape; the thrifty mistress, the gloing flower garden, and the two handsom dauters who 'carried erect sholders, like creatures not ashamed of shoing a merely animal pride, which is never quite apart from the pride of developed beauty.' But a shado soon cōmes over this sunny landscape, when Dahlia, the beautiful elder sister, goes to London, and lōves and trusts her lover too well, and brings shame to her father, and locks the heart of Rhoda, the yunger, in iron bands which seem to hold her whole nature rigid till she has found, and as she thinks rited, her beloved sister. Mr. Meredith is impatient of the tame and commonplace in incidents and characters. He cannot subdue his voice to the regulated, well-bred monotone of conventional speech; or, to borro an illustration from decorativ art, his hand is too ruf and quick and bold for the skilful lo-relief which Mr Norris and Mr. H: James employ so cleverly. Rhoda is the best drawn figure. Her strong and restrained nature has becōme over-concentrated in her isolated life. Her pride has grōn fierce, her tenderness hard, and her vi-

sion narro. Her obstinacy at last shatters her poor sister's returning gleam of long deferred happiness. The knoledge that she too had been mistaken and had sōmething to repent of is the solvent which at length melts the proud nature; and we hav a glimpse of her tamed and softened, in the keeping of the lover who had deserved her so well." [Amer. 1734

RIGHT AT LAST, ETC. [by E.. CLEGHORN (STEVENSON) GASKELL: *Harper*, 1860.] "Mrs. Gaskell has been singularly successful in domestic stories. These ar here collected, and will prove a welcom offering to the numerous readers who hav learned to prize the exquisit felicity of delineation, the sagacious judgment of character, and the hī moral tone which distinguish the productions of the author." [Harper's. 1735

ROBERT ELSMERE [by M.. A.. (ARNOLD) WARD: *Macmillan*, 1887.] "is a great novel. It will attract the lōver of the best literature becaus of its literary power and charm, and it will gain the absorbed attention of all men and women who see that religion, 'the most overwhelming of human interests,' as Mrs. Ward calls it, is undergoing a transformation . . . The author has made so much use of actual personages for her leading characters, she has drawn Thomas Hill Green, the Oxford professor of moral filosofy, so frankly, for instance, as the Henry Grey of this book, and the whole temper of her story is so realistic, that one reads Robert Elsmere much as if it wer an actual biography. Probably Arnold Toynbee has furnished more than ōne feature for the portrait of Elsmere." [Boston "Literary World."]—"Of 'Robert Elsmere,' after what Mr. Gladstone has said, who will dare to deny that it is a great work? Yet Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm is itself evidence that the merit of it is not as a

novel. Mr. Gladstone is many-sided, but he has never proved himself to be a lover, student, or critic of lit literature. Had 'Robert Elsmere' been 'lit,' he could not hav admired it. The librarians class it among novels and romances; but it provides the parsons with subjects for pulpit discourses, and is, really, an overgrön theological tract. It marks, too, more than any other work of our time, the overweening self-consciousness which has attacked our fiction and is sucking away its vitality. What an exhibition of feeble sentimentality! Everywhere 'trembling lips,' 'blanched faces,' 'deadly paleness,' men and women dropping into chairs, wringing their hands, flinging themselves into each other's arms, sobbing, bursting into bitter tears . . . Thackeray spoke of novels as 'sweets loved by all people with healthy literary appetites.' The popularity of such books as 'Robert Elsmere' points rather to the morbid craving which indicates dyspepsia." [Wa. Lewin.] — "But when all is said by way of criticism, how much remains to admire! No one who had not steeped himself in the atmosphere of Oxford and its changing currents could write so feelingly and unerringly of its outer and inner life. No one who had not been born to generations of culture, sprung from a race British and bookish to its core, could picture so intimately its intellectual phases. No one who knew not the hills and dales of Westmoreland and the downs of Surrey as well as the electrical, throbbing heart of London could have rounded this story as its author has done. Profounder minds than Mrs. Ward's may pick flaws in reasoning and errors in judgment, but as an expression of the intellectual life of to-day, especially of that side of it which touches on science in its bearings on theology, it is a remarkable book.

Ponder this history of 'a soul on fire'; note the development of the austere, puritanical Catherine into perfect womanhood, the portrayal of the hard, selfish, stunted nature of Langham, the creation of the wilful, human yet aerial-like Rose Leyburn, the delineation of the hunted Newcome, the cynical Wenlover, the hearty, happy Flaxman and the passionate Mme. de Netteville, — surely a woman who can thus create, develop and delineate so varied elements as these — pit against each other almost every known type in the great whirling, complex world about her, — not only possesses a marvellous power but is mistress of it. Unforgettable pictures rise to the mind as one revues his reading — the scene on the crags where Elsmere woos Catherine in the nit-winds; that other one, where he tears open his heart to her while hers is breaking; the chapter where they humble themselves before each other and life begins anew for them; the last tense chapter, with the death-bed scene in Algeria. And in thinking over that terrible nit when Langham questions the little soul and conscience left to him, we are perhaps forgetful of the tender fireside duet, where in the impulsiv child, Rose Leyburn, opens her life to him as a flower unfolds to the sun . . . With the death of its founder, we see no more of the 'New Brotherhood.' The needs, the conditions, the promises of the present age are therein typified. To perfect and fulfil them will take ages yet. We are shown the Promised Land; then the pen is silent: its attainment is not even professed. Hope is held out, but no pledge offered. Such forbearance as this deserves the name of art." [Saturday Review. 1736]

ROBERT FALCONER. [by G: MACDONALD: *Hurst*, 1868.] "Robert is a scotch laddie bröt up by his grand-

mother, who is a fine religious character; a strong Calvinist, and deeply religious, with no conception of any religion apart from her creed, but with a heart full of loving kindness, and a sense of justice which is stronger even than her love. She has one heart-grief—her only son, the father of Robert, has gone to the bad, and after a career of drunkenness and debauchery in which he wasted his fortune and broke his wife's heart, he has utterly disappeared in a slough of degradation . . . When he is free to go out into the world,—after a long and difficult training, in which all hope or desire for any personal happiness has been taken from him,—he gives himself up to the search for his father, and in the course of that quest he goes about doing good in the dens of London misery, working out the author's ideas of the principles and method upon which such things should be done. Whilst Robert is undergoing the training of education and circumstances the reader is in sympathy with him; but when he becomes the author's idea of a perfect philanthropist, he has acquired a touch of self-consciousness, which mars the effect." [Athenæum. **1737**

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT, by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Tinsley*, 1873.

ROGER NORTH. [by—() BRADSHAW: *Sonnenschein*, 1885.] "The author has succeeded in investing an every-day romance with considerable charm, the result of keen and sympathetic observation of country society . . . This is in no way a remarkable book, but it is thoroughly agreeable reading." [Athenæum. **1738**

ROGUE (The) [by W: E: NORRIS: *Holt*, 1889.] "is in the delightful vein of the author's best books . . . The humor, the knowledge of men and affairs, the

glossy style, the easy progress of the tale, the faint satire, the clever way of talking about anything and everything charmingly—these are here in friendly naturalness . . . A man of easy-going disposition, who has been a skulawag all his early life, finally comes home to his family and palms himself off for the decent fello that he afterward becomes, tho everyone, without being able to prove it, feels sure that he is a rogue. There is a clever, shrewd old society woman, and there are young people who fall in love and marry." [Critic. **1739**

ROMANCE OF A GARRET (The) [by SYDNEY WHITING: *Chapman*, 1867.] "is lit and readable, and contains a very pleasant story. There is not much plot in it, and what there is serves chiefly as a series of props on which to hang the author's experiences as a journalist; but its tone is so pure, and at the same time so genial, that no one can fail to be delighted with it. It is chiefly the record of the discouraging, but ultimately successful, struggles of a needy man of letters, who is obliged to take up his quarters in an attic . . . The love-story is as charming an idyl as has ever been made to grace the somewhat prosaic records of London life." [London Review.]—"But tho Mr. Whiting's scenes of London literary life are truthfully drawn, they do not convey the whole truth. The shades, tho deep, are not deep enuf. The lit is too brit. Not all of us, who are literary men, have, like the hero of Mr. Whiting's tale, noble relatives and friends who on shooting-boxes. Our luck does not come so easily as his, tho we drink the full cup of all his troubles. This is the great fault of all tales of London literary life, even of Thackeray's 'Pendennis.' The world hears only of the successful writers. The great charm, however, of the

book is the O'Aisey. He is, so far as we are aware, unique in English literature. And yet every literary man knows some O'Aisey, with his unblushing, good-natured impudence, and utter want of all principle and morality." [Westminster Review. **1740**

ROMANCE OF A SHOP (The). [by AMY LEVY: *Cupples*, 1889.] "The story is of 4 sisters, left orphans, who attempt to support themselves in London by photography. The different characters of the sisters and the various ways in which their new life affected their dispositions are admirably described. The strong-minded Gertrude, the conventional Fanny, the industrious Lucy, and the beautiful Phyllis win places in our affections, and are real persons to us before we close the book. The writer does not content us by merely picturing the outer lives, but she lets us see the hopes and fears, the temptations and sorrows, which came to each sister individually while they lived together. Besides these character sketches the writer gives us a delightful picture of bohemian London and the artist life. She takes us to picture exhibitions and studio receptions, and with an artist's love of contrast presents us often to a representative of conventional middle-class life in the shape of the sisters' rich but disapproving Aunt Caroline. Bohemian London with all its fascinations is of course full of perils for young, unchaperoned girls. In the sad story of poor little Phyllis' life and death we are shown the dangerous side of what otherwise would be the most charming society in the world." [Boston "Lit. World." **1741**

ROSAMOND FERRARS [by M. BRAMSTON: *S. P. O. K.*, 1878.] "is a well-written, healthful and most interesting story, which we can cordially recommend; for people will read it

with as much pleasure as young Ones." [Athenæum. **1742**

ROSE IN JUNE (A). [by M^{rs}. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1874.] "Mrs. Oliphant has written nothing more delicate than 'A Rose in June' . . . She paints still life with a lightness of touch which is unsurpassed. This is at once her weakness and her strength. The hand which lifted the veil from the homesteads of Carlingford and disclosed a turmoil of passion still sweeps the finer chords of the human instrument with rare skill . . . Her latest novel is the story of a summer shower . . . The wife is a woman nobly planned, yet by no means perfect. On her, when the rector dies penniless, falls the burden of maintaining the family. But she is no longer passive. Rose has a poor lover at sea, and a rich lover at hand, and Rose's heart is at sea. Her mother determines that the girl shall learn the meaning of self-sacrifice, shall sell herself for the benefit of her brothers and sisters, and she is already engaged to the rich suitor, when her family becomes prosperous again. Rose, bound by her engagement, throws herself on the mercy of her affianced husband, and he releases her, not without reproaching the mother. It is an idyllic story. There is pathos in it, but not the depth of pathos which was fathomed in Nettie Underwood [No. 1215]; there is humor, but not the breadth of humor that played upon Pigeon and Tozer [No. 1756]" [Academy. **1743**

ROSE TURQUAND [by ELLICE HOPKINS: *Macmillan*, 1876.] "possesses the charm of style, culture, and breadth of thought. So far as art is concerned, it is nearly perfect. We may or may not agree with the writer's views, and we may or may not answer the

great problem of life as Rose Turquand dōes, but this has nothing to do with art. It would be hard in contemporary fiction to match the early scenes in which the life of this poor desolate orfan is painted — her attachment to the good-hearted but somewhat narro-souled pedant of a tutor — the agony of her parting with him, and the conflict of emotions which is ever going on in her mind . . . No ōne, in short, can possibly read ‘Rose Turquand’ without feeling his hier nature awakened, his sympathies widened. It is a book to be read and re-read.” [Westminster Review.] — “Most readers will be a little repelled by the opening chapters, so vulgar ar the rising generation of Adairs and so hard and unnatural their mother, a lady with projecting eyes, who indeed becōmes still more outrageous as the story proceeds. But they will do well if they hav courage and persevere; the little weakly waif of a heroin really turns out to be a character worth knoing; and tho her adventures ar of a homely character, they ar sufficiently stirring to prove the true metal of a noble and self-sacrificing nature. In small matters and in great she shōs herself womanly and admirable.” [Athenæum. 1744

ROSSMOYNE [by M.A. () ARGLES] HUNGERFORD: *Smith*, 1884.] “is a pretty story, in which all the ladies ar charming and almost all of them in lōve, and most of the men nice and all of them in lōve. That, at any rate, is the impression left upon the reader, and it is accurate if one or two minor characters ar not taken into account. As to them thère is uncertainty only for want of more minute information. Probably the coachman and the cook and the tenants had their love affairs as well as the ladies and gentlemen. But the story

is not at all ridiculous. It is very pleasantly told, with plenty of spirit, and a great deal of archness and womanly fun.” [Athenæum.] — [*Lippincott*.] “It is a pretty and amusing little lōve story. The scene is laid in Ireland, and thère is much of the always enjoyable **Irish** humor. The yung, very yung lōvers, ar very entertaining, but best of all ar the delītful maiden ānts, never better than when trying to reconcile lōve and disciplin.” [Critic. 1745

ROUGH HEWN [by — () DAY: *Hurst*, 1874.] “exhibits vividly the grōth of a strong nature, which is improved and refined by conflict with the trials of life. Edmund Barton, like many energetic people in uncongenial circumstances, shōes symptoms of turning his activity into wrong directions. Confined to the life of a clerk in a small town, he is beginning to get involved in petty dissipations, and more seriously in a lōve affair with a girl who is no match for him in education or character. At this crisis, he conceives a real attachment for another yung woman, who is abōve him in both respects. The impression awakens him to a more worthy vue of life, and he wrenches himself from his unpromising surroundings, and seeks a better field for his energies in the ruf life of Australia. Rose Lester, who thus proves his good genius, is a pleasant specimen of womanhood (as indeed ar all the female characters), and the interlude of her attachment to Ashley, and its effects in ripening her to receive the mature affection of Barton when he returns a wiser man to the haunts of his boyhood, ar very well told.” [Athenæum. 1746

ROUND THE SOFA. [by E.. CLEGHORN (STEVENSON) GASKELL: *Low*, 1859.] “On this account we

always look forward with pleasure to any work by the author of 'Mary Barton' [No. 1532]. Here we have no fear of slipshod sentences — of fantastic torturings of speech, of turbid and confused imagery. The language is always clear, and pure, and sparkling, like the water of a mountain rill. There is no fine writing in 'Round the Sofa.' The very excellence of the style is proved by the fact that we are at a loss to pick out pieces for quotation. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting a passage from the charming tale of 'Lady Ludlow,' in which that most delightful of grand old ladies is speaking about flowers . . . It is a relief to come upon writing like this, after reading such works as 'Queechy' [No. 260] and 'Amy Herbert,' and the whole of that race of which the 'Heir of Redclyffe' [No. 1346] is the crown and glory. It is like a drift of good clear ale to a stomach surfeited with ginger-beer and lemonade. There is one other specialty of all the writings of this author, to which we cannot help alluding. We have in them none of that mixture of religion and romance which is the bane of our modern literature. There is no attempt to enforce the doctrine of justification by faith, through a dialog between the angelic heroine and her earnest lover . . . *Poor Clare*, a weird north-country story, and *The Half-Brothers* seem to be new. Even if we wished it, it would be scarcely possible to tell in a few words the thread of any of these stories. To all our readers we can most sincerely recommend these volumes as worth reading for the stories alone, and almost, if not better, worth reading for the sake of the writing." [Leader.]

1747

RUSTIC MAID (A) [by A. PRICE: *Low*, 1885.] "is a very pathetic story,

more or less melancholy in every chapter, and yet sufficiently graceful and tender to sustain the interest. The heroine loses her mother in early childhood, and her father is separated from her by a cruel wrong. He is restored only to blit her happiness, and to destroy the proud belief in him which she had cherished. This is the chief motif of the story, and around it clusters an abundance of pure and pleasant incident, with some admirable characterization and not a little entertaining by-play . . . Those who like a quiet novel with a true touch of pathos in it will take kindly to 'A Rustic Maid.'" [Athenæum.]

1748.

RUTH. [by MRS. E. CLEGHORN (STEVENSON) GASKELL: *Chapman*, 1853.] "The heroine is a dress-maker's apprentice, an orphan, alone in the world, a creature full of graces, — and, therefore, marked out for temptation. The misery of her apprenticeship is well described, because it is not exaggerated with a view of exciting false sympathy. Her employer is no ogress, — she is merely a self-interested woman, pinched and preoccupied by her struggle with narrow fortunes. Nor are the chances which fling Ruth into error superfluously romantic. While attending on the ladies at a public ball, she is seen by the partner of a spoiled beauty, — she is subsequently thrown in his way by chance, and the sad but strange consequences ensue which it is needless to specify . . . Mr. Bellingham is just beginning to weary for another world than that of her smiles, when he is seized with a fever at the little inn in Wales . . . Now begins the important part of the story, — the lesson of Faith, Hope and Charity to inculcate which the tale in hand has been undertaken. — The ill-starred outcast is not deserted in her

anguish. — Ruth has, by chance, fallen in with a Dissenting clergyman, by whom the nature and the circumstances of her error have been early discerned. He is present at the crisis of despair which threatens her death, — is touched with compassion, — and resolves, almost instinctively, to succor and to save her. Summoning to his aid a maiden sister, they nurse the desolate outcast through her illness, and take her home with them. — She is to be domesticated with them from thenceforth." [Athenæum.] — "Mrs. Gaskell's clear insight and genuine christianity are shown in the novel, which deals with another deep social question; viz., how a society which calls itself christian should treat a fallen woman. Tho it may be said that Ruth is an exceptional person, and that it is the rule rather than the exception which society must regard, the book is a stirring and noble appeal and protest against the merely worldly judgment which condemns without discrimination and without mercy. The book is remarkable for its perfect good taste, for its lack of exaggeration and of that sentimentality which is the counterfeit of real sentiment." [Boston "Lit. World." 1749]

SAD FORTUNES OF THE REV. AMOS BARTON (The). [In Scenes from Clerical Life.] "Of the 3 tales, I think the first is much the best. It is short, broadly descriptive, humorous, and exceedingly pathetic. The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton are fortunes which clever story-tellers with a turn of pathos, from Goldsmith downward, have found of very good account, — the fortunes of a hapless clergyman in daily contention with the problem how upon £80 a year to support a wife and 6 children in ecclesiastical gentility." [H: James.] — "We have the image of the poor clergyman — not brilliant —

not a favorite with his parishioners — unable to cope with his turbulent vestry — shabbily dressed — thinking all the while of the little mouths at home which he finds it hard to fill; then of his invalid wife, wasting away before the bloom of youth is passed, but every moment sweeter in his eyes as the final, hopeless, irrevocable parting draws nearer and nearer; then his silent, speechless misery by the death-bed, and a simple intimation of a visit, years afterward, to the grave where all his happiness lies buried: this is the whole story; but, alas! no less lifelike than true." [Lippincott's.] — "The very first of these, produced without any previous indication of power, in the maturity of her years, affected the world at once to enthusiasm, and she never struck a stronger or deeper note than in the simple story of Amos, or rather of Millie Barton, the poor curate's mild and lovely wife, the mother of many children, the smiling domestic martyr, whose little tragedy has taken a place among our most cherished recollections as completely as if we had been members of the little rural parliament which discussed her simple story. The power and the pathos of the most remarkable beginning, and its heart-breaking catastrophe, does not prevent it from being at the same time full of all the humors of a fresh and unexplored country, delictful in indications of rustic character, and in those wise sayings of village sages which afterwards rose in Mrs. Poyser to the climax of proverbial wisdom." [Blackwood's.]

1750

SAGE OF SIXTEEN. [by Lucy BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WALFORD: *Blacket & Hallam*, 1889.] "Mrs. Walford has written of all sorts and conditions of girls, but so far she has not discovered so sweet and likable a heroine

as Elma, 'a sage of 16.' She endears herself to everybody in the story — and out of it — by her glad-hearted, winning ways and her simple little kindnesses. She is welcom whêrever she goes; amongst the 'best people' or amongst the 'half-and-halfs,' with whom she is particularly in sympathy. The nicest thing about Elma is that she is utterly ignorant that she has adopted a mission of any kind. She is one 'whom nature leadeth,' and it is into pleasant ways and places that she and those about her ar conducted. If thêre is a fault to find it is that Elma is perhaps a shade too irresistible in her influence, too invincible, and too entirely unspoilèd by circumstances, and that those who seek to emulate her may find their task less easy than it looks. But her story is decidedly pleasant and healthful, and it is a relief to find thêre is sômething besides 'slumming,' to be done by unselfish people." [Athenæum. 1751

ST. AGNES' BAY. [Low, 1864.] "The main idea is very original, and the narrativ is fresh and lively . . . Still the conception of the various personages is good, and the old doctor, especially, with his alternate fits of angry madness and vigorous friendship, has in him the making of a very telling character. The whole story is supposed to be included in the short space of a few days, during which a yung Cambridge graduate is dwelling, from some curious whim, in a ruined tower perched upon a sea-washed rock . . . How all is explained at last, and the hero finds himself possessed of a father, a wife, and everything which he can possibly wish; all these things ar clearly brôt about in 200 pages without omission or overcrowding in the development of the narrativ. An 'Old Cantab' finds more life in a tiny bay than some

novelists in a crowded city, and puts as much incident in a week as many writers can sto away in a year." [Athen. 1752

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER [by SHIRLEY SMITH: London, 1880.] "is not an ill told story. Thêre is freshness and variety in it, and sôm of its characters ar very prettily conceived. . . Thêre is ease of manner and expression both in the descriptions and in the conversations, which enable the reader to go trippingly throu without any great stumbling or cause of offense. We ar introduced to at least 4 very pleasant yung ladies, and at least 4 worthy men, whose fortunes ar told in a natural and lively vein, with much spirit and abundance of lit and frivolous detail. The whole story is, in fact, narrated as a man or woman of the world would be likely to tell it to a group of friends." [Athenæum. 1753

ST. MUNGO'S CITY [by "SARAH TYTLER," i. e., Henrietta Keddie: Chatto, 1884.] "will interest a wider circle than the 'Glasgow bodies,' of whom the author givs such an appreciativ account. The local coloring is rich and vivid . . . but the sterling sense and honor of the ruf, self-raised man of business, Auld Tam, hav a deeper interest, and we cannot but think he will be appreciated by students of character . . . Not less lifelike ar the characters of the 3 Misses Mackinnon — very natural their fencing with the kindly anxiety of Tam Drysdale when he endeavors to find a pretext to save them from what is literally starvation, and with stern politeness they do their best to make his purpos ineffectual. The mess in which they involv themselves by burning the will which has unequally distributed the long expected inheritance from Strathdivie is more comic, but hardly less pathetic. A pleasant con-

trast to these too austere gentlewomen of the olden time is sweet Eppie Drysdale, a perfectly idyllic heroin." [Ath. 1754

ST. OLAVE'S. [by ELIZA (TABOR) STEPHENSON: *Hurst*, 1863.] "This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as some experience and knowledge of the world." It is distinguished by "discrimination of character, depth of thought and felicity of expression. It is the work of an artist . . . The scene is laid in an ancient cathedral city. The heroin is a bright, sunshiny little creature, full of youth and hope, with 'a fitful maiden-like freedom in her ways and an unschooled gracefulness in her simple speech.' Living with a very old and infirm aunt, Alice Gray amuses herself in the best way she can, and her favorite pastime, after the Bruces come to St. Olave's, is to hear David playing long overtures and symphonies of his own composing. Janet likes to watch the gay little figure flitting about the quiet old house; and David is pleased to keep Alice enraptured at his side . . . David says nothing, but the thought of Alice is never absent from his mind; and henceforth the quiet, gray organist has but one aim in life — to distinguish himself, to make money, to become worthy of Alice Gray, to be able to meet her on terms of equality." [Athenæum. 1755

SALEM CHAPEL [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1863.] "will take a permanent place in English literature. There is scarcely any other tale of the present day which, for truth and humor and living effect, could take its place beside G. Eliot's 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' without being hurt by the comparison; but this, — that portion of it at least which relates to 'Salem Chapel,' and its organization, — might fairly do so

. . . The Mildmay melodrama is what almost any novelist could do as well or better than the author of 'Salem Chapel,' and we could wish that in some new edition the Mildmay film might be skilfully removed from the book, and the simple squabbles of the Salem Independents left in all their purity, — not that we would on any account object to the young Independent minister's passion for Lady Western; — that is an essential and most artistic element of the story, — the azure background, without which the life of the Salem dissenters would lose half its vivid humor and many of its distinct features. But while this touch is true to art, the story of kidnapping and all but murder which grows out like a fungus on the Lady Western side of the story, is scarcely true artifice even. Having relieved our minds with this protest, we may pass to those features of the tale which we could scarcely praise too highly if we would. Mr. Vincent is the ambitious son of a minister of the Independent 'connexion,' and has just taken charge of Salem Chapel, Carlingford. He is a young man of taste and refinement much above the level of Homerton College, but still penetrated with the maxims of the Independent school, and full of that youthful belief in eloquence, and argument and religious sentiment, which fancies that it can vanquish the world . . . All this is really wonderfully drawn, — with a delicacy and skill of which we can give but very imperfect proofs in the limits of a single article. The two most perfect pictures in the story are Tozer, the butlerman and principal deacon of Salem Chapel, and Mrs. Vincent, the young minister's mother. The latter is an etching of marvellous delicacy and art, with every line and shadow separately touched in — the

former, a vigorous cartoon of massiv effect and vigorous outline, representing a man who attaches us so much personally that it seems a real privation not to have been able to join the 'Omer-ton students' in that testimonial presented to him for his great ungrammatical speech in Salem Chapel on behalf of the liberty of the ministry and against the tyranny of the 'connexion.' Tozer, the butterman, is such a character as we should hav thôt scarcely any one but G: Eliot could hav drawn. Throu all the vulgarity of its surface thêre is so much genial strength and breadth, so much vulgar manliness, so much intelligence in the shopocratic shrewdness, so much true mettle behind the stratum of butter and bacon, such a liberal feeling within the limit which Salem ideas and the narro personal vues of his woman-kind impose, that Tozer, who in the opening of the story serves to represent the vulgar pettiness of ignorant congregational aims, seems before its close to be a figure of more true dignity, tho, perhaps less intellectual significance, than even the yung minister." [Spectator.

1756

SANDRA BELLONI. = *EMILIA IN ENGLAND*.

SARA [by JULIA BOSVILLE (DAVIDSON) CHETWYND: *F. V. White*, 1887.] "is a tale of misunderstanding between husband and wife, told with rather happy contrivance as to the little accidents which in novels nearly always, and in life sômetimes, hav important consequences . . . The heroin is well drawn and makes rather an amusing figure. As the story goes to be more concerned with her its interest increases. Thêre ar sôme good bits of character in the minor people." [Athenæum. 1757

SARA CREWE [by F. [ELIZA] (HODGSON) BURNETT: *Scribner*, 1888.]

"is a very pretty, interesting, and well-written story . . . Sara livs in a London boarding-school, whêre she is petted and made much of until the death of her only parent leavs her in poverty. Then she is kept on as a drudge . . . She becômes an ill-used, neglected little ône, with no friend but her doll, and no solace but a lôve for reading and a wonderful capacity for 'supposing things.' . . . Of course it all cômes rît in the end. Sara livs for a while in what seems a fairy tale made real, finding her cold, ugly attic transformed in some magical way into a nest of elegant comfort, new clothes supplied by unknôn hands, dainty suppers lying ready for her when she climbs the garret stairs tired out at nît. Then her real, flesh-and-blood benefactor cômes to lît, and Sara leavs Miss Minchin's for kindness and luxury in a home of her ôn." [Catholic World.

1758

SARAH DE BERENGER. [by JEAN INGELow: *Roberts*, 1885.] "A poor woman, of extraordinary character, the wife of a convict just transported, unexpectedly falls heir to a competence; and in order to secure it, for the benefit of her two baby girls, from the possible future claims of their worthless father, she assumes a different name, takes the position of their servant, and rears them as orphan gentlefolk, of whose incôme, slender for their false position, altho amounting to wealth for their true ône, she passes for the scrupulously honest trustee. A great deal of skill is shôn in the contrivance of slît chances, whêreby the self-devoted author of this pious fraud is continually enabled to escape detection; and it was clever to conceive of her as aided, however unwittingly, by the inveterate folly and freakishness, the long pampered eccentricities, of the wealthy and addle-pated spinster who

finally leaves her money to the convict's children. The drawback is that the thing was, after all, so outrageous a fraud that our gratification at its success is felt to be uncomfortably immoral. Moreover the bizarre central figure of Sarah de Berenger, tho happily enuf imagined, is not well developed. She just fails of being an entirely credible, and therefor legitimately amusing character. The latter part of the story, from the time when the mother is forced finally to sever herself from her children and go back to her rehabilitated convict, is painful, but powerful also; especially in the way in which we are forced to share both the poor wife's dispassionate conviction of the reality of her husband's repentance, and her invincible repugnance for his person." [Atlantic. **1759**

SCARBOROUGH FAMILY (The)

[by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1883.] "is a picture of english life taken in his usual fotografic way; it opens well, drags throu the middle, and gets better again at the close. It concerns the fortunes of a county family, but has a dash of lo life for comedy, some fox hunting, a love affair in which the lady's family raise fruitless objections, and so on . . . The central figure of the book, however, is not the hero, but old Mr. Scarborough, who is a terrible rascal, judged by ordinary standards, but who, notwithstanding his defiance and violation of all law, human and divine, gains the reader's regard, partly because in Mr. Trollope's commonplace world, he is a very uncommonplace man . . . All this Mr. Trollope has great difficulty in making seem probable, but interesting it certainly is. In reading this last of his long series of successful novels, in the light of the admitted fact that they represent English life more clearly than the works of any novelist of our day, we

hav been reminded of one striking feature of english life as he describes it, in which the criticisms brot out by his death was not dwelt on as much as it deserves to be. We refer to the extraordinarily strong, coarse flavor of money which pervades them. In most american novels, as in american life of our day, money is generally avoided or looked at and spoken of askance, as if there wer something belittling about appearing to think too much of it. In Trollope's novels, the action of the book generally revolves in some way about a question of £., s., d., whether a man may marry the woman he loves, whether a yungster shall go into a profession or emigrate, whether a son shall honor or despise his father,—all questions, practical or sentimental, become a simple matter of money, until in the end the reader gets an impression of english society as a country pervaded not merely by a commercial, but by a positively sordid tone. How much of this is due to England and how much to Mr. Trollope, we must leave others to determine; but as to the fact we think we can hardly be mistaken, for we never lay down one of his novels without regretting that in so rich a country as England it should always seem as if there wer rather too little money to 'go round' comfortably, and easily, and expansively." [Nation. **1760**

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. [by "G: Eliot": *Blackwood*, 1857.] = *SAD FORTUNES, MR. GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY, JANET'S REPENTANCE*.

SCIENTIFIC GENTLEMEN (The). See *NEIGHBORS ON THE GREEN*.

SCOTCH FIRS. [by "S. TYTLER," i. e., Henrietta Keddie: *Smith*, 1878.] The first "is a well told tale, and the principal and his wife, Marget, and the wily Highlander, are all racy of the soil. The second narrative, that of a minister's

visit to London, and the change of his views on the subject of the stage, is equally well imagined, and enforces a generous moral." [Athenæum. 1761

SCOTCH WOOING (A) [by J. C. AYRTON: *King*, 1875.] "has a good deal of merit. Arundel Fielding has a character which goes upon us as the tale proceeds. At first we see her under the unfavorable influence of a sudden change from english country life, gentle in its traditions, easy-going, uncommercial, to life in a scotch industrial town, among scotch bourgeoisie, where she finds sweetness and lit lying at a considerable distance from the surface, and everything except the hospitality of the natives jarring dissonant from the impression and axioms of her childhood. 'Touch not the cat, but the glove' is the motto which at first sît seems appropriate for the guidance of all intercourse at Lairy. Not till some stirring experiences have touched her does she learn to value the strong feeling which underlies the exterior angularity of such ruf-hewn specimens as her uncle Carmichael, and the disputatious earnestness of her uncompromising but devoted lover. When she does recognize the honesty of their attachment her hi and truthful nature finds the discovery very satisfactory. In the revulsion of feeling which folloes, it is natural to her womanly ardor to condone even grave faults such as the frantic and unpardonable jealousy of Stewart, which so nearly wrecks their mutual happiness. This is essentially a novel of character." [Athenæum. 1762

SCUDAMORES (The). [by F. C. PHILIPS & C. J. WILLS: *Gardner & Co.*, 1890.] "There is movement enuf in 'The Scudamores' for 2 or 3 novels, if not for a play. It is full of down-

rit characters, english and american, polished and unpolished, serious and comic; and there is not a villain amongst them. The situations are well conceived, and as there are to 4 or 5 young people, and two old widowers do the matchmaking and the matchmarring, the authors contrive to escape from the trite and commonplace into an atmosphere of wholesome freshness, they put no strain upon their readers, and consequently secure their attention without effort or difficulty. The cleverness of their story is all on the surface. It is a narrative of incidents and humors, and it eschews analysis as completely as it avoids reflexions and morals." [Athenæum. 1763

SEABURY CASTLE [by CECIL HOPE: *Lippincott*, 1869.] "is an exceedingly pretty and simple story. The principal personage is a man of high moral character and great dignity. Sensitiv to a fault, he allows a disappointment in early life to cast a gloom over all his after years, which, tho it is never wholly dispelled, is in some measure relieved by the society of 2 very charming girls, his orphan nieces, whose growth and culture he watches over with parental care. In due time these young ladies, of course, fall in love; but, as they choose wisely, altho they do not escape suffering, and in one case a terrible catastrophe takes place, still their path is not strewn with the thorns which spring up in the way of modern heroines. The story is rather sketchy, but not encumbered with underplot nor surcharged with incidents, nor yet so destitute of them as to be without a considerable portion of life interest." [Round Table. 1764

SEAMY SIDE (The) [by W. A. BESANT & J. A. RICE: *Appleton*, 1880.] "is a very readable tale. Its novelty

in the way of character is an Albino boy, and a very original character he is. The story deals with a mystery of birth, a worthless scamp of a brother, a voluntary and sacrificial disappearance, and the bare rescue from undeserving hands of a large property. Anthony Hamblin, who is one of its central figures, is a fine man to meet even in a novel." [Boston "Lit. World." **1765**

SEARCH FOR BASIL LYNDHURST (The). [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Lovell*, 1889.] "The scene is a country neighborhood, with its quiet, conservativ society, its great place, its squire's family, and its rectory. The squire's family consists of two daughters, one of them a wido; and the 'search' is for her son, abandoned when an infant by his mother in a paroxysm of half delirium, caused by cruel treatment from the husband with whom she has made a runaway match. Out of these materials is made an entertaining novel, brit, well-bred, and gracefully told." [Boston "Literary World." **1766**

SECOND SON (The) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*, 1888.] "is far from being the best of its author's stories, but there ar good points and situations in it, and there is that fidelity to truth in minor details which none but artists possess, and oing to which the reader is impressed with a sense of harmony which allows him to appreciate the plot and narrativ. Very admirable and consistent is the butler in her book, himself not a prominent person, but in his solemnity, and his appreciation of the tragedies and comedies around him, over which he rises in a sense superior, how good a modern substitute for a garrulous greek chorus! How just the sentiments of Pouncefort, the family lawyer; how clever the glimps of the scotch gardener,

who thôt to add Lily Ford to his floral collection, and of the London fysician and the country apothecary! The plot is not complicated, but every way sufficient to produce a domestic tragedy, and the irony of fate is the 'ower-word,' or refrain, to which one listens." [Athenæum.] — "It is a strong story, clearly planned, allowing for much interplay of character, involving several striking episodes, and its conclusion, altho easily foreseen, is not at all commonplace. The description of the old manor house is an attractiv bit of realism. Thère livs squire Mitford, a choleric, self-willed old widoer with his 3 sons — Roger, an accomplished man of the world devoted to the 'busy illeness of country life;' Edmund, at the outset of the book a rather motivless dreamer; Stephen, a noisy, imperious young fello with no manner or morals to speak of — and here, too, dwells Nina, an interesting specimen of the english gyl transferred from the school-room to the drawing-room, and, for want of other resources, passing her time in eavesdropping and the exchange of scandal with the servants. In the keeper's lodge ar the Fords, with their beautiful, slender, golden-haired dauter, Lily. In the fine new mansion on the hill, not far away, is the sensible yung heiress, Elizabeth Travers. These, with Pax, the rector's elderly dauter, ar the chief characters, and readers of Mrs. Oliphant's novels do not need to be told that they play their parts well." [Boston "Literary World."] — "As a study of character, with deep feeling associated with perfectly simple and realistic incidents, it is one of the best novels of the year. The grouping of the 3 brothers around the one woman is admirably managed; and Lily is a new creation . . . The choleric old

Squire is a strong feature; and his in/lig-nation when he learns, not that Stephen has tricked Lily, but that having meant to trick her, he had found the yung woman too 'smart' for him, is wonderfully natural and amusing." [Critic. **1767**

SECOND THOUGHTS. [by RHODA BROUGHTON: *Appleton*, 1880.] "Yes, second thôts ar best; and Miss Broughton's present way of illustrating and enforcing that maxim is entertaining. It is a very clever process of psychological art by which she brings round Dr. Burnet and Gillian, who at the outset ar back to back, so to speak, until they ar face to face. Little by little you see them turn — she from her antipathy and scorn, he from his indifference and neglect. Only, the end is foreseen from the beginning, and there is little in the book to pique the reader's curiosity. Sōme of the best things in it ar the contemporary portraits, as we will call them: Gillian's bedridden old father, a very perfect character-sketch; the meek and docile squire Marlowe and his majestic and commanding dauter Jane, who furnish between them much amusement; the stiff Miss Burnet, the doctor's spinster sister, well framed in her stately London drawing-room; and last, but not least, the sentimental and poetical Challoner, beneath whom lies, we must think, an intended caricature of the whole Swinburne-Rossetti school." [Boston "Literary World."] — "Miss Broughton has here dropped her sensational and somewhat hoydenish tone, and has given us as pretty and proper a lōve-story as òne would care to read. The old process of the taming of a shrew has seldom been more neatly and effectively depicted; and, aside from its sparkle and vivacity, the story possesses qualities which make it really valuable as a picture." [Appleton's. **1768**

SELF-CONDEMNED. [by MA. (RAINE) HUNT: *Chatto*, 1883.] "Barrington is a writer, and he and Miss Carey fall desperately in lōve, she under mental protest, he with selfish, or at least, thōtless, disregard of Roger Hackbloch's prior claims . . . Some use is made of the cooking school at Kensington, thère ar touches of the literary and histrionic elements in the course of the story, in which Wentworth Wilbraham, a scapegrace son and Kitty's persecutor, is the unhappy victim. The strength of the book lies in the portrayal of eccentric characters, and their contrasts, and in the naturalness, to the extreme point of simplicity, of the delineation of feeling, motiv, and conduct. Thère ar many láfable things in the book — láfable like the absurd actions of absurd people which we see going on before our eyes every day." [Boston "Literary World."

—, SAME ["Barrington's Fate."] *Roberts*, 1883.

SELF OR BEARER [by WA. BESANT: *Chatto*, 1889.] "is full of fun. It is, in brief, the story of a poor doctor who became a viscount and was extremely uncomfortable, and then lost his title and became happy. This is not the gist of the plot, but the fun of it depends upon this incidental contrivance of circumstances. It is not often that so much good reading is found in òne volume." [Athenæum. **1769**

—, SAME, with *TO CALL HER MINE*.

SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE (The). [by EMILY EDEN: *Bentley*, 1860.] "It has really dōne our heart good to read this līt, slīt, pleasant novel. It is clever, very clever, — tho we hav read dozens of novels with more talent in them; but we hav read very few which ar so pleasant as this 'Semi-Attached Couple,'

SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE (The).

[by EMILY EDEN (1797-69): *Bentley*, 1859.]

"There is freshness of humor and good-humor in this little story. It is full of a frank, sociable feeling, of the liter sort of talk which is one of the charms of good society, and of the sound instinct which exists where true human courtesies are honestly exchanged, and kindly or affectionate relations can spring out of them. Character-painting so entirely unpretending in its manner, and so perfect of its sort, as that which gives to this novel its value as a work of art, is not often to be found among the novelists who do not stand in the front rank. The author has not attempted mighty things but, after its pleasant way, the 'Semi-Detached House' is in many respects perfect. The heroine is a very young and happy bride, whose husband is for a few months withdrawn from her by a diplomatic appointment after the first half-year of marriage. She is a good girl, weak in health, and strong in imagination, lively, fastidious, and a little spoilt. Blanche can not, during her husband's absence, stay with her father-in-law, because he thinks it a good joke to call her Blanket; nor with her brother-in-law, because he would count the cost of her keep; nor with her aunt, because the

doctor who would attend her there wears creaking boots. Her doctor has determined that she shall live out of town, and her husband accordingly has rented for her a furnished villa on the Thames, to which there happens to be another and a smaller house attached, inhabited, as she learns from her sensible aunt Sarah, by Hopkinsons. . . . As to the fastidiousness, the story tells that altho both the Hopkinson and the Chester households set out with strong prejudices founded upon fancy, altho Lady Blanche was connected only with the aristocracy, and Mrs. Hopkinson, the wife of a sturdy sea-captain, was really fat and unlettered, and wore mittens,—a good heart was the life of each of the two homes, the young bride and the motherly old lady each knew and did her duty to her neighbor, and through the little offices of human kindness simply rendered, became large debtors to each other. Neighborly feeling is, in fact, the topic of the story, the superficial differences of rank, person, and manner are lost sight of in the unaffected interchange of kindly words and deeds. . . . The spirit of the book we have described, but its story we do not mean to disclose. Let it be cheerful reading to the idler, and welcome relaxation to the worker." [Exam. 1770 a

oing to the spirit of kindness, charity, and good-breeding which pervades every page, we may say every line. Thère ar brîl little touches of humor which prevent the goodness becoming oppressive, giving a sparkle and briskness to the whole. Thère ar no set descriptions, and the story reads more like the scenes of a genteel comedy than a novel." [Athenæum. **1770**

SENIOR PARTNER (The) [by C. ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Harper*, 1881.] "is a novel which will last — no small recommendation to people of busy brains, who turn to a novel for refreshment on the same principle that they go to see a good comedy. It is so solidly, carefully dōne, that thère is no temptation either to skip it or skim it. It is in this respect more like Trollope's work than we should hav supposed a woman's could be. Much of it has that same fotografic fidelity. Robert McCullagh — 'plain auld Rab' — is the head of a commercial house in London, but òne whère everything is scotch — 'deeply, darkly, beautifully scotch.' His òne virtue is his unswerving honesty, as, cold of heart and hard of head, he makes his lōveless way to fortune. Such a man must needs be harsh to his children, and the plot deals mainly with his injustice to his son Robert and the heaping of coals upon his head by Robert's noble wife. But the interest is less in that side of the story than in the contrast between McCullagh and Pousnett, who is the veritable 'Senior Partner.' The contrast is never obtruded, but left to impress itself on the reader's mind in the development of events: Rab, always crabbed, repellant, grasping, but always with the fine fibre of strict honor in his nature: Pousnett, winning, suave, plausible — speaking never a falsehood, but, equally, speaking never the truth." [Nation. **1771**

SENIOR SONGMAN (The). [by ELIZA (TABOR) STEPHENSON: *Harper*, 1883.] "Whoever has knōn the brooding sunshine, the creeping shadōs, the delicious quiet which make the charm of a cathedral close, will recognize the scenes of this story of 'The Senior Songman.' The romance is a double, if not a treble, òne, the first interweaving with the placid monotony of the close and a drowsy town the passionate hopes which waken under an italian sky. The second blooms and fades, or reopens to glad fruition in the very home of the songman as he goes in and out, ever graver and sadder with the pain of memory and the keen disappointment of present loss. Thère ar two heroins. No two could be more different in their nature or their fate, but to each of them came the truest peace which either could hav asked, 'the peace of living up to the best they knew.' The chords ar minor chords, but patience, endurance, forgiveness and faith make the music a tender harmony. The Senior Songman will be remembered as a gentle and modest companion in the little group of which the Warden of Hiram's Hospital is first." [Nation. **1772**

SENSITIVE PLANT (A) [by E. & D. GERARD, i. e., Emily (Gerard) Laszowska & Dorothea Gerard: *Paul*, 1891.] "is in many ways an able and pleasant book. The irascible Sir Alec, who makes a point of complaining of everything and disagreeing with everybody, is as entertaining in fiction as he would be terrible in life, and as a specimen of the perfectly amiable and perfectly tactless woman, Miss Penny, who is never daunted by ill-luck in 'breaking things' to her 'dear brother,' is simply a masterpiece. Mr. d'Osbon, the epicure, whose slōly but steadily groing passion for Janet is rooted in his belief that she was the compounder of a certain wonder-

ful lobster soufflé, is drawn with rather coarse strokes; but he is amusing—at any rate, for a time.” [Spectator.] — “A pale, frightened child, whose natural timidity has been suffered to grow unchecked and unheeded until it has developed into a sort of savage shyness, something absolutely painful to herself as well as to the beholder, is the heroin. . . . The scene is changed to Venice, the child becomes a woman and struggles alone with the self-asserting world; but the change from the hard, cold northern country in which she was born to the soft southern beauty of Italy has a happy effect upon her, and she lives and blooms in the sunshine which has come into her life at last.” [Critic.] — “The entire motif of the story is the analysis of the painful shyness of an ingenuous girl, whose childhood has been shadowed by many circumstances tending to make her shrink into herself. The authors have done their part with a good deal of success, not the least being the fact that they manage to make Janet’s nervous misery, which is at first only not contemptible, become gradually subordinated to that unselfishness which is really a deeper-seated attribute of her character, and which eventually entitles her to the reader’s consideration. Honest and loving as she is, we do not, any more than her lover, feel a particle of respect for her until she rushes, as she supposes, into moral danger to save him from death, after the fashion of a valiant hen partridge or most magnanimous mouse. The local setting of ‘the Mimosa,’ the old house and policies left stranded in a grimy district of Scottish coal fields, the sundial under the copper beech, the glen in which Janet first meets her lover, are all real and suitable.” [Athenæum. 1773]

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN [by

ADELINE SERGEANT: Edinburgh, *Olliphant*, 1888.] “is a very beautiful, powerful, and pathetic story, the general effect of which we can best describe by saying that the book has reminded us very frequently of one or two of the best novels of Jessie Fothergill. We do not mean that the new story is at all imitative, or that we can lay our finger here and there upon special parallelisms or reminders; but that the general handling, especially the conception and grouping of character, does undoubtedly recall the total impression left by such books as *Probation* [No. 1703] and *Kith and Kin* [No. 1436], the intensity of passionate imagination, *Seventy Times Seven* must certainly take rank below the last named story, — one of the most impressive novels which has been written since the days of C. and Emily Brontë.” [Spectator. 1774]

SHADOW OF ASHLDYAT. [by ELLEN (PRICE) WOOD: *Bentley*, 1864.] “It is in the working out of the main fact, and in the variety of incidents involved, that the strength and charm of the story lie. We think that Mrs. Wood has dealt too leniently with the gay and gallant G: Godolphin, whose sins bring so much woe upon innocent persons; but even the female reader will be constrained to forgive Miss Charlotte Pain, unprincipled as she is, for the sake of her thorough good-nature. T: Godolphin is a noble character. The episode of Ethel Grame, the girl to whom he is engaged, is skilfully managed. Maria, the wife of G: Godolphin, is sure of the reader’s sympathy; she is a sweet and perfect wife — too perfect, for if she had expressed her own good sense with more emphasis, it would have been better, though not so pleasant, for the erring Mr. George. In all the details of the personal and private troubles which follow

the great catastrophē of the Bank, Mrs. Wood has shōn skill; but it must not be supposed that 'The Shadow of Ash-lydyat' is an oppressiv book — the reader's interest is never sacrificed, and it is a book which he may return to with pleasure." [Athenæum. **1775**

SHADRACH [Bell, 1879.] "is a very charming story. The modesty, the good taste and withal the vigorous performance of these deliflul volumes (which ar 'dedicated with tender and reverent gratitude to the memory of Annie Keary'), warrant the reader in believing that a worthy recruit has been enlisted in the service of a public. If these impressions ar just, more than the mantle of Miss Keary has fallen on the sholders of the writer to whom we ar indebted for the romance of 'Shadrach.' It is not that the narrativ is at all times sustained on the hīest levels, that the workmanship is always of the finest and subtlest, that the conception is thōroly original, the plot faultlessly proportioned, or the style without blemish. 'Shadrach' has its faults. It is, perhaps, too ambitious; its characters and incidents ar here and thēre a little vague and overdrawn; its motivs, always lofty and pure, occasionally defy the efforts of the artist and elude her grasp. Admitting all this, this story is ōne which may charm even the exacting and fastidious." [Athenæum. **1776**

SHANDON BELLS. [by W: BLACK: Harper, 1883.] "In 'Shandon Bells' we welcom a book which charms at the outset, and, if it dōes not maintain its fascination till the end, puts a sting of regret into our memory of it almost better than complete satisfaction. Mr. Black has indeed a supreme gift of endowing his women with charm, — a charm so ethereal and elusiv that it is, happily, to be felt and not described.

And Miss Kitty Romayne, besides making both the hero and the reader fall in lōve with her, writes lōve-letters which ar the treasure of the book, written with an overflo of fancy and feeling which the author has rarely surpassed. That the pretty, faithless, mercenary Kitty wins our heart, while to Miss Chetwynd's excellences and perfections we remain obstinately indifferent, may be true to every-day experience, but is, we think, one of the faults of the book. Master Willie Fitzgerald, the hero, is a very pretty hero indeed, — modest, lovable, clever, endowed with a warm heart and a capacity for intense sentiment which puts him wholly out of the category of modern heroes. The story of his entrance into London literary life is capitally given; and, ideal and fanciful as Mr. Black's imaginativ flits may be, his realism is always the simplest." [Lippincott's. **1777**

SHE WAS YOUNG AND HE WAS OLD. [by M.. L.. (STEWART) MOLESWORTH: Tinsley, 1872.] "We ar introduced to the heroin at a pensionnat, in Switzerland, whēre an english lady is living with her two dauers, under the care of Mr. Montluc, a worthy little 'pasteur,' whose chiēf claim to recognition lies in his being the husband of Mrs. Montluc. — Mrs. Urquhart is hopelessly ill, and Eleanor, that her mother may die happy, consents to marry her gardian, Mr. Marshall, a prosaic, pompous, but unaffectedly honest and simple-minded country lawyer . . . Once established as the wife of a middle-aged, humdrum attorney, immersed in business, Eleanor begins to feel, tho she was slo to realize, 'the galling yoke of an uncongenial, unsympathetic marriage,' and would hav found her isolated life intolerable but for the little sister on whom all her passionate tho undemon-

strative affection was lavished . . . We cannot do more than allude to the admirable touches which the writer has hit off many of the weak points of provincial life. This is a book which we can honestly recommend." [Athen. 1778

SHEBA. [by "RITA," i. e., Eliza M. J. (Galloway) Booth: *White & Co.*, 1889.] "The author retains her power of original portraiture of women, and Sheba, intellectual, imaginative, and passionate, will hold a conspicuous place in her gallery. The tragic history of the wild Australian girl, after her easy-going, but loving father's death, and when she has escaped from the thralldom of petty people with snobbish social aims, but no aspirations like hers, turns upon the terrible moral problem: given a loveless and sin-dishonored marriage, and an irregular connexion begun in ignorance, but riveted by sympathy and passion, which is the true marriage, which the outrage upon nature? It is not quite certain how far the author is in sympathy with Franz Müller, the old German violinist, who shakes Sheba's faith in the orthodox creed." [Athenæum. 1778a

SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR. [by W. A. BESANT & J. A. RICE: *Chatto*, 1879.] "A wholesome contrast is here drawn between the vigorous honesty and purity of the young Canadian farmer, the suspicious isolation of his long estranged father in England, the crushed affections and acquired timidity of his father's ward Lettice Langton (a heroine as pretty as her name), and the precocious development of vulgar vice in the foolish young clerk, her brother. The localities are drawn with a descriptive power which enhances the contrast of characters, and makes a picturesque setting to the story." [Athenæum. 1779

SILAS MARNER. [by "G. ELIOT": *Blackwood*, 1861.] "A poor, dull-witted, disappointed Methodist cloth-weaver; a little golden-haired foundling child; a well-meaning, irresolute country squire, and his patient, childless wife;—these, with a chorus of simple, beer-loving villagers, make up the *dramatis personæ*. More than any of her other works, 'Silas Marner,' I think, leaves upon the mind a deep impression of the grossly material life of agricultural England in the last days of the old régime,—the days of full-orbed Toryism, of Trafalgar and of Waterloo, when the invasive spirit of French domination threw England back upon a sense of its insular solidity, and made it for the time doubly, brutally, morbidly English. Perhaps the best pages in the work are those telling the story of poor Marner's disappointments in friendship and in love, his unmerited disgrace, and his long, lonely, twilight life at Raveloe, with the sole companionship of his loom." [H: James.]—"It has less variety, its pathos is more quiet, the dialogs are sometimes tedious instead of amusing, and the humor seems more an accident than an element of the book. The tale begins tragically and ends quietly . . . But Silas Marner is a masterly creation. It is evident that the author, with even more than her usual singleness of purpose, has concentrated all her power on the artistic development of this, her leading character, and her efforts have met signal success. The successive changes slowly wrought in this man's soul by the vicissitudes of his life are portrayed with marvellous effect. The instinct which enables G. Eliot to lay bare so thoroughly the heart, is equalled only by the rare skill shown in delineating these hidden springs of thought and action, which being so subtle and

undefined, ar more difficult to embody than to conceive. In depicting the solitary life of the outcast weaver, the author has also clearly solvd the problem of how the love of gold for its ōn sake alone can becōme, in a nature generous as well as intense, not ōnly an absorbing passion, but an all-satisfying enjoyment. No one, after reading *Silas Marner's* nřtly revels over his shining hoard, can wonder at such an infatuation, even while forced to deplore it. The loss of this gold, and the dawning of a new life upon the enfeebled intellect and heart of the weaver throu the gentle influence of a child, which not only brōt him nearer to God but to the world, is most tenderly and charmingly told. And the gradual way in which the transformation is effected commends itself particularly for its naturalness." [Christ. Examiner. **1780**

SIMPLE STORY (A). [by E.. (SIMPSON) INCHBALD, 1791.] "Open to criticism on many points, both literary and artistic, as it is, its appeal to what is tender and true in human nature is so genuin that the cool analyst is disarmed, and lured to recognition of the faith and feeling, the fondness and despair, in two eager, exacting, devoted, but perverse hearts. The magnetism of the story is its pathos, whērein few works of fiction excel this of Mrs. Inchbald's, who gave to this quality a new charm, and a hitherto unappreciated value as a means and method of imparting vital human interest to fiction. *Nature and Art*, tho similar in tone, is less complete and impressiv in this regard. The 'Simple Story' marks a transition period in novel-writing, when the mutual interaction of character, softened and inspired by sentiment, creates a new world of emotional experience." [H: Th. Tuckerman. **1781**

SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION.

[by A.. BEALE: *Bentley*, 1855.] "The ōnly foolish thing in this novel is its title, which is certainly enuf to deter any but an adventurous reader from its pages. Those who begin will, however, find their virtue rewarded by as pleasant a novel as they would wish to read on a winter's day. It is a well-drawn picture of domestic life; the characters ar well contrasted, and the situations and incidents ar interesting. Aunt Betsey and Uncle Timothy ar our favorits; Jessie, the mother-sister to her family, is charming,—which is saying no little for a model heroin. The book ends happily, and even a misanthrope must hav hopes of a world whēre so many happy marriages can take root and flourish. Thēre ar as many couples as in a country dance; and altho the figure is a little complicated, yet the rřt partners find each other at last, and everybody marries precisely the rřt person. If the candid reader had been consulted ever so much he could not hav arranged matters more to the contentment of everybody concerned." [Athenæum.] — [Lee.] "Simplicity and Fascination is unique in its pleasant old-fashioned directness, plainness, leisurely detail, and its great propriety, sincerity, and kindliness of spirit." [Overland. **1782**

SIR AUBYN'S HOUSEHOLD [by SIGMA: *Tinsley*, 1878.] "is the lōve-story of two sisters, one of whom is a beauty, the other, at least by comparison, plain. The writer has had the courage to contravene the common tradition in such a case; he makes the beauty the finer and the more interesting character of the two. How she givs her heart away, and what cōmes of it; throu what rapids and ruf places the current of her lōve has to run, and how it finds itself at last in peace, is very

attractively told. The characters are natural, if not striking; they talk like possible creatures, they never cease to interest us. The story is, indeed, scarcely the 'plain unvarnished tale' which the author is pleased to call it. The lover is found to be something like a prince in disguise; the heroine passes through adventures which are doubtless possible, which may even be probable, but which are certainly romantic, and scarcely enter into the calculable contingencies of life in the 19th century. But we do not know that the book is the worse for the introduction of this more novel and exciting element." [Spectator.

1783

SIR BROOK FOSBROOKE. [by C. LEVER: *Blackwood*, 1866.] "Several years have passed since Mr. Lever gave us so good a novel as 'Sir Brook Fosbrooke,' in which we encounter much of the pungent humor and mad frolic of his earlier tales, combined with certain higher qualities which are looked for in vain in his most popular stories. The drama opens in the mess-room of a regiment quartered at Dublin, with a scene which introduces us to a party of military men, who are chatting about the dissipations and scandals of the Irish capital with that caustic spriteliness which, according to novelists, characterizes the ordinary conversation of officers; and from this lively introduction, written in the author's happiest style, readers glide without effort into the body of the vivacious and vigorous narrative." [Athenæum.

1784

SIR FELIX FOY [by DUTTON COOK: *Low*, 1865.] "is a story of every day life, with nothing sensational or extravagant about it—a story which deals with persons who for the most part must appear, at first sight, commonplace, and even uninteresting. Sir Felix occupies

the most prominent position, or perhaps shares it with Lydia Finch, the lady who ultimately becomes his wife; but the pains which Mr. Cook has bestowed upon his principal performers have not rendered him careless about the minor personages of the drama. Mr. Foy, the baronet's brother, an amiable, eccentric, untidy clergyman, with a constant smile and 'a habit of nodding his head in a kindly approving way, no matter what sort of observation must be addressed to him,' is so pleasant a character that we are sorry not to have more of his company. Especially charming is the story of his quiet, unspoken love for Alice Pratt—a young lady in his parish, with very attractive eyes, and a chin 'charmingly fashioned, nibbled, as it were, with a dimple.' Then there is Lady Casey, the baronet's aunt, a spirited old lady, of a vagrant disposition, with a great belief in sherry as a specific for all sorts of ailments, both mental and bodily, who spends her life in roaming about, able to hold her own with all she meets, and indulging in utterances of an original and spicy nature." [London Rev. 1785

SIR JAMES APPLEBY [by K. S. MACQUOID: *Harper*, 1887.] "is an original and entertaining story, in which a young man who gives up law for literature exerts a decided influence on the fortunes of the characters by working a true story into a romance. The romance is read by people who follow the advice in 'Dombey and Son' to make an application on't, with important results to all concerned." [Critic. 1786

SIR JOHN [by CHRISTIANA J. DOUGLASS: *Hurst*, 1879.] "is a good, old-fashioned Scottish tale,—a calm, domestic narrative. It has abundant interest, without any straining after the sensational. . . . Jenny Setocun's lovers are drawn with much appreciative taste,

and the contrast between them is finely and firmly bróut out. Jenny's friend, too, has a pretty lōve story, which finally ripens into an arrangement such as men's sisters perhaps more frequently intrigue for than accomplish." [Athenæum. **1787**

SIR PERCIVAL [by J: H: SHORTHOUSE: *Macmillan*, 1887.] "is perfect, and tho unpretentious it is beautiful in its simplicity. Sir Percival is a very modern lad, and the story is that of two girls who lōved him; both hī-bred and noble-hearted, tho ōne was an ascetic and ōne a religious and social radical. The story is beautifully told, and tho the situation is a little strained, and both girls ar a little morbid, thère is a charm in the fascination of the style which makes the book a grateful oasis in the desert of realism. It is a very little book, and one longs for more of its cool purity and gracious, aristocratic charm." [Critic.] — "It leaves an impression of being elevated and made better, and its moral beauty, spirituality, and nobility of motiv make most recent novels seem leaden, earthly and commonplace in comparison." [Spectator. **1788**

SIR TOM. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*, 1884.] "Thère is no indication in 'Sir Tom' of any failure of Mrs. Oliphant's well-knōn incisiveness and ease, but the story will not be remembered as ōne of her happiest efforts. Perhaps that is partly the result of the uninteresting and common-place figure of Sir Tom himself. Having spent a rather purposless and not very innocent life, principally abroad, he marries, in his forties, a yung heiress of unusual innocence, who enables him throu her fortune to take a leading part in his county for which he becōmes M. P. He is good natured and sincerely fond of his wife and infant

son; but his tenderness dōes not carry him the length of consenting to her dealing with her money according to the tenor of her father's will, nor his reverence to that of refraining from inviting into his house a certain Contessa di Forno-Populo and her *protégée* Bice, the former lady an acquaintance of his bohemian days, and the latter of entirely unknōn parentage and history. The principal part of the story deals with the endurance by poor Lady Randolph of her husband's neglect under the influence of his fascinating friend — endurance which culminates in the sharp pain of discovering, on what seems good authority, that Bice, the brīt yung italian, with the morals of a savage and the impulses of an affectionate child, the ōnly one of the party who feels an honest friendship for her, is her husband's dauter. One of the best parts of the book is the contrast between the open-hearted Bice, who looks upon her patroness's efforts to trade her away in matrimony as the most natural thing in the world, and the almost equally simple Lucy Randolph, who employs all the means in her power to prevent what she deems a revolting act of human sacrifice. Bice's relations, too, with the excellent Jack Trevor, a fine specimen of the mingled priggishness and callōness which blend with better qualities in the 'sixth-form' boy, and with that superior person M'Tutor, Jack's guide, filosofer, and friend, ar very amusing." [Athenæum. **1789**

SISTER [Smith, 1888.] "is a domestic story of a superior kind, and deserves an appreciativ welcom. The language is pure, and this is the more satisfactory becaus the narrativ is not stiff and awkward, but has the freedom too often secured at the sacrifice of grace, if not correctness. That on

which the author may specially congratulate himself is that he can produce the natural manner, expressions, acts, and expedients of ordinary men and women without suggesting anything like slavish imitation. The 'Sister' who is the central figure of the story is the eldest of a family of 4 girls, who lose first their mother and then their father, but are kept fairly safe against the buffets of fortune by their good sense, their staunch friends, and, above all, by the more than motherly care of 'the hen,' as Jane Anderson is lovingly called by her younger sisters. Two of the four are made thoroughly happy in the orthodox sense of marrying well; and the other two are left, at the close of the story, possibly just as happy in another way, though their path to happiness is thorny. There is really not much more in the book than the love stories of the sisters, but these stories are treated in such a way that the reader will not be likely to crave for more excitement." [Athenæum.

1790

SISTERS OF OMBERSLEIGH (The) [by ROSA MACKENZIE KETTLE: *Unwin*, 1888.] "reminds us of Miss Austen. It is a placid bit of gentle life, in which, however, the characters are distinct enough. Agnes, the shy, undemonstrative wife of a brilliant husband, who has married in haste to repent at leisure, is an excellent study, while her far more attractive sister Isabella is in her way as pathetic a figure. The style is classical, with an old-fashioned ring about it. Altogether, slight in texture as it is, the little story has more individuality than most modern novels." [Athenæum.

1791

SIX TO SIXTEEN. [by JULIANA HORATIA (GATTY) EWING: (†, 1886) *Bell*, 1875.] "The author shows a fine insight into character in her portraits of infantine

humanity, and the growth of Margery and her friends into bright and lovable girlhood is traced with rare simplicity and corresponding skill. Mrs. Ewing's story for girls is a pretty little volume suggestive of many moral deductions, but never weighed with the least taint of 'preachiness'—in which a small family party of boys and girls tell their stories and reveal their characteristics in a picturesque and unobtrusive fashion. Girls, who reason partly with their hearts, should have more leisure than men for this complete development. This bright and suggestive writer is responsible for apparent deviation from the grooves of the reviewer's duty. To return to them, we may say that we have rarely met, on such a modest scale, characters so ably and simply drawn." [Athenæum.

1792

SKIRMISHING [by HENRIETTA CAMILLA (JACKSON) JENKINS: (†, 1885) N. Y., *Leypoldt*, 1866.] "is a simple and touching story, delicately conceived, and breathing throughout a spirit of kindness and Christian charity, and a sympathetic love and appreciation of all which is beautiful in nature and elevating in thought. The characters are mere sketches, but marked by so distinct individuality as to render elaboration unnecessary. The scene is laid in the pleasant village of Eden, far from any highway . . . The greatest interest centres in her child, whose sad and touching story awakens a feeling of deep sympathy akin to that which one experiences for 'Mignon.'" [Round Table.]—"Altho of a lighter character than 'Who Breaks,' and shorter, we think it more complete. The racy dialog is racier. The plot unfolds with the dash and rapidity of a French comedy. The plot is a gem of a plot. There is a spicy little mystery whose catastrophe is positively a surprise even in these days;

and yet not a bit of a forgery or a particle of the Braddon machinery is employed. It is the kind of a story which suggests dramatization, only that by making a play of it the clever descriptions, and the scraps of philosophy scattered throughout, would be lost. We read of all sorts of old ladies in books, sharp, or senile, or benevolent, or pious, but rarely one of that kind which is rare enough, but still to be found in life—an old woman who adds experience to ability without extinguishing the warmth and spontaneity of youthful feeling; who joins to that fine result a quick wit, a keen sense of the ridiculous, a touch of defiance of public opinion, the utmost benevolence, and a mind well stored with the reading and events of the day. Mrs. Lescrimière remembers her part, too, in the revolution. She tells an apt story well. Her good-humored antagonisms to British prejudices is delightful. Her ruling principle is expressed in the motto quoted from her on the title-page: 'Never repent a good action, however it turns out for yourself.' Such a person in one's house would be a perfect specific for all sorts of selfishness and moroseness; we are not sure that it is not a partial cure just to read of her." [Nation.]

1793

SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON (The) [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Smith*, 1864.] "is a capital sketch of country life, with its quiet pleasures and quiet sorrows,—its ineffable sameness and appalling dullness. To this are added pictures of London boarding-house life, and several scenes in his life . . . The character of Mr. Crosbie is also well drawn,—his struggle between love of rank, position, property,—and innocence and simplicity, is given with a minuteness and truth that can be rarely equalled. The misery he entails upon

himself, not so much by his wrong-doing as from the inherent nobleness of his nature, is run into its minute moral results. We cannot help sympathizing with him in the manly way in which he accepts the results of his villainy, and resolves to live the best life in his power with his wife, whom he does not love. The two female characters are masterpieces. Fresh, natural, simple, full of life and feeling and foibles, they move before us as living characters." [Christian Examiner.]—"Does any body wish to know where to find the best and nicest girls in all England—the kindest, the purest, the pleasantest young ladies we have ever met—at least in a book? They used to live in the 'Small House at Allington.' For a while we know Miss Lily Dale lives with her mother still. And if there are no better and nobler men in the world than such as Mr. Trollope has yet introduced to her acquaintance, we would have this most lovable of women abide still in her maiden home. Crosbie, Adolphus Crosbie of Sebright's Club, is a selfish, heartless coward, a slave to the vain pursuit of social ambition; Johnny Eames, with all his frankness and good feeling, is deficient in strength of mind. Neither of these could be worthy of Lily Dale. We like the custom which Mr. Trollope has adopted,—that of bringing into a later story, among its background figures, a few of the most interesting characters of a former tale. [See Nos. 1082, 1213, 1288, & 1999.] There is the dear old warden [compare No. 1131, end], that pattern of Christian meekness and fidelity, whom Crosbie meets at the cathedral door of Barchester; there is the pushing and prosperous archdeacon, with his daughter, Lady Dumbello, a mere monument of fashionable elegance, a superb and stately belgravian doll. In the same manner, if Mr. Trollope pleases,

we shall again see Lily Dale. She will make the most agreeable and estimable of old maids. It will be such a comfort to her mother, the wido, that Lily should remain at the Small House—it will be such a blessing to the children of Dr. and Mrs. Crofts at Guestwick,—that for Mrs. Dale's sake and for Bell's sake, whom we care to see happy as well as Lily, we would rather not hav her married and carried away." [London Review. **1794**

SNAPT GOLD RING (A) [by F. WEDMORE: *Smith*, 1871.] "is, if we may venture to say so, a bohemian novel, but not unpleasantly bohemian. Ringley and Warner ar unmistakable Bohemians, of a hier class, however, than we generally meet. It is the old story, which will go on repeating itself as long as there ar artists and poets in this world, and pretty faces to enchant them. Our Shelleys will, to the end of time, fall in love with simple girls who cannot understand them. And so ensues the tragedy of life, ending only in death. Mr. Wedmore's book is full of life and spirit; there is not a dull page. It abounds with sparkling criticism on books, pictures, and men. It is, in short, the very reverse of the ordinary circulating novel." [Westminster Review. **1795**

SOAP [by CONSTANCE MACEWEN: *Simpkin*, 1886.] "is a sparkling little romance and is so much the reverse of shallo, that one not accustomed to such style and diction mīt look for an even deeper significance than really underlies the surface . . . There is the rich and fantastic Gautier, who determines to be loved for himself, not for the sake of the 'soap' which 'made' him, and is still the source of his fortune. To this end he accomplishes his metamorfosis into a poor but portly german professor, of a vaguely speculativ turn, and proceeds

(successfully) to induct the mystic Miss Ben-Israel into the deeper mysteries of intellectual affinities and others . . . Besides her power of expression and fancy and her understanding of many fāses of human nature, Miss Macewen has a whimsical humor, often bordering on extravagance, which is really a very pleasing feature of her writing, much more so than a certain unprofitable mistiness which occasionally overtakes her. A keen, not to say trenchant vue of society is always present, with the excellent result of spurring the dulled mind to fresh interest in and observation of its surroundings." [Athen. **1795a**

SOME DAY OR OTHER [by J. M. KIPPEN: *Tinsley*, 1879.] "is pretty, moderately exciting, happy in its issue, and consolatory to the hearts of all true and faithful lovers. There is no great fault to be found with its matter or its manner." [Athenæum. **1796**

SOME OF OUR GIRLS. [by E. () EILOART: *S: Tinsley*, 1875.] "The dramatis personæ ar 4 inmates of one household—a yung heiress, who, at the outset of the story, is under medical care for an indisposition which has deeper than fysical causes; Polly Brooke, a tradesman's dauter and governess in the doctor's family; Susan, a cockney servant of the modern school; and Madge, a work-house waif, sullen and debased by her pauperism, and despised for it by her fello-servant. The interest of the tale depends on the progress by which these four, isolated from each other as they ar at first by their several accidents and by a vast amount of natural antagonism of character, ar drawn together by circumstances into relations more consistent with nature and morality." [Athenæum. **1797**

SON OF HIS FATHER (The) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT:

1887.] "is one of Mrs. Oliphant's strong and fine stories which captivate the interest and at the same time educate the soul. The story is that of a yung fello whose mother fears he has inherited the unfortunate traits of his scapegrace of a father; and altho the mother is a little overdrawn in her capacity for cold, stern judgment, she is nevertheless a type, and the story is told with intensity and fascination." [Critic. **1798**

SON OF THE SOIL (A) [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: 1865.] "Co'in Campbell is a scotch lad, who makes his way from the shores of his nativ Loch Lomond to one of the pulpits of his national kirk, gathering on the road the best honors of Glasgow and Oxford scholarship. This would contain but little romance in itself, but the poor farmer's son rather oddly saves twice from drowning the youthful heir of an english aristocrat. This complication with the family of a wealthy baronet involves the son of the soil in a fruitless flirtation, first with the baronet's niece, on whom the handsom, manly, brilliant yung Scot made considerably less impression than she did on him; while the second rescue threw yung Campbell into a dying sickness which sent him to Italy for health, whêre he found another affair of the heart, which eventually, and after much not over-smooth running, grew from pity into affection, and from this into wedlock." [Nation. **1799**

SONS AND DAUGHTERS. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1890.] "The best thing in it is the discovery by Gervase — the sensitiv, ultra-refined, hypercritical moralist, who nearly loses a healthy-minded girl who lōves him rather than accept a sum of money from an unknōn hand — of his father, who has taken bankruptcy so easily, living obscurely with a yung

wife and family. Old Mr. Burton's uneasy shamefacedness when he meets his son under these novel conditions, and the mutual relief with which they part, ar in Mrs. Oliphant's best manner. But on the whole the book is very slīt, tho we hav never yet been able to call the author dull." [Athenæum. **1800**

SOPHY CARMINE. [by "J: STRANGE WINTER," i. e., Henrietta Eliza Vaughan (Palmer) Stannard: *Lovell*, 1889.] "Dōes anybody ever tire of J: Strange Winter and her delītful army people? Here in Sophy Carmine ar many of our old acquaintances — Bootles and his wife, and their inimitable little maids, Lil and Mignon, and comrads, and the demure Sophy, for whom the match-making Mrs. Bootles means to secure a husband during the Christmas visit at Ferrers Court — succeeding two-fold better than she had dared to hope. It is deliciously told, arch, and dainty, and captivating; and the *dénouement* is all one could wish." [Boston "Literary World." **1801**

SPRIG OF HEATHER (A) [by GERALDINE BUTT: *Ward*, 1878.] "is picturesque in its tragedy, and domestic in its happier fâses. It deals with pleasant people who crumple thêir rose leavs for lack of serious trials. Marjory Gilmour, waiting for her lōver, falls in lōve with another in his absence. The discarded suitor, being a gentleman, withdraws from the field." [Athen. **1802**

SQUIRE ARDEN. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1871.] "The interest which attaches to the principal character arises from the strange freak of destiny which places an open-hearted youth, emancipated by a forein education from the conventional trammels of english society, in the position of an innocent usurper of the possessions and honors of an oll family.

The Ardens, with their cherished exclusiveness and vindictive traditions—the Thornleighs with their almost naive self-surrender upon the altar of fashion—the commercial Pimpernels, with their unblushing and out-spoken vulgarity—the cynicism of the doctor,—the worldly shrewdness of the family lawyer,—the æsthetic radicalism of Lord Newmarch, most priggish of patrician doctrinaires, ar all equally strange and perplexing to our honest and long suffering hero. Yet the dignity of an uprit and pure conscience sustains him worthily, alike in the lesser troubles of his uneasy eminence and in the more tragic downfall of his fortunes. We ar never indeed less inclined to despise him, gentle and tender-hearted as he is, than when the real value of his manhood is tried by the cruellest of tests, the collapse of all the ties which his affectionate nature had assimilated to himself in his prosperity. When he finds himself a stranger in the domain he has been taut to regard as an ancestral home—when the maiden of his choice resigns him as a sacrifice to the claims of society,—when his sense of justice compels him to enrich a bitter and insidious enemy,—and when òne whom he has learned to lōve as a sister forsakes him to unite herself to his rival, he parts from all with resignation, even with a sad satisfaction in the thòt that his out-spokenness has enabled him to reinstate the matronly good fame of the wife of his most fatal enemy. Yet thère is nothing overdrawn or unnatural in his mental attitude.” [Athenæum. **1803**

SQUIRE LISLE'S BEQUEST. [by A.. BEALE: *Hurst*, 1883.] “The character of Aveline is uncommonly pleasing. A sweeter picture of a girl we hav seldom seen. The french retired teacher, too, is excellently drawn . . . Praise, too, must be given to the drawing

of the characters of the 4 sisters. Their resemblances and their differences ar marked with a skill which is nothing less than subtle. We much admire the tact with which Miss Beale has worked out the development, which a nature substantially the same in these 4 women, a nature petty and narro, but not radically evil, receives under the various circumstances under which they ar placed.” [Spectator.

1804

SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE (The) [by AMELIA EDITH (HUDDLESTON) BARR: *Clarke*, 1887.] “is a quiet, unsensational, but by no means uninteresting story of family life, and is thōroly well written and healthful in tone. Here and thère may be found a touch of sentimentalism; but thère is no mawkiness and thère is no preachiness, for which we cannot be too thankful, as these ar the besetting sins of books written with an eye to the līter requirements of the religious public. The scene is the Lake District, and Mrs. Barr's descriptions could hav been written only by a loving observer of nature. She has also a keen eye for character; her conversations ar natural; and her incidents happily chosen.” [Spectator.

1805

SQUIRE'S LEGACY (The). [by M.. CECIL HAY: (†, 1886) *Hurst*, 1875.] “Thère is sufficient mystery in the story to sustain the interest evenly and without effort; the people ar nearly all pleasant and natural. We fancy that the sympathies of most readers will be with the yung squire rather than with the romantic and somewhat feminin yung lawyer who, by virtue of his being the heroin's accepted lover, is, we suppose, the rītful hero of the tale; we do not wonder that tho Doris never wavers in allegiance to Kenneth, she occasionally yields to the charm of Scot Monkton's chivalrous affection. How

everybody who deserves to be happy is made so, including the readers of the story, who will be sure to see very early in the story whom Doris ôt, in the eternal fitness of things, to marry, we hav no intention of disclosing. The old lawyer is, we should say, a sketch from life, and the 2 ânts, Michal and Joan, ar charming." [Spectator. **1806**

STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON!

[by W: BLACK: *Low*, 1891.] "Never has the author been more true to the national characteristics than here, but for that very reason we think the figure which is pathetic to us may be repugnant to the mass of readers, who hav little tolerance for rodomontade, and less for genteel poverty. Yet, granted a hîstrung, poetic temperament, saturated with all the ballads and lyrics which hav rung throu the North, given a lifelong hope, dear to patriotic pride, blîted to the extent of confusing a reason never very sane; add privation and penury and the struggle of a hauty spirit to ignore the pressure of lo circumstances, and such a character as the hero of this book merits pity and not contempt . . . And Mr. Black knoes how to relieve the monotony of Bethune's rather sordid surroundings. To say nothing of the hîlts of song which diversify his monologs, his dauter Maisrie, as tender as her name, whose honesty is as intuitiv as the moral confusion of her grandsire; her excellent english lover, a typically straitforward gentleman; and the more conventional, but not less vivid minor portraits, afford an excellent foil to the central figure. Lord Musselburgh and his wife, tho slîtly sketched, suffice to contrast the modern actualities of society with the imaginary world in which the enthusiast has his being." [Athenæum. **1807**

STARLING (The). [by NORMAN

MACLEOD: N.-Y., *Dodd*, 1875.] "One sees here how much it is in a novelist's favor to hav settled social custom to rest upon, for we fancy it is largely from that source that the little story draws its wholesom quietness and solidity. To this is added a fair measure of literary skill, however, which is by no means so unimportant a factor of success as many of our indigenous geniuses would seem to consider it. Thus it happens that a careful, educated writer, not confused by the notion that with him alone rests the duty of revealing to the world the real nature of an entire national life, is able to make a credible and sufficiently entertaining story out of the lôve of an old soldier and his wife for a bird which excited sôme scotclf children to noisy merriment on the Sabbath, and which the parish minister held should be put to death. The disgrace and anxiety which for a time overshadowed them, and the circumstances which brôt all rît again, ar detailed with a good deal of obviousness of edification and sôme padding, it is true, yet with the ease and completeness which come of a good school. In respect of construction and simplicity of key 'The Starling' is commendable." [Nation. **1808**

STEPHEN THE SCHOOLMASTER

[by M.. E. GELLIE: *Griffith*, 1879.] "is called by its author a story without a plot, but it has as much plot as the majority of lôve-stories. It folloes the chequered fortunes of its hero from indigent boyhood to comfortable maturity, and it traces the disturbed current of a true and romantic affection into smooth waters and a happy, haven. Without lacking the savor of a good novel, the book is simple and pleasing; nothing which could possibly be obnoxious is forced down the reader's throat, and there ar no bad people to ruffle our

serenity. In fact, the story mīt serv for an easy introduction to the mystery of lōve, which no parent or gardian need be afraid of placing in the hands of an unsophisticated girl.” [Ath. 1809

STIFF-NECKED GENERATION

(A). [by LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN) WOLFORD: *Blackwood*, 1889.] “An uncommonly brit and captivating girl is the Rosamund who is the heroin of this very readable story. It is her mother who stands for a stiff-necked generation, and who, insisting upon her dignity as ‘Lady Caroline,’ wife of plain Mr. Lis-

card, so restrains her brilliant dauter that she breaks loose in an unexpected way and becōmes engaged to the uncultivated Major Gilbert, instead of falling in with the maternal plan and fixing her affections on her cousin, Lord Hartland. Thère is a most delitful match-making ânt Julia, whose character is drawn with sōme touches which remind one of Miss Austen. Thère ar the loud sisters of the major and the 2 or 3 family groups, all very life-like. Lady Caroline’s sudden death, just after the engagement, is made ōne means of opening the eyes of Rosamund to her mistake, an1 thenceforth all the circumstances move strait towards the dénoûment, which cōmes as ânt Julia would hav it, in spite of the poor girl’s determination to do her duty by her betrothed. In the sudden development of manly traits in the major the author has shōn much skill, and she invests the close of his career with such a pathos that he becōmes the true hero. Thère is a good deal of human nature in the father and the irrepressible Catherine; the glimpses of home life ar excellent, and the story has throuōut an atmosfere of reality.” [Boston “Literary World.”] — “Rosamund is sufficiently like other girls to be quite willing to ilealise a clever, kindly

yung man, and then to fall in lōve with her ideal, but she likes to do her idealisation for herself; and Lady Caroline, with the shortsitedness not unusual in her tribe, is so persistent in her panegyrics on Lord Hartland, that in his direction thère is no vacant space in which Rosamund’s imagination can exploit itself. What more natural than that she should turn from the solid but repelling perfections of the yung peer to the more shōy and superficial attractions of the dashing soldier, Major Gilbert? We feel that it is not only natural but almost inevitable; and it is certainly inevitable that in the case of a girl like Rosamund, the illusion should not be permanent . . . Mrs. Walford’s most complex, and also most successful creation, is undoubtedly Major Gilbert. He is a thōroly vulgar person, utterly devoid of the tact which comes from the quick feelings of a gentleman, and he is placed before us in a series of situations in which we see him to the very worst advantage; but behind his vulgarity thère is character; — thère is even a certain nobleness, and we ar made to realise the latter as fully as we realise the former. Subtlety of handling which results in simplicity of effect is always fine art, and the portrait of Major Gilbert seems to us very fine art indeed.” [Spectator. 1810

STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD, See *NEIGHBORS ON THE GREEN*.

STOKESLEY SECRET (The) [by C.. M.. YONGE: *Mozley*, 1861.] “is ōne of Miss Yonge’s family histories, containing as many little boys and girls as ‘The Daisy Chain.’ It is rather confusing and difficult at first to distinguish ōne of the 9 yung Merrifields from the others, but they gro upon us by degrees, and their various characteristics stand

out clear and distinct towards the end. There is something natural and true in the picture of school-room life: the little naughtinesses, the petty teasings, the small vexations, will be familiar to every member of a large family. Miss Fossbrooke, the young governess, is a delightful personage." [Athenæum. **1811**

STORY OF A SHORT LIFE (A) [by JULIANA HORATIA (GATTY) EWING (†, 1886) N. Y., *Young*.] "surpasses every thing the author had done, and is a little master-piece. We have spoken of it as pathetic, but its pathos is not that of weak sentimentality; on the contrary, the tale is as strong as it is touching, as natural as it is tender. The story of the handsome, brilliant, spoiled boy, instructed in the nobleness of the family motto 'Lactus sorte mea,' and remembering to shout it appreciatively as he rides away to what he feels to be the greatest joy of his young life, only to find that it leads him to his greatest sorrow, is most beautifully told; and the account of his suffering and death is all the better for not being that of a morbid 'little Paul,' but that of a headstrong, active youth, whose patience under trial comes only with an effort." [Critic. **1812**

STORY OF VALENTINE AND HIS BROTHER. [by M^{rs}. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Harper*, 1875.] "The plot is quite original, and is ingeniously wrought out. Lord Eskside's son marries a gypsy girl, who, having given birth to twin boys, unable to endure the restraints of civilization, disappears. Several years later, she secretly leaves one of the boys at his grandfather's house, where he is recognized and adopted. How, finally, all the members of the family are reunited is told in a pleasant narrative, in which a charming little love-drama is fittingly enacted." [Boston "Lit. World." **1813**

STRAIGHTFORWARD. [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1878.] "There is always a peculiar pleasure in coming back, after other experiences in the field of literature, to one of 'Holme Lee's' novels. They are always carefully executed, for tho she writes much, she does not so over-task her pen as to be obliged to hurry its work. And they have always a clear, wholesome purpose. 'Straightforward' is one of the best. The hero is a foundling, and the story tells us how he wins his way in the world in the matters both of fortune and of love. The author has not, indeed, the courage to make him absolutely independent of all antecedents, and gives him, by a sort of afterthought, a respectable parentage. But when he fits his battle with the world, and wins the love on which his heart was set, he is practically 'filius nullius.' And a very fine, manly fellow he is, quite true to the world which is the motto of his story. A better picture of a real man, quite free from all affectations and meannesses, we do not know in the range of fiction; and we take it to be no small proof of genius that it comes from a woman's hand. The hero's boyhood makes a pleasant picture; pleasant, too, the description of the golden hours which he spends at the Italian lakes with the darling of his childhood, now grown to womanhood. Of a more sombre color are the scenes in his native town, where he has to live down the suspicions in which the eccentric behavior of a friend has involved him. The minor characters, too, have a genuine and natural look, the most cleverly and subtly drawn being, perhaps, Mr. Douce, the vicar, one of those men, personally blameless and even aiming at good, who can do so much harm by narrow-mindedness and want of courage, lending their prestige to abuses which they really hate, because

they are too timid to welcome the necessary movements of reform. This is an excellent novel, which we can recommend without reserve." [Spectator. 1814

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT (The). [by W. BLACK: Harper, 1888.] "The responsible heads are the two who figure in the 'Phaeton,' in 'White Wings,' and other romances. But the central figure is an American girl, Miss Peggy Rosslyn, whose saucy wit and delightful freshness of character make her one of Mr. Black's most charming heroines. The descriptions are not so felicitous as those of the earlier book, a canal tying the course of the voyage too closely. The plot is far too much of a repetition, if so slight a story can be said to have any. But after all is said, Mr. Black is surpassed by nobody in the genuineness and the freshness of his heroines, and Americans may welcome Peggy as best the attempt to depict an American girl which any British author has yet made. [American. 1815

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON (The) [by W. BLACK: Macmillan, 1872.] "is a charming book, full of beautiful scenery, and just such a bright and pleasant thread of story as beguiles the reader on . . . The journey made by the phaeton is from London to Edinburgh, through many villages and towns which have fallen out of knowledge of travelers; and from the silvery reaches of the Thames to the moors and burns of the Border, there occur landscapes enough to make a picture-gallery well worth having to refresh one's mind with in stormy days. The party thus traveling carries with it, too, a romance — a delightful young lady with a guitar, and an equally delightful young lover, who is characteristically, but not fatiguingly, German. How this romance

flows on along the pleasant road, through all the summer sights and sounds, with comments upon everything which comes across the traveler's path, and all manner of amusing discussions and disquisitions, the reader must find in the book. There is even room for complications, for an unhappy rival, and a considerable amount of that uncertainty which is so dear to the novelist, and everything comes to a delightful conclusion." [Blackwood's.] — "The young people fall in love, as in duty bound, and the elderly couple look on approvingly. 'In this wise they went through the sweetly-smelling country, with its lines of wood and hedge, and its breadths of field and meadow' . . . We follow them under a spell of enchantment, woven of soft and rich colors, sweet and spicy scents, and tender melodies. There is a glamour over every scene, over the great parks, the open downs, the green woods, the stretches of heath, the picturesque villages, the breezy hills, the silver lakes, the splendid road-ways lined with hedges, the old-fashioned inns, the quaint towns, and the broad sweeps of meadows, sometimes glimmering in the sunlight, and sometimes shining in the white rays of the moon. Even the rain does not interfere with our enjoyment. It only gives an opportunity for varying the pictures, of bringing in the soft grays, and hanging lit mists about the woods." [Scribner's.] See also Nos. 818, 1015, 1324, 1815.

1816

STRATHROWAN [Chapman, 1878.] "is a love story pure and simple; or, if it is complicated at all, the complication is due to the existence of one or two tributary streams of love flowing into the main current. The simple tale which thus appeals to the reader is acceptable by its thorough ingenuousness, which characterizes both the

manner of the narrativ and the majority of the personages who play their part in it. It is long since we hav found, in the production of an unknōn writer, the picture of a family so engaging, so unsophisticated, and, as a rule, so natural, as that of General Clifford, in which the delightful character of the heroin sparkles like a good stone well set. The author has been happy in the delineation of Helen Clifford, and has traced the course of her lōve with constant pathos, delicacy, and even subtlety. Her story and the story of her suitors ar told freshly, pleasantly, in a vein of unpretentious art. One feels that the book is good to read, not becaus its writer has thōt it out deliberately or labored over it painfully, but becaus he has conceived a noble and lōvely character, and has delineated it with a tender solicitude." [Athenæum. **1817**

STRICTLY TIED UP [by A. J. BERESFORD HOPE: *Hurst*, 1880.] "is entertaining. It is irish in subject, irish in spirit, and written in the easy, dashing, humorous style which has characterized sōme of the best english fiction having its origin on the other side of the channel. The scheme of the story is well proportioned, and worked out in all its complications with much care and skill. The author evidently knoes his ground, and rarely conveys to the mind of his reader so much as a suspicion that he is overdrawing his characters for the sake of effect, or painting his scenery with briter colors than ar warranted. If the plot confines the reader chiefly to Ireland and amongst **irish** people, this is by no means exclusively the case. He finds himself at different times in the midst of a London season, in Lincolnshire, at Bath . . . 'Strictly Tied Up' is thōroly a novel conceived in a lit and happy vein, and

scarcely even demanding a serious thōt." [Athenæum.] See *THE BRANDRETHS*. **1818**

STRUGGLE FOR FAME (A). [by C. ELIZA LAWSON (COWAN) RIDDELL: *Harper*, 1883.] "One story has a hero, the other a heroin, the corresponding figures in either case being of minor concern. Both struggle for fame in the world of literature, 'that land which has no itinerary—no finger-posts—no guides—it is a lone, hapless country' . . . The story offers more than the usual number of entertaining figures. In contrast to the heroin is a lady of quality, who publishes at her ōn expense. 'She can't write a bit—but she sells.' And in contrast to each other ar the publishers, Vassett of the old school, cautious, honest to the last fibre; and Felton, the 'Cheap Jack,' without a scruple." [Nation. **1819**

SUCH A GOOD MAN. [by W. A. BESANT & J. A. RICE: with 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay: *Chatto*, 1879.] "The satire upon sōme of our social, especially our mercantile idols, is here more pronounced. The great Sir Jacob Escomb, ironmaster and financier, is hardly a caricature of sōme very ill-favored fetishes which hav had thēir day. A farcical adventurer, genuinly in lōve with the astute wido who has twice disappointed him, makes an absurd, tho unlikely contrast to the ponderous philanthropist." [Athenæum. **1820**

SUCH IS LIFE. [by MAY KENDALL: *Longman*, 1889.] "A little group of yung people of hī aspirations, and a serious way of taking life, ar the persons to whom we ar introduced in a lōvely rural home. By hap of ill fortune they all cōme to London, whēre the stuff they ar made of is put to the test; and it bears the strain. The pure and loyal artist Lionel, and brave Nan, — who

spends herself for others, — find the deep peace there may be in self-surrender and acceptance of the inevitable. The rarely sincere Jim falls into line with the great, uncounted army of those whose ideals have proved false, and whose lives have been misplaced, but who can go on with their lives, loyal to truth and to themselves. Readers of Miss Kendall's *From a Garret* will have seen in these tender and touching studies and stories the qualities of this book — the same sympathy, and clear insight, probing to the depths of the heart — the same delicacy, refinement, dignity, subtle analysis, and charm of expression." [Boston "Lit. World." **1821**

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW [Newby, 1856.] "is a well written story. It has a wholesome moral; and we can recommend it to those in search of a book to read aloud." [Ath. **1822**

SURRENDER. [by LESLIE KEITH [JOHNSTON]: Low, 1881.] The characters are drawn with skill, and their individuality is sustained throughout. The story is carefully constructed . . . The book is well written, but in looking on the dreamy world which surrounds Joyce Daring we seem somehow to remember Miss Thackeray . . . The by-play in the book is charming. There is Miss Felicia, the little old maid, who has secretly adored Colonel Loveday for years, but is brave and meek enough to give place to her young niece. There is Tina, Joyce's sister, a heartless, self-indulgent little flirt, who poses always as an innocent child and gracefully shirks all responsibility. And there are two sisters, Barbara and Freda Dewhurst, with their bachelor establishment. On the whole, 'Surrender' may be safely recommended to all who care for a pleasant tale pleasantly told." [Athenæum. **1823**

SUSAN FIELDING. [by ANNIE

EDWARDS: *Sheldon*, 1869.] "Portia French, however, is a very creditable study. She is intended to be the type of the ambitious woman of the world, and thus to work as a foil to the virtues of Susan Fielding. In point of fact she is much more intelligent, agreeable, and in every way more attractive, than the immaculate Susan, and every reader will at once prefer her, selfish as she is, to her perfect, tiresome little country friend. Portia is an exceedingly careful and truthful study from life. In her we see the modern fashionable young lady of English and American society. She is handsome, accomplished, and possessed of more than the usual feminine share of strong good-sense. She prefers the ease and luxury of wealth to any other earthly blessing; and, as for matters beyond the earth, she never gives them a thought. She would be kind and gracious to every well-bred person were it in her power, and would be a true and affectionate wife to a man who could support her in the style which to her is synonymous with comfort. Without money herself, it is necessary for her to seek it in marriage, and hence it is quite impossible for her to lose time in an impracticable passion for a lover who possesses less than half a million. Nevertheless she is not heartless or selfish save in matters which concern her object in life — a rich marriage. Neither is she without noble possibilities, could she be freed from the necessity of fortune-hunting. No one has comprehended the real nature of the fashionable girl of the period more fully than Mrs. Edwards, and her embodiment of this conception in Portia is exceedingly creditable to her powers of mental and moral analysis, and her capacity for accurate and forcible portrait painting." [Round Table. **1824**

SUSSEX IDYL (A) [by CLEMEN-
TINA BLACK: *Tinsley*, 1877.] "is in
every way what its title implies, for the
story has much freshness and grace,
and its pictures hav a distinct local
coloring and a fidelity to nature . . .
But at the same time its reproductions
of country life ar unquestionably clever
and conscientious, its pathos is genuin,
its style is natural." [Athenæum. **1825**

SWEET SEVENTEEN. [by
ARTHUR LOCKER: *Chapman*, 1866.]
"Those writers of fiction who season
their pages with mysterious crime and
repulsiv vice, should study the modes
by which Mr. Locker captivates the
imagination of his readers with scenes
alike humorous and innocent. Instead
of making them endure his characters
by rousing a morbid curiosity as to the
sequel and result of a startling com-
mencement, he leads them to enjoy his
story by inspiring them with personal
interest in its characters. From first to
last the book is fresh with nature and
unconstrained pleasantry. The actors
ar neither tame nor commonplace;
the incidents bear no resemblance to
the conventional arrangement of story
tellers; and yet the drama so impresses
us with a sense of its fidelity to human
nature and society that we seem to en-
counter old friends and familiar faces
in every scene. Nor is this success the
less noteworthy becaus much of it is
due to the writer's prudence in confining
his delineations to the kinds of life
with which he is thōroly acquainted.
The world described is that of pro-
fessional men and merchants, clerks,
and petty tradesmen; and with such
never-flagging humor dōes Mr. Locker
set forth the ways and tempers of the
various persons who ar made to illus-
trate this comparatively humble life, that
no idle reader will feel aggrieved by

the one fault of a tale which runs to
more than twice the length of an ordi-
nary novel." [Athenæum. **1826**

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER [by
"HOLME LEE," i.e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*,
1858.] "is a fascinating yung woman,
with whom we recommend our readers
to make acquaintance. The work is the
best proportioned and best sustained
story the author has written . . . Throu-
ōut there is evidence of great care and
painstaking. It is well and solidly writ-
ten. There is nothing slit or superficial.
The author has evidently wished to do
her best, and she has succeeded in writ-
ing a novel which is well worth reading,
and which possesses the cardinal virtue
of being extremely interesting." [Athe-
næum. **1827**

SYLVAN QUEEN (A) [*Hurst*,
1880.] "is a picturesque and very pleas-
ing story. Rural scenes, more or less
unsofisticated characters, a quaint and
almost affectedly old-fashioned style of
narration, combine to make it read litly
and smoothly enuf . . . The principal
merit consists in its brīt little pictures of
country life and character." [Athe-
næum.] — "In the village, nothing can
be more happy than the sketches of the
jolly landlady; the gossipy, plausible
pedler; the nervous, plaintiv house-
keeper; and the taciturn, but civil and
trustworthy gamekeeper. The Sylvan
Queen is his dauter, and her beauty, her
ambition, her coquetry, her thōro, clever,
household womanliness, her genuin and
passionate devotion to her father, ar
sketched with great ability." [Specta-
tor. **1828**

SYLVIA'S LOVERS = No. 970.

TALE OF A LONELY PARISH (A).
[by FR. MARION CRAWFORD: *Macmil-
lan*, 1886.] "Mr. Crawford here excels
all his former work, and in his pleasant,
floing fashion has given us an interesting

story, consistent, relieved by touches of humor, and made various by the well studied characteristics of a quiet group in a country place, consisting of 2 women, 3 men, a child, and a dog." [American. **1829**

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION (A) [by C: READE: *Chatto*, 1872.] "is intensely interesting. Its plot is singularly original, the action is exciting, and the characters are drawn with great vigor . . . It is no worse than the majority of modern novels. These hint at, half conceal, and gloss over vice. Mr. Reade speaks of it in plain terms, as a positive element in human life and society which will not be winked out of sight. Looking at the story with exclusive reference to its power of entertainment, we must pronounce it very successful: the reader's interest increases from page to page; the cardinal event of the plot is skilfully veiled, and not until the closing pages are reached does the author explain just what the 'Terrible Temptation' was." [Boston "Literary World."] — "Mr. Reade denies, in an explanatory preface to this novel, that he ever intended to make the 'temptation' one to commit adultery, for the sake of securing an heir; but in so saying, he confesses failure. Everybody who read the book thought that this was its motif. [Spec. **1829**

THAT CHILD. [by MA. ROBERTS: *Whittaker*, 1887.] "This is a well written story of young people which older readers will find of interest. A little girl is the survivor of a railway accident and is taken as ward by Philippa Beaumont, who brings her up without much training. She is a wild creature although noble-hearted, and when Miss Philippa dies and is succeeded by Miss Priscilla, the two do not get on very well. Avic forms a friendship with the old antiquary, Simon Ashbury, who teaches her

music. He gives his time to the writing of a history of his native town, and proposes to use his fortune in publishing the work; but just before his death he burns the precious manuscript and leaves his money to Avic. The characters, as one might expect from the authorship, are all skilfully drawn, and the account of a child's emotions and experiences is very faithful and very true." [Boston "Literary World." **1830**

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S [by F. [ELIZA] (HODGSON) BURNETT: *Scribner*, 1877.] "has a somewhat fantastic plot, whose narration shows plenty of humor and pathos and a good deal of power. The story is briefly this: Joan Lowrie works at the mouth of a mine. Her father, a savage miner, conceives a great hatred for a pleasant young civil engineer who has occasion to correct him for opening his safety-lantern in the mine against the rules. He has, moreover, a habit of beating his daughter when he is drunk. She is touched by the kindness of the engineer to her when she is suffering from a blow given by her father, and in return she saves him from her father, helps rescue him half dead from the mine after a terrible accident, and finally consents to marry him, seeing that he had long been in love with her . . . Now it is one thing to be told in a poem, where defects of dress and education are not forced upon the reader's attention, that King Cophetua married a beggar maid, but it is another and very different thing to have a similar story told in prose with all sorts of realistic details. In the one case we see love a rule for itself, and it is easy to imagine that in the fairy land where the scene is laid there is not much difference between kings and beggar maids, but when the romantic story is told of our contemporaries, and we have

abundant proof of Jean Lowrie's absolute ignorance, and see how ungrammatically she spoke, and that she was, in fact, totally unfitted, so far as education goes, to be the companion of a child 8 years old, it is impossible to avoid thinking with some concern of the future married life of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick. Indeed, everyone will but too surely feel that she will never be fitted to be the young engineer's wife. Reading, writing, and ciphering are only a small part of what is needed before this girl could be turned into a civilized being [compare No. 1410] and it is a mistake for an author to give such a conclusion to so clever a novel as this is in many respects." [Nation. **1831**

THAT OTHER PERSON [by MA. (RAINE) HUNT: *Lippincott*, 1887.] "is of the higher grade, with a lesson of charity for an unfortunate girl which is unmistakable. Unusual treatment at the hands of the novelist a forsaken mistress — 'that other person' — receives [compare No. 1261], and it is this girl, Hester, who is the true heroine, and not 'Zeph,' the beautiful young wife who drives her husband away by her insane jealousy. The characters of the antiquary and his wife are delicately drawn, and so are those of John Simonds and the noble-hearted old Doctor; no one is perfect, and no one is altogether bad; the different persons introduced act much like human beings, so that naturally it becomes a pleasure to follow them from day to day, and see what is to be the outcome. The action takes us into a pleasant region, and the descriptions of scenery, of both out-of-door and in-door life, add to the attractions of a book which is well worth reading." [Boston "Literary World." **1832**

THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE. [by F. ELEANOR (TENNAN)

TROLLOPE: *Bentley*, 1889.] "Those of us who have learned the art of contentment are satisfied to forego originality — in the sense of novelty — if we can now and then find a book which recalls the delights of the old times, when a novel sometimes justified its name. Such a book as 'That Unfortunate Marriage,' which reminds us often of the work of Miss Austen and still oftener of Mrs. Gaskell; indeed, some of the sketches of life in Oldchester might have come straight out of the pages of 'Cranford' [No. 1175]. The strong-minded and large-minded Mrs. Dobbs and her faithful admirer and ally, Jo Weatherhead, who believes, not without reason, that she is a pearl among women, are a delightful pair, but the most perfectly Gaskellian characters are the Piper sisters . . . Pleasant company is also to be found in the society of the good-natured organist, Sebastian Bach Simpson, whose mere name would have crushed the vitality out of a less light-hearted musician; but with all her musical people, professionals and amateurs, Mrs. Trollope is evidently at home, and the chapters devoted to them are the liveliest and brightest portions of a book which is of fitness and brightness all compact . . . Really good light comedy can be enjoyed in any mood, and because it is provided here, 'That Unfortunate Marriage' is a book for every reader and for every season." [Spectator. **1833**

THEREBY [by "FAYR MADOC:" *Blackwood*, 1885.] "is distinguished by a happy audacity of method, a crisp style, and a dialog which is always lively and occasionally witty. 'Fayr Madoc' introduces us to a circle where servants and philanthropists, politicians and men and women of fashion, meet on common ground, and the discussion of social and religious problems which arise out of these meetings is conducted with con-

siderable spirit and versatility. There is also no lack of sensational incident, and the love-making is carried on in a fashion that is at once original and entertaining. The plot is decidedly fantastic, and some of the details are clumsily contrived. But such defects are readily condoned when the general result is so exhilarating. The characters are all well drawn, and the author shines to most advantage in the delineation of women . . . The whimsical vein, perhaps, suits 'Fayr Madoc' best, but there is a good deal of serious thought incisively expressed in the pages of 'Thereby.' The author has a decided turn for epigram, and the conversation is enlivened by many felicitous sayings which have the additional merit of spontaneity. In fine, there is food for reflexion as well as for mirth in 'Thereby,' and we shall welcome with pleasure any future work from the pen of a bright and amusing writer." [Athen. **1834**

THIRD MISS ST. QUENTIN (The) [by M. L. (STEWART) MOLESWORTH: *Hatchard*, 1838.] "is a contemporary version of Cinderella. Some years ago we had a similar adaption, on a smaller scale, from the delightful pen of Miss Thackeray [compare Nos. 1149 and 1273] . . . Mrs. Molesworth's adherence to the main structural lines of her classic original is characterized by as much fidelity as the prosaic conditions of real life will allow. Of course, the godmother has lost her supernatural powers, and the pumpkin coach, its rat horses, and mice footmen, are exchanged for more familiar modern representatives, while the Prince is only a very charming young English baronet; but so long as we have the elder sisters, and the ball, and the 12 o'clock departure, and the loss of the slipper and the finding of the slipper, and the happy marriage of the Prince and Cinderella, what more do

we want? . . . At last, however, Ella's eyes are opened; she wins at once her sister and her prince, and a very pretty story comes to an appropriately happy ending." [Spectator. **1835**

THIRLBY HALL. [by W. E. NORRIS: *Harper*, 1884.] "The love-making in 'Thirlby Hall' is, like all Norris' love-making, consummately well done, and the hero's infatuation for a certain Lady Constance Milner is managed with cleverness and dexterity: the reader understands the worth of it, and, while he believes in its present reality, feels sure that Charley Maxwell will finally be led out of the temptation and delivered from the evil of forgetfulness of his early love. Loosely twisted though the threads of the novel seem, they are nevertheless held by a strong and careful hand, and a hundred causes working together bring an excellent dénouement. The date of the story is 30 years ago; but we trust that the retrospective tone which pervades it is merely a part of the novelist's stock-in-trade, and that Mr. Norris is a young man [born 1847] with half a century before instead of behind him, which he may devote to the writing of books like 'Matrimony' [No. 1799] and 'Thirlby Hall.'" [Lippincott's. **1836**

THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH. [by M. (RAINE) HUNT: *Low*, 1875.] "Audrey, with many prejudices and infirmities of temper, is still a noble specimen of an English maiden. It is well for her in the end that she learns to love her honest cousin, the shopkeeper, whose manly faithfulness earns its reward in due time." [Athenæum. **1837**

THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD. [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1875.] "This young person, Winifred Hesketh, is, we must admit, as charming a heroine as we have met for many a day. The daughter of the elder

son of a London merchant, who has married a successful milliner in a small town, she is left fatherless at an early age. . . . Whether as a 'half-boarder' in a young ladies' school, or as a governess in aristocratic families, or when her one love-passage has ended in regret, or in the alternate successes and disappointments of authorship, she is a pleasant picture of an unselfish, unselfconscious, thoroughly self-reliant woman." [Athenæum. **1838**

THOMAS [by LUCY (LANE) CLIFFORD: in "Tales from Blackwood," N. S., I.] "—a story of an errand-boy who develops into an accomplished doctor and marries the daughter of the house in which he cleaned knives and boots, is declared to be that of a real personage, which, of course, disarms any criticism of the probability of his good fortune." [Athenæum.]—The tale is interesting and charmingly told. **1839**

THOMASINA [by M^{RS}. AGNES (COLVILLE) PAUL: *King*, 1872.] "herself, is at first a delightful child and afterwards a charming girl, until she marries, and then the story comes to an end: if we had not been acquainted with her from her birth we should, perhaps, have been no more interested in her than in any heroine of a pleasant and well-written story, who falls in love with the wrong man and flies in the face of her family traditions; but, having watched her course from the time when her mother was inclined to offer objections to the hereditary christian name of the ladies of the Bertram family, and through childhood to womanhood and marriage, we regard her with different feelings. The merits of the book depend so much more on character than on incident that it would be absurd to give any sketch of the story; and the style being rather 'plain in its neatness' than sparkling or epi-

grammatic, extracts would not give a fair idea of it. So we will only assure our readers, that if they read 'Thomasina,' and do not agree with us when they have read it, their moral tone must stand in great need of elevation, or else the cultivation of their taste must have been sadly neglected." [Athenæum. **1840**

THORNEY HALL. [by "HOLME LEE," i. e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1855.] "Miss Grisel's example has a living influence; and though she did not herself see the hope of her life realized, it still bears its fruit in the next generation. One of the grandsons of her younger brother determines to restore the family to its ancient consequence; it is one of those determinations which is the incarnation of a strong will, seldom failing to work out its fulfilment. He is attended by his sister, — named Grisel, after their great-âunt, — who, without an idea of being anything more than a plain, conscientious young woman, anxious to do her duty day by day as it arises, stands beside her brother, strengthening him, watching over him, devoting herself to him so long as he needs her, — then leading her life as a wife and mother, — seeming to take up the tangled and troubled web of her âunt's life, and work it out to a true and worthy result. The story of the fortunes of the brother and sister is extremely interesting. The character of Hugh Randal is well drawn and sustained: his success in the grand object of his life — the restoration of the family to its former state — and the mortal sorrow which dims all the beauty of the hope almost as soon as realized, giving him days of darkness instead of joy, give an interest to the book, which is only kept from being tragic by the skill with which it is softened into 'the milder grief of pity.'" [Athenæum. **1841**

THORNICROFT'S MODEL. [by

"Averil Beaumont," i. e., M^A. (RAINE) HUNT: *Chapman*, 1873.] "Thornicroft is an artist sufficiently eminent to draw a school round him, and to attract a certain amount of aristocratic patronage. Both these facts exercise over his rather morbid and self-conscious nature an influence which is specially unfavorable to anything like abandonment of his egotism in favor of idyllic love. Yet he is effectually attracted by the complete womanliness of a gentle girl whom he picks up by chance, one of the jewels which, according to novelists, are to be found amidst the most sordid of surrounding circumstances. There is something pathetic in the way in which the connexion which Thornicroft's profession at first establishes between the fair model and himself leads to the connubial relation; on one side such a complete sacrifice; on the other, such a mistaken estimate of the strength of a transient sentiment. Very sad is the misunderstanding which grows out of the inequality of true passion between this ill-matched pair; too facile expression of all that amounts to sentiment on one side, too unpractised an articulation of real devotion on the other." [Athenæum. 1842

THORPE REGIS. [by F.. M.. PEARD: *Smith*, 1874.] "The plot is simple, the interest turning upon the effect of an unfounded suspicion of his honor on the mind of an ambitious and hi-spirited yung man. Anthony Miles is a pleasant type of academical youth at 24, a little of a prig, and very much of a despot—full of ineffable yearnings to sweep and garnish this old world—animated by a cheerful tho unconscious feeling of merit,—more dependent than he would at all allow on the nêborly sympathy in all quarters which he takes for granted. Where pathos is to be

found humor is seldom lacking; and, accordingly, we have an undercurrent of irony which involves and defines nearly every actor in the tale. We would gladly draw attention to the Mannerings and others of the minor personages; but as the book is a good book, we trust our readers will make their acquaintance for themselves." [Athenæum.]—"It is entitled to the praise which is due to naturalness, purity of sentiment, and grace of style. The scene is laid in a sleepy village, of whose aspect and external characteristics a charming picture is sketched in the opening pages." [Boston "Lit. World." 1843

THREE BROTHERS (The) [by M^A. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Appleton*, 1870.] "is one of Mrs. Oliphant's quiet, interesting, natural, and every way healthful stories, in which there are no abnormal characters, no harrowing prolongation of plot and counterplot, and no improbable transitions. A father's will puts his sons on a 7 years' probation before they are allowed to know the disposal of the property, and their behavior, adventures, and attachments form the plot of an excellent story." [Scribner's. 1844

THREE CLERKS (The) [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: (†, 1882) *Bentley*, 1857.] "whose histories are narrated, belong to two government offices, and in a quiet family at Hampton Court they find their counterparts—3 graceful girls, of whom one is proud in her passion, another capricious, another wild. Perhaps the differences of their natures are more strongly marked than Mr. Trollope intended. However, he now presents himself with a romance of modern love, and subtly and delicately has he developed it, but without hanging before his groups a gauze of theatrical unreality pallidly glimmering with moon-

shine. The spirit of the book is healthy, natural, and vigorous . . . Without disclosing too much of the plot, we will add that the conclusion of the story is adroit and satisfactory, 'the everlasting fitness of things' being held in view, without the introduction of any repulsive catastrophe. Yet by many readers the principal charm of these volumes will be attributed to their rapid and sparkling flow of ironical portraiture—toned down, as the finest irony invariably is, by interludes of wise and wholesome seriousness." [Leader.]—"Two of his characters he confesses are drawn from real persons. Sir Gregory Hardlines was intended for, and recognized to be, Sir C. Trevelyan, then 'the Great Apostle of the [by Trollope] much loathed scheme of competitive examination,' and therefore a special object of his dislike." [Westminster. **1845**

THREE FEATHERS [by W. BLACK: *Harper*, 1875.] "deserves many admiring readers. It is not so flawlessly delightful as 'A Princess of Thule' [No. 905], because, probably, it deals with a life less strange and romantic; but it amply illustrates the author's peculiar skill in the delineation of character, and the description of scenery, and his pervading grace of rhetoric. Wenna Rosewarne, the heroine, is a very original and charming personage, and her affectional complications, in which she bears herself with admirable dignity and conscientiousness, invest her with an indescribable interest. She betroths herself to an old and by no means attractive bachelor, and presently becomes aware that her heart is given to another. This other, Harry Trevelyan, is a rich aristocrat, possessed of a terrible temper, and thoroughly selfish. The reforming influence of Wenna upon him is indicated with singular skill. Mr.

Roscorla, the bachelor, is also a very original person and we know little better worth in fiction than the account of his feelings and conduct during his engagement. This story seems to combine in just proportions all the elements of entertainment,—humor, pathos, skilful analysis of character, and graceful composition. [Boston "Lit. World." **1846**

THREE GEOFFREYS (The) [*Allen & Co.*, 1889.] "is likable just because it is simply, quietly, and not unskilfully told. It is of the domestic type, and though one or two rather surprising things do occur, they are not presented in too thrilling a way; neither are the majority of the people who figure in it too bright or good for every-day use. The villain, too, is not so deeply dyed as to be quite out of harmony with his surroundings. The heroine in particular has nothing remarkable about her, being only natural and quietly attractive; but that is much. The eldest of the 3 has a pretty hard time of it, but he meets his round of misfortunes wisely and well, and even generously." [Athenæum. **1847**

THROSTLETHWAITE. [by SUSAN MORLEY: *King*, 1875.] "The scene is laid in the Lake district. It is of the quiet and domestic order, but does not lack the interest arising from an apt contrast of characters. The shiftless selfishness of Leonard Barrington, which culminates in positive dishonor, is keenly brought into relief by the frank simplicity and courage of the girl whose love is the best achievement of his life. Very slowly and painfully does she learn to rate her attractive suitor at his proper value, and as gradually does she recognize the worth of the manlier lover who finally supplants him." [Athenæum.]—"Throstlethwaite' is another readable story, the main interest of which lies in a young girl's troubles with one lover

who is unworthy of her, and her final freedom from him, and her attainment of greater happiness with another man much more deserving of her. She is well drawn, and in good contrast with her stands her fashionable married sister. The two young men, too, are natural and lifelike, and altho the villains of novels are apt to carry with them a strong, unmistakable odor of brimstone, in this case the evil heart is hidden beneath a calm, but not too calm, exterior, and the good young man is no shadowy supporter of all the virtues, but is a very good copy of a human being." [Nation. 1848

THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE [by "HESBA STRETTON," i. e., Hannah Smith: *Dodd*, 1878.] "is a description of a few lives lived almost entirely in a seaside village. It tells how love and wrongdoing, temptation and repentance, worked together to shape and to alter the quiet ways of the Squire and his family, and those committed to their charge. A picture, not exactly vivid but careful and finally effective, is drawn of the old house and its inherited acres, which was as a weapon in the father's hands, a stumbling-block and a snare to his successors, and which had so strong a hold on the affection of all three. Justin, the hero of the story, is tempted to belie his true self in order to possess and manage the land he has loved all his life; and his wrongdoing and his repentance and its consequences make the story (with due accessories), and it is told with truth and delicacy. It is true to the laws of life that the Justin can clear his own soul and restore twofold, his daughter, who is the light of his eyes, should suffer from her knowledge of his frailty, suffer from its consequences falling on herself, and, unable to construct a new life out of the ruins of the old, should fade and die. There is a true and kindly

perception throughout the book, and there is a marked absence of melodrama and of snobbishness." [Nation.]—"Hesba Stretton's fame is little, but her work is admirable, and her latest story, so compact and complete, that even to one who does not much mind its earnest moral purpose it must be very restful and satisfactory reading. . . . The tale is always free from cant, but it becomes deeply serious in tone. The author does not scruple to enforce the text which she has taken for a title, and she shows the narrow and perilous entrance of the man whom ambition has misled into the kingdom of peace and spiritual honor. His expiation is a sore one. . . . There is a depth, a verity, about the completed story which no brief outline can properly represent. The minor characters are all clearly conceived: Richard, the half-unwilling reprobate; Leah, the village girl, who loved him so coarsely yet so truly in his prime, and served him joyfully in his helplessness; the Methodist preacher at the lighthouse; while the mother of Justin and Richard, and Mrs. Cunliffe, the worldly wife of the unworldly curate, are delineated with abundant humor. The action of the tale is natural, smooth, and steady; the style unstudied, but without blemish; the impression which it leaves wholesome, grave, and sweet. Once more our thoughts recur to G. Eliot. That 'Hesba Stretton' is less than she, goes without saying, but she is not immeasurably less. Her very limitations may serve her as a sort of artistic defense. She has studied in the same nobly realistic school as the greatest of recent novelists, and excess of power will never betray her into a disregard of proportion." [Atlantic.

1849

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHTS.

[by ELIZA (LYNN) LINTON: *Harper*, 1884?] "She plans a good story, works

it out neatly and makes it long. But she does not possess the faculty of exciting sympathy with her characters, without which, tho he speak with the tung of men and of angels, the novelist is fatally lacking. Thère is about her descriptions a smoothness as of ice which chills one, and all about her writing an air of self-sufficiency which holds you aloof from close contact even with so much of emotion as it contains. 'Through the Long Nights' is the story of a yung girl, who to repair the family fortunes, was deceived into marrying a rich man whom she did not love. A year after her marriage, the lover who was represented to her as dead comes back, and she goes off with him. She has, however, but a short time of happiness, as he soon dies of consumption, and she of grief." [Critic. 1850

THROWN TOGETHER. [by FLOR-ENCE MONTGOMERY: *Lippincott*, 1872.] "We would defy the coldest cynic, the most experienced novel-reader, to read 'Thrown Together' throu with tranquillity. Many will remember 'Misunderstood' [No. 1580] by the same author, a work which was by no means a screaming farce, and this tale is quite as tearful as that one. The book simply narrates the struggles of a yung girl of a sensitiv disposition, who is snubbed by her cold-hearted mother and unappreciated by her careless father; she has a cousin, a boy, who is petted by a doting widoed mother; and these two children, being thrön together, work upon one another's characters and giv the plot of the story, as well as the name. Nina's reserv and sensitiv pride ar melted by the boy's frankness and simplicity; a series of domestic tragedies softens the flinty hearts of the parents, and we see two peaceful households without any traces of flirtation. The agonies,

temptations, and bewilderments of these yung people ar told with really remarkable power, and when one remembers the widespread delusion of parents, that children hav no characters, but ar to be manufactured into the semblance of some favorit model, — which delusion is probably necessary to persuade parents to be unceasing in their care of their children, — it is easy to see that a book of this sort may be of great service. The sufferings of children ar often, to our thinking, much greater than those of grön people, their reasons for grieving ar so capricious, their reticence so singular, and, moreover, their wo is so total, so absolute, they hav not the power of abstracting anything from their suffering which shall console them, and so their feelings ar keener then than at any time of their life. That parents forget this and fail to understand their children, is well knön, and to point out this truth is the design of the story. We hope it may be kept on a hī shelf away from the children, who ar ready enuf of themselves to take morbid vues of life, and that it may not turn out to be a sort of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' to be used in the nursery for the propagation of a society for the abolition of parents." [Atlantic.] — "The girl was a sensitiv, proud little thing, and was by no means appreciated by her parents; the boy was his mother's joy; gradually the children became friends, obdurate parents ar tamed by the example of the children and by domestic affliction, so that the book ends happily. It would be well, we think, if all parents wer to read this book; to some it may seem exaggerated, yet we fancy that there is nothing in it but what mīt be true, and indeed is true, of the lives of many children. One is so inclined to forget his childhood, or to clothe it with a purely

imaginativ interest, and thereby to lack sympathy with his children, that they often really hav good ground for their belief that their father and mother never wer yung." [Nation. **1851**

THYME AND RUE [by MA. B. CROSS: *Hurst*, 1890.] "is a pretty and an entertaining story, told with sufficient cleverness on the basis of a fairly novel plot. A man whom his friend describes as having been 'the brilliant prizeman and the most distinguished scholar of his year,' audacious, eloquent, a 'gourmet,' but a dealer in freaks and fads, suddenly flees from civilization with his motherless daughter Juliet, and sets up the ideal of the Simple Life, to which he intends as far as possible to convert the world. A neighboring widow with one son adds herself to the communion; and what more natural than that the young people should be destined for one another by their ambitious parents. The girl is an heiress, tho she does not know it; and a sensible lawyer, discovering the eccentric arrangements of the philosopher's household, contrives to get her away, and place her with some good people who teach her the ways of the world. The story of her adventures will afford the sympathetic reader a great deal of pleasure and amusement; and perhaps it may be interesting to know beforehand that the young man who was left behind in the community of the Simple Life also comes to know the ways of the world, and that after a decent interval he meets Juliet again. The story is complex, and holds more than a single romance; for 'thyme and rue grow both in one garden.'" [Athenæum. **1852**

TO CALL HER MINE (etc.). [by WA. BESANT: *Chatto*, 1889.] "Mr. Besant must have been working hard when he wrote the stories now pub-

lished. The pressure put upon a successful novelist is most severe, and in some cases it has a disastrous effect. Mr. Besant's work shows signs of the stress under which it has been produced; but he is so well equipped that he can always fill his pages with interesting matter. With a little more leisure, perhaps, his imagination would be more varied and free, and his best is so good that one wishes he could never be compelled to do anything less than his best. The volume contains 3 stories. One of them, *Katherine Regina*, has already been reviewed [No. 1424]. 'To Call Her Mine' and *Self or Bearer* [No. 1769] are the other two. Both are good stories, full of incident and contrivance, and Mr. Besant, as he is wont, forges the chain of destiny with hearty blows, so that the evil which overtakes the wicked and the happiness which is attained by the good seem thoroughly satisfactory. But much of the interest of Mr. Besant's books lies in what in other books would be called the padding. For one reader who skipped pages in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' [No. 1047] for the sake of the plot, hundreds must have put up with the plot for the sake of the padding; and really in 'To Call Her Mine' the descriptions of Dartmoor are the most enjoyable part of it." [Athen. **1853**

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS. [by T: HUGHES: Boston, *Ticknor*, 1857.] "In a sprightly tone, a school-boy's adventures at Rugby under Arnold are dashed off, — with rather too much dash perhaps, and a little too much criticism of all the rest of mankind, — but still in a vivid, humane, and truly religious spirit. One gets somehow an impression, that bird's-nesting, wrestling, racing, quarter-staff, football, and the logical 'clenched fist,' (varied, may

TOM JONES [by H: FIELDING (1707-54): 1749.] "is the great prose epic of English literature . . . In it, Fielding has comprehended a larger variety of incidents and characters under a stricter unity of story than in Joseph Andrews; but he has given to the whole a tone of worldliness which does not mar the delightful simplicity of the latter. As an expression of the power and breadth of his mind, however, it is altogether his greatest work, and in the union of distinct pictorial representation with profound knowledge of practical life, is unequalled by any novel in the language . . . It would almost seem to argue an unreasonable skepticism to doubt the existence of such a veritable personage as Square, lover of Plato and Molly Seagrim, with his brain full of transcendental morality, and his heart full of descendantal appetites; of Thwackum, malignant orator of grace, and most graceless of boisterous malignants; of Ensign Northerton, the very pink of rakes, braggarts, and upstarts, with his profane disrespect for "Homo," his contempt of all learning associated in his mind with pedagogic flagellations, and his exultation at deceiving his father out of his intention of making him a parson, of Bliffl, the most sublime of didactic coxcombs, with his deep and solemn shamming of virtue, so completely a hypocrite that he almost conceals himself, and seems more an appearance than a being; of Allworthy, in whose delineation the author's whole beneficence of heart overflows; and of Tom himself, with his unguided heart glowing with all the impulses, disinterested and sensual, and allowing each to act of its own wil,—sincere, generous, affectionate, and unprincipled. But, above all, what shall we say of Squire Western, next

to Falstaff the most universally popular of comic creations, and as genuine a lump of clay and passion as ever started into being under the magical touch of a humorist? His shrewdness, his avarice, his coarse kindness, his sense-defying Jacobitism, his irresistible unreasonableness . . . All these go to make a character so natural and yet so eccentric, as to disturb our faith in the dogma that reason is the separating line between man and beast . . . We are, in fact, made acquainted through this book with England as it was in the middle of the 18th century. Every personage, from lord to chamber-maid,—every incident,—every description of costume, or amusement, or fashion of dress,—every form of colloquial speech, vulgar or delicate,—every allusion to political parties—is a mine of information; and the whole gives the lie direct to half the impressions we derive from history, and enables us to grasp the reality and substance of the national life." [E. P. Whipple, 1849]—"Fielding entered fully into passion, and is the only writer who has undertaken to trace it through the double action of the heart and the senses the whole theory of which he lays down with his customary mixture of philosophy and wit. Undoubtedly the humanity of love was never so wonderfully anatomized as in that most wonderful of all stories. That Fielding was master of all the springs of the passion can not be doubted by any reader of 'Tom Jones,' or of another novel less widely known, but not less remarkable for its power, in which he has portrayed it with consummate success in its hiest and purest form, relieved of all sensual accessories, and existing only in the sweetness of its trust, its fortitude, and patience." [Albion. 1855 k

be, by courses of the rhetorical 'open hand,') ar the grand apparatus of an english education. The brutality of the fagging system, and the odd compound of riotous lawlessness and an almost military disciplin in a great school, ar left just the painful problems they wer when Dr. Arnold took such a school for his liveliest type of hell. Yet, in a way òne hardly understands, this is the soil in which the hardy Brown stock thrives; and along with its ruf vigor gets initiated by degrees in all gentle and generous, as well as manly ways." [Christian Examiner. **1854**

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. [by T: HUGHES: Boston, *Picknor*, 1861.] "The author dōes not, on a superficial examination, seem to deserv the wide reputation he has obtained. We hunt his books in vain for any of those obvious peculiarities of style, thôt, and character which commonly distinguish a man from his fellōs. He does not possess striking wit, or humor, or imagination, or power of expression. In every quality, good or bad, calculated to create 'a sensation,' he is remarkably deficient. Yet everybody reads him with interest, and experiences for him a feeling of personal affection and esteem. An unobtrusiv, yet evident nobility of character, a sound, large, 'round-about' common-sense, a warm sympathy with english and human kind, a practical grasp of human life as it is lived by ordinary people, and an unmistakable sincerity and earnestness of purpos animate everything he writes. His 'School Days at Rugby' delīted men as well as boyš by the freshness, geniality, and truthfulness with which it represented boyish experiences; and the Tom Brown who, in that book, gained so many friends whêver the english tung is spoken, parts with nōne

of his power to interest and charm in this record of his collegiate life. Mr. Hughes has the true, wholesom english lōve of home, the english delft in rude fysical sports, the english hatred of hypocrisy and cant, the english fidelity to facts, the english disbelief in all piety and morality which ar not grounded in manliness." [Atlantic. **1855**

TOM SINGLETON. [by W. FOLLETT SYNGE: (†, 1891) *Chapman*, 1879.] "Tom is a fine fello, and modest. He is, however, nobody's ideal knīt, but a real, living, actual person, who takes the ups and downs of his life with quiet, unboastful courage,—is a good son, a true lover, a faithful friend, and a very clever man. The reader likes him cordially, and perhaps likes his father still better . . . Thêre is evidently a great deal of drawing from life in this story, but from life survêyed in a cheerful spirit by kindly eyes. The incidental sketches ar very happy, and the author is especially to be congratulated on Miss Vavasour. Thêre has not been a more amusing spinster in fiction since the immortal Miss Pratt, of Miss Ferrier's second best novel, 'The Inheritance,' and she is so genuinely good with all her oddities, that she dōes not contradict or clash with the bonhomie which pervades the book . . . The story ends happily, after it has wound throu sōme troublous ways. It leavs an impression of a cheerful, manly, reverent mind, and a hily cultivated intellect; thêre is not a jarring note in it; it is, as we hav said, a book which becōmes a friend." [Spectator. **1856**

TOO SOON [by K.. S. MACQUOID: *Harper*, 1873.] "is a simple story of a yung girl's disciplin,—the painful processes by which her nature was purified of selfishness. It is quite unpretentious in plan, quiet in action, and in

nowise remarkable save for its subtle and instructive analysis of the heroine's mental operations; but we unhesitatingly commend it as an exceptionally profitable novel. We like it especially for its recognition of the old-fashioned sentiment of love, which is coming to be tabooed in modern fiction, and which the author shows to be quite consistent with his intellectual endowments and fine culture." [Boston "Lit. World."] **1857**

TOWER GARDENS (The). [by LIZZIE ALDRIDGE: *White*, 1883.] "The narrative is of the domestic kind, but there is a picturesqueness in the setting [compare No. 1466], in the description of the bachelor uncle's dwelling, etc. For the rest, it deals with the loves of Uncle Harbuckle's nieces, and the constancy of their widowed mother, a natural flirt, to the remembrance of her dead and ruined husband. The triumph of her first love over a considerable temptation in the shape of a comrade of the late captain's, and a sharer of many common memories, is one of the best told things." [Athenæum.] **1858**

TRAGIC MUZE (The) [by H. JAMES: *Houghton*, 1890.] "is the story of a young lady of dubious extraction and vulgar surroundings, who yet possesses the artistic temperament so strongly that she pursues the rocky way to professional eminence. She is aided much in this by a young diplomat, who struggles long between his love for her and his ambitions. The artistic moral of the story is further enforced by the introduction of an ambitious young politician, who resigns a seat in parliament in spite of the pressure exerted on him by his political sweetheart, to pursue the divinely inspired calling of a portrait painter . . . All these characters discourse much and admirably on art, — dramatic, pictorial, and general, and an

interest in these subjects is necessary for full delight in the book. Possibly it is this artistic tone, of which James is surely a master, which makes *The Tragic Muse* of special interest." [Overland.] **1859**

TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM (A). [by — (PLANCHE) MACKARNESS (†, 1881): 1850.] "Few writers since Miss Edgeworth's time have been so successful as Mrs. Mackarness in pointing out the value of domestic virtues. It is from the wholesome character of its teaching that 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam' will live in the hearts of its many readers for years to come." [Athenæum.] **1860**

TRANSPLANTED. [by M. E. FRASER (TYTLER) GREENE: *Bentley*, 1883.] "The story is graceful and touching. The orphan girl, half English, half Italian, with her simple faith in Mr. Frank, the hero of her childhood, and Mr. John, the kind old rector, who would gladly have been something nearer to her had not his gentle self-restraint forbidden, is a pretty picture. The book closes, as most readers will desire, with a glimpse of hope for her early lover." [Athenæum.] **1861**

TRUE MARRIAGE (A) [by EMILY SPENDER: *Hurst*, 1878.] "is a thoroughly pleasant and satisfactory book, without being too highly pitched, either in design or in execution. It is a genuine story of human concerns and interests, such as are met in the world of every day experience. Mrs. Spender writes as one who knows life from the fact of having lived, and of having watched with clear perception the life of her friends and acquaintance; and this gives the charm which mere imitators never possess." [Athenæum.] **1862**

TRUE OF HEART [by "KAY SPEN": *Virtue & Co.*, 1868.] "is an unpretending but very charming story,

descriptiv of a fāse of human life which is within the experience, and carries with it the sympathy, of a large class of persons. The heroin dōes not travel beyond the circle of domestic life, and with her individual biograpy she givs us glimpses of refined, not fashionable society, and portraitures of quiet scenes of english country life, which ar very charming. In Ellen we find the picture of a true woman; not a remarkable òne, nor òne of that exaggerated class whose moral strength teaches them to despise happiness, but a sensible, refined, and practical woman, who, not born to work, yet, when her mother is suddenly reduced from affluence to comparativ poverty, resolves to becòme the breadfinder for the family, takes a situation as governess, and, instead of presenting the usual picture of patient martyrdom and ill-requited labor, applies herself cheerfully to her duties, and finds in her vocation a sferè for the exercise of useful talents and a source of infinit gratitude. The characters ar natural, the men, women, and children ar such as we find them in real life, and the scenes throu which they pass ar neither inconsistent nor improbable." [Round Table.

1863

TRUE STORY OF A BILLIARD CLUB = No. 813.

TRUE TO LIFE [Macmillan, 1874.] "is one of those rare stories which one feels happier for having read. It is not funny or jubilant; thère is no conventional optimism or manufactured gladness in it; on the contrary, the sole touch of adventure turns upon a family migration in anticipation of a death, which afterwards takes place; but it is full of the cheerfulness of duty, piety without the least suspicion of cant, and a reasonable, well-disciplined vue of þand estimate of its responsibilities.

We kno no finer picture in modern fiction than that of Mr. Eversley and his dauters, nor a prettier simple love-story than that of Alice Eversley and Alice Sherborne. We cannot too hily commend yung people who talk good sense in good english." [Spectator. **1864**

TRUST (The). [by JEAN LE PEUR: Tinsley, 1877.] "Tho in outward characteristics the Friends to whom we ar introduced hav a general resemblance to each other, each of them has a strongly marked nature of his or her òn, and the gradations from John Cave, the 'mity stiff, disagreeable Friend,' to loquacious Becky Wilson, who represents the extremest unreserv of which her sect is capable, ar both numerous and fine. The heroin whose autobiograpy we read is happy in the possession of a most amiable pair of grandparents, whose sedate goodness has nothing repulsiv about it, and thère is grandeur as well as kindness in Joseph and Sarah Ellis which will make a pleasant and lasting impression on the reader. Even in dealing with the darker characters in the tale, the hypocritical Jilks, and unprincipled worldling Bob Graham, thère is a deal of redeeming humor which litens the shadōs. Bob's boyish wickedness, tho sadly profetic of the selfishness of his maturity, ar lāfable enuf, the escapades at the fair and on the river being such as grōn people can pardon for the sake of thèir audacity. Thère is, of course, a tender lōve tale running throu the story." [Ath. **1865**

TWO KISSES [by HAWLEY SMART: Loring, 1877.] "will be found to be very entertaining. It is what is called a society novel, describing the career of a yung wido, who, having buried a worthless husband, marries again. The plot is an ingenious and, what is more, a probable òne, if we make allowances for

a little straining here and there; and the people are clever and cleverly drawn. There is a great variety of character introduced to the reader: a somewhat disreputable freebooter, whose position between respectability and swindling is not very certain, a sleek villain, a sensible husband of a coquettish wife, a very charming young girl, a would-be novelist, etc., and every one of these persons gives the reader a very agreeable impression of the author's humor and habit of observation." [Nation. 1866]

TWO LOVES. [by — () MARTIN: *Tinsley*, 1878.] "Mr. W: Black's Uhlan Baron [in No. 1999] is one of the finest fellows in or out of romance, and in this novel we have another hero who is half German, and that is the best half. Max Wray is a good, true, brave man, and if he is a little too sentimental for the time, he makes up for it when he is in the midst of 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' One of Dora Lee's two loves is a worthy object, and there is something quietly and genuinely pathetic in the way in which he takes his punishment in the first instance, administered, as it is, under the influence of a mistaken notion of the right and honorable thing for her to do, by Dora Lee. Of course, in life (in which a family secret of the kind that makes all the mischief and misery in the story might only too easily exist) Dora would simply tell Max 'all about it.'" [Spec. 1867]

TWO MARRIAGES [by DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK: (†, 1887) *Harper*, 1867.] "contains two stories, each illustrative of sad experiences in life, and each descriptive of home scenes under different aspects, delicately, simply, and thoughtfully depicted. Though lacking in power, the whole work is pervaded by a spirit of high principle, of morality, a genuine love of nature, and

tender sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings which flesh is heir to. . . . This paragon of commercial integrity becomes the bridegroom of a beautiful girl, more than 30 years younger than himself, who marries him in disobedience to her father's will and who leads a life of hopeless resignation, endeavoring to fulfil her duties as a wife, until consumption relieves her of the heavy burden. Not that Sir John Bowerbank was an unkind husband — far from it; but poor Emily had long before her marriage given her heart to another, and while she honored the old man and appreciated his goodness, yet to love him was out of the question. And so she died of what sentimental people call a broken heart, but in other words, from the havoc made by an unrelenting and oppressed spirit upon a frame too fragile to resist its influences. In the second story there is an old clergyman whose whole life and character are more complete, more artistically drawn than anything of the kind we have met for many a day." [Round Table. 1868]

TWO RIVAL LOVES [by ANNIE L. WALKER: *White*, 1882.] "is a story more remarkable for the interest attaching to 2 or 3 of the characters than for originality of plot, though the arrangement by which the hero is enabled to keep an estate, which neither he nor the reader believes to be his rightful property, is not without ingenuity; and the hearty earnestness with which the hero strives to make a beggar of himself is a novel feature also, and would be stranger still were it not prompted by his love for a young and beautiful widow. Virginia is delightful, and Marston would have been strangely constituted if he had not felt her charms. . . . We seem to be already acquainted with 'Miss Lydia,' but if that kindly fussy little woman has her

prototype in former novels, Lucilla, tho slily drawn, strikes us as fresh in conception. She is a girl to be liked and loved, and one feels sorry, on reaching the end of the story, to find her still unmarried . . . Enuf to say, that the man must be a hardened novel-reader who will read 'Two Rival Loves' without emotion and pleasure." [Spectator. **1869**

UNCLE ANGUS [by M.. S. G. NICHOLS: *Saunders, Otley, & Co.*, 1865.] "deals with what may be called the behind-scenes of journalism; in its dramatis personæ figure an editor, his wife and dauter, a literary speculator, and a poetical contributor, and with the fortunes of a magazine, entitled the Polyanthus, ar closely woven the fortunes of all the more prominent characters in the story [compare plot of Nos. 263 and 1777] . . . The exposure of this would-be contributor's device for detecting editorial 'laches' ôt to fall like vitriol on the consciences of the conductors of the 'magazines and weeklies:' the leavs of the manuscripts which they returned to him, marked 'not suited,' had been ingeniously gummed by their author before he sent them, and they went back to him gummed no less compactly." [London Review. **1870**

UNCLE BOB'S NIECE. [by LESLIE KEITH [JOHNSTON]: *Ward*, 1888.] "Uncle Bob is a ruf and simple scotchman who has made his pile in the new world, and cōmes back to spend it on his niece in the old. The author paints her characters remarkably well. The heroin is as charming as her uncle, and a good deal more refined, whilst the best yung man, tho his goodness is of a somewhat rapid sort, is human in every way. A financial villain plays his part throuôut the narrativ, and is very nearly too much for the millionaire." [Ath: **1871**

UNCLE JACK (etc.). [by WA. BESANT: *Harper*, 1885.] "Whatever else a book by Mr. Besant may be, ône may safely conclude that it will be readable and amusing; that it will take sound vues of life; that it will not humor fads or crotchety theorists; that it will 'sho up' the mean and selfish and scoundrelly people without mercy; and that all the good and pretty and well-behaved people will get what they wish and be happy. The very existence of such books in these times when stupid and foolish and morbid novels unduly abound is a mental solace akin to the knoledge of sōme refreshing retreat by sea or mountain when the dog star is in the ascendant. These stories ar in Mr. Besant's best vein, and thêrefore to be read with delît. Every ône will be interested in the fate of Uncle Jack's charming nieces, who ar for a time the victims of an unjust will; and in the just fate dealt out to Miss Antoinette Baker and the other conspirators who try to get the property from the rîtful hêirs, and dedicate it to the 'cause.' 'Sir Jocelyn's Cap' is a clever travesty. As for 'A Glorious Fortune,' it is delîtful. Perhaps the Ambler family is made too mach of, but 'Johnny' is an original, and the villain is disposed of in a wholly new way — he becomes a mere county respectability!" [Boston "Literary World." **1872**

UNDER A CLOUD [by MA. ROBERTS: *Hatchards*, 1888.] "contains much to attract and to please, but more by the way than in the main track of the story, more in the manner than in the matter. It is impossible to take much interest in the vagaries of so obstinate and wrôngheaded a person as Magdalen Rideolph, but it is pleasing to see how the yung lôvers and the crusty, friendly squire lead her back to sense

and reason." [Athenæum.] — After the crash, when the hero has fled from the country, ruined and disgraced — for he had embezzled trust money — she sees her fault, and is stricken with the keenest remorse. She refuses to live with her uncle, an old country squire — a most charming character — but retires with her only daughter to a farm house on his estate, where she lives a life of the utmost seclusion. It is at this point that the story begins. The old squire, who is a most ardent admirer of landscape painting, is struck by the picture of a struggling young artist, who on inquiry turns out to be the chief sufferer by Mr. Rideolph's failure. He buys his picture, and invites him to his house. There, while at work, the young painter makes the acquaintance of the heroine, who has, he discovers, a wonderful talent for drawing. In the end, poetic justice is done, and Walter Kennedy receives what he counts of far more value than his lost fortune . . . Altogether, the book is worthy of the highest praise." [Spectator. **1873**

UNDER ONE ROOF. [by J. A. PAYN: Chatto, 1879.] "Mr. Payn is a master in the art of making bricks without straw. It would be unjust if the critic did not stop to admire the skill which misses no opportunity for digressions, and even make opportunities for them almost without seeming to do so. There are probably few commonplaces in the English language and hardly any stock newspaper metaphors, similes, and allusions which are not to be found collected here, as the title happily suggests, under one roof. Mr. Payn has in his time written a great many stories, some of which, no doubt, plenty of readers will remember to have read with pleasure. It would be impertinence to make any suggestions to so practised an author; it

must only be regretted that he knows his business so well. His kindliness and good humor, which are apparent throughout this book, give a pleasant complexion to his writing, but they are only an alleviation to the ennui caused by reading a very commonplace story." [Ath. **1874**

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. [by T. HARDY: Holt, 1872.] "There are few pleasanter stories than 'Under the Greenwood Tree.' It is an idyl of English peasant life, so fresh and sweet and real, that in reading it one seems to be looking at a fine painting. It is a love-story in which the hero is a carter, and the heroine a school-teacher, — he simple and sincere, she a beauty, and a large bit of a flirt. Their wooing is not specially romantic; but its circumstances are wholly fresh, and the sketches of life and manners in the hamlet where the scene is laid, which illustrate its progress, are positively unique. The atmosphere of the book is sweet with the odors of a fair English landscape; the hum of bees; and the low of kine; the rustle of leaves animate its pages; and a peaceful summer-sky, with short-lived little rain-clouds dotting it here and there, broods over the whole delightful drama. So simple and pure and wholesome a story we have rarely seen." [Boston "Literary World."] — "Fancy Day, the new school-teacher, is the heroine of the story, and she has no fewer than 3 lovers . . . The story ends with a pretty marriage scene. The secret of her attractive duplicity remains locked in the breast of the clergyman and in her own. The character of Fancy is admirably drawn. The author certainly manages to convey the impression that he is a believer in the natural fickleness of the maiden heart, but his belief does not lead him into denunciation; on the contrary, he makes this fickleness

not merely not repulsive, but agreeable. The descriptions of village life, and of the village choir singing, and choir serenading, and choir festivities, are very good. On the whole, we do not know when we have read a more interesting and pleasing book." [Galaxy. 1875]

UNDER THE LIMES. [by E. M. (TAYLOR) ARCHER: *Macmillan*, 1874.] "This is one of those quiet, simple, stories that most modern novel-readers cast aside with disdain as not sufficiently exciting for their tastes, but which find in a few thoughtful persons of well-balanced minds a hearty and appreciative welcome. It is admirable by reason of its refinement and purity, its freedom from vicious personages and repulsive or even rude incidents . . . To delineate the operations of four natures under the influence of the passion of love was the main task of the author, and she has succeeded marvellously. The sweet, womanly reticence of Rose is most lovable; but the equally womanly indecision of Etta is most artistic. The conduct of her relations with Sebastian, the clear analysis of her feelings towards him, and the processes by which she passes from what she thought was fond affection to the state of calculating his claims and deciding against him, represent the most delicate work which falls upon the novelist. Due praise should be awarded to the character of Sir Lawrence, which, though slight, is very effective. There are few other personages in the story than those named; but one of these, a ritualistic clergyman, is a fine creation. What we especially like in this novel is its serenity and natural sweetness. The author has no hobbies, no friends to belaud, no enemies to punish; no reader will find his prejudices shocked in her pages, or be led into troublesome speculations. The book is

an expression of warm humanity, and its refinement and tender beauty are beyond praise." [Boston "Literary World." 1876]

UNEXPECTED FARE. (An) [by "MAXWELL GREY," i.e., M. G. Tuttle: in *Tales from Blackwood*, 3d series.] "is a brief little tale. It tells what results may flow from earls' sons chafing under conventionalism and driving hansom cabs as a relief to their feelings, and barons' daughters, whose 'English blood boils at the thought of restraint,' setting up as independent workers to avoid pressure on the subject of matrimony. Mark Forrester's equivocal description of the pursuits of his rich honorable parent and family, and Olive de Wynter's short-lived fury at the trick he plays on her, are happily imagined." [Athenæum. 1877]

UNFORESEEN (The) [by ALICE O'HANLON: *Harper*, 1886.] "is a very clever and artistic story of the olden sort, full of intrigue, plot, and surprises. It relates how a Lady Macbeth of humble antecedents worked her way to quite unprecedented successes in the aristocratic world, only to find herself defeated at the moment of culminating pride. The story is exciting and entertaining; but the execution is something more than that. The style is unusually good for a novel of the kind, and the story is far above the average for its quality of construction and expression." [Critic. 1878]

UNLESSONED GIRL (An) [by M.. EMMA (LE BRETON) MARTIN: *Marcus Ward*, 1881.] "is short, pleasing, well-written, and has a natural plot and wholesome characters, several of whom are drawn with something of that talent which distinguishes Mrs. Gaskell's delicious 'Cranford' [No. 1175] so far as regards observing and reproducing

minute touches of every day domestic life, which at first sît may appear insignificant, but yet go far to giv an accurate idea of peoples' dispositions. Mrs. Martin has two heroins, who act most effectually as foils to each other. One is the pretty Gladys Byrne, who has spent all her life in a wild irish home, and is consequently totally 'unlessoned' in the great school of the world; whilst the other one, Janet Ellison, has never been settled long anywhere, but has always been knocking about with her mother from place to place, and habitually pinched for money, so that worldly wisdom has becôme a second nature to her . . . She is deceitful and full of faults, but is excellently drawn, and we must confess to having folloed her adventures with even greater interest than those of the legitimate heroin. Thêre is sômething pathetic in Janet's acute consciousness of her outward defects, her ceaseless struggles to rise superior to them, the way in which she makes the best of whatever happens, her stoicism, her rare fits of self-pity, and her passionate desire to be first in the affections of sôme man or other . . . The scene whêre she proposes to Russel is very good, and mît almost be studied as a model of tact and delicacy by any plain woman resovld upon securing, at all hazards, an unwilling lover; the proceeding is made to appear so nearly rît and natural, that we almost lose sît of the unwomanliness and unworthiness of Janet's despairing endeavor . . . In Janet, mind evidently predominates over heart, but in her cousin Gladys we hav a complete contrast to this. Gladys is almost the slave of her feelings, — constant, devoted, truthful, chivalrously anxious to help the weak and oppressed, ever ready to attribute to people whatever good qualities they chose to assume,

unsuspicious of evil, and unselfish." [Spectator. **1879**

UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS [by EMILY SPENDER: *Bentley*, 1886.] "is a delîftul story. Cecilia Tremayne is very well drawn, and is in every way a fine character, lofty, courageous, and self-sacrificing. Thêre is more earnestness about the book as a whole than is found in the great majority of novels, but it is not earnestness of the sort which bores and repels a reader in quest of entertainment." [Athenæum. **1880**

UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD [by — () GODFREY: *Bentley*, 1883.] "is a very touching story. The unselfishness of the tender elder sister and the naïveté of the ardent yunger one, whose first lôve is exposed to so cruel a rebuff at the hands of the cautious man of the world on whom she has lavished the freshness of a sincere, if not very courageous nature, ar charmingly contrasted. It is hard on Dolly that the man she lôves and the sister she lôves hardly less should be driven by circumstances to turn to her to make their union complete; but in her self-renunciation she finally attains something more than the domestic happiness without which Psyche, the butterfly, must hav pined to death." [Ath. **1881**

URSULA. [by E.. M. SEWELL: *Longman*, 1858.] "Here we hav a sweetly written story of domestic life, — a book to warm the family affections. Sôme of the family scenes ar exquisit in their warm simplicity, and it is hî praise to say that, with a distinctly religious purport, *Ursula* is neither didactic nor wearisomly serious. The author, tho capable of real pathos, writes often with a gay heart which gladdens the reader." [Leader. **1882**

URSULA'S LOVE STORY [by GERTRUDE (HEXT) PARSONS: *Hurst*, 1869.]

"has a picture of contemporary manners, of more than ordinary merit. Its tale is fresh, interesting, and in the main well told; its language is simple and correct, and its characterization is not wanting in power. Evidences of culture are frequent in its pages over which hangs a pleasant aroma of refinement and good taste . . . So much of the strength and beauty of the story lies in dialog and in grace of narration and description, that a mere outline gives no just idea of the work. Ursula is admirably depicted. Her first interview with Mrs. Daynham wins for her the reader's entire sympathy, and her subsequent behavior is womanly and ritminded. Irrational as is her attempted self-sacrifice, it has a moral grandeur which redeems its absurdity. Edgar Ravenel, Mrs. Daynham, and all the characters, even to the most subordinate, are life-like. Their gossip and actions, loves, betrothals, and marriages are well described, and constitute with the main interest a very pleasant novel." [Athenæum. **1883**

VAGABONDIA. [*Scribner*, 1889.] = *DOLLY*.

VALENTINA [by ELEANOR C. PRICE: *Chatto*, 1882.] "is a graceful, cheerful, fairly clever sketch of character. The heroine is a wayward girl, not happily situated in the way of guardianship or early training, who is guilty of many indiscretions, and who is constantly proving the truth of the adage that evil is wrought by want of thought far more than want of heart. She plays rather fast and loose with the hearts of her friends, not having much herself. As her brother-in-law says of her, she is a mad-cap who has never been trained. 'Everybody wants breaking in — some more, — some less — she decidedly more.' However, she falls into pretty

good hands, and they break her in; not cruelly, for that would have broken her altogether, but naturally and gradually, and by allowing her better self to develop. One indeed — her second husband — tries to manage her in the other fashion, somewhat as he would have tried to tame a horse or a dog, but he fails egregiously. The latter stage of the story is told with noteworthy skill, and nothing could be better or more delicate than the passage between the unhappy Valentina and the mother of the man who has loved her purely and unrequited from the beginning. As for the conclusion of Valentina's history, the author tells it with more than ordinary taste and feeling." [Athen. **1884**

VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES (The) [by JULIA C. STRETTON: London, 1867.] "is a most pleasing story of domestic life, in the delineation of which the author evidently excels. The scene is laid in Wales, in the midst of some of its loveliest scenery, and the characters are drawn with so much simplicity and evident truthfulness that we at once recognize them as beings in whose presence we delight, whose pleasures and interests we are glad to share, whose trials and sorrows are reflected in our hearts. The excellent pastor, with his honest zeal, his passionate love of nature, his tender and genuine appreciation of all which is good and worthy in mankind, and his beautiful and helpful wife, make conquest of our affections when they arrive with their baby, and throughout a long and not particularly eventful life, we are content to bear them company, and part from them regretfully at the close. There is no pretense of a plot, but the record of lives worthily spent, and of sorrows borne with fortitude, can never fail to interest the reader, if the author be careful to

avoid the unpardonable sin of being wearisome, and in the present instance there is so much variety thrōn round the several scenes and descriptions that, without being brilliant, they ar agreeable and often impressiv." [Round Table. **1885**

— SAME ("The Rector's Wife"). [Peterson, 1867.]

VANITY FAIR = No. 998.

VENUS' DOVES [by IDA ASHWORTH TAYLOR: *Harper*, 1884?] "tho belonging to the līter class of novels meant merely to entertain, dōes more than entertain, and is at ōnce original, amusing and graceful. Sōme reliance is placed on the time-honored foolish misunderstanding, and there ar signs of unhappy marriages and marriages for money; but every situation is delicately treated, and the signs never amount to more than signs, while the conversations ar brit, the people interesting, and the moral, without being obtrusiv, healthful and unmistakable. The heroin has faults, and the way in which she nearly wrecks all her happiness by demanding happiness as a rīt instead of taking it as a gift, is a lesson, as well as a pretty story." [Critic. **1886**

VERY YOUNG COUPLE (A) [by—(SMEDLEY) HART: *M. Ward*, 1876.] "is a very pleasant and lively little tale, vivid in its interest, and the harroing part of it not too prolonge for endurance, not too artfully shaded to leav a loop hole for the entrance of a beam of hope. The very yung couple ar spirited as well as yung; they marry on £175 a year without any conception at all how small expenses add up . . . Moreover, the lively rattle of the story is not better painted for us than the tension of its deeper interest and the happy exultation of its close." [Spectator. **1887**

VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON (The).

[by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Bradbury, Evans & Co.*, 1870.] "As the author has shunned the history of Carrie Brattle's fall, it is difficult to estimate the amount of merit in her subsequent reformation. That she is pretty and affectionate is nearly all we kno of her: we see that she is harshly regarded by many selfish relatives, but whether the hardness of her father or the tenderness of Frank Fenwick, the clergyman, has more true lōve in it, it is hard to say, or whether the justice of the ōne is less admirable than the mercy of the other . . . Thēre ar many Trollopean lawyers and clergymen, ōne thōro old gentleman, and the miller's wife, ōne of Nature's ladies, Lord St. George, a 19th-century improvement of his father the marquis, a dissenting preacher, of a type which is, we hope, uncommon, and a gallant captain, who rescues Mary Lowther from a marriage with the vicar's importunate friend, and so givs the story an orthodox conclusion. On the whole Mr. Trollope deserves our gratitude both for his story and his moral, tho we must protest against any confusion between the selfish fears of those who ar harsh to thēir unfortunate relatives, and an honest pride of race." [Athenæum. **1888**

VICAR'S DAUGHTER (The). [by G: MACDONALD: *Roberts*, 1872.] "The present is a genuin, pleasing home-story, which floes along, brook-like in its naturalness, its banks dotted here and thēre with rare and fragrant flowers of fancy. Ethelwyn Percival is permitted to tell her story in *her* way—a sensible, practical, live woman, innocent of all dreamy sentimentalities, or morbidly religious tendencies—a refreshing, healthy specimen of well-organized womanhood." [Overland.]—"Dr. Geo. MacDonald is hardly to be congratulated upon his suc-

cess in his last novel, unless, indeed, an artful concealment, or rather attempted concealment of his personality, and his masquerading in petticoats, with a perpetual harping upon the joys of maternity, and the discomforts of pregnancy and the terrors of confinement alleviated by chloroform, can be deemed an admirable intellectual feat . . . He is at home in the nursery, in fact, he shōs a proficiency in the care of yung children that must make mothers, tormented by careless and ignorant nurses, sī with envy . . . If almost any other writer wer to draw such a character for a heroin, as if under the opinion that women wer nothing but producers and caressers of babies, and semi-hysterical housekeepers for their husbands, we feel confident that the women would be the first to raise an outcry against the narro-minded cynicism of such a vëin. They would naturally demand that some credit should be given to hier feminin virtues, to their grace, their dignity, their purity, to the real loftiness of their minds." [Nation. **1889**

VICAR'S PEOPLE (The) [by G: MANVILLE FENN: *Putnam*, 1882.] "ar the inhabitants of a Cornish village, half mining, half fishing. Thither cōmes a yung engineer, brit, steady, and sturdy. How he won friends and enemies, suffered doubts of the most cruel kind, but finally triumphed over everything — even the powers of nature, — makes a very interesting story. The novelty in its setting is the great ruins of the deserted mine down which fortune after fortune has gone. 'Wheal Carnac' seems as real a monster, devouring men, bodies and souls, as any dragon of mediæval legend." [Nation. **1890**

VICISSITUDES OF BESSIE FAIRFAX (The). [by "HOLMELEE," i.e., Harriet Parr: *Smith*, 1874.] "'The Vicissi-

tudes of Bessie Fairfax' is an agreeable novel of the utmost simplicity, recounting in a natural way a probable story. The heroin's vicissitudes ar not startling; she has both a step-father and step-mother, to be sure, and some of her relatives ar of hi birth, and some of her associates ar of humbler parentage; she has various lovers, and they hav life-like misunderstandings, and at last she marries the man of her choice, and all ends well without the introduction of any unnecessary horrors." [Nation. **1890a**

VIDA [by AMY DUNSMUIR: *Macmillan*, 1880.] "is a pleasant piece of writing, the various characteristics of the minor figures enhancing the common-sense and simplicity of the rustic heroin. Vida is the dauter of a minister on the coast of Arran — a man not so much originally cold-natured as numbed into selfishness by a humdrum life. The loss of her mother, which crushed the affection of Vida's father for his child, left the maid to gro up under the superintendence of an old scotch nurse of the ancient and faithful pattern. It was Nannie's care which sent her forth by herself on that adventurous errand of a morning call which led to the attachment of her life, and Nannie's anxiety for the future which secured the advantages of school education for the yung plodder in greek and latin in her father's study. Next to Nannie's faithfulness the disinterested love of Mr. Jeffrey is the best thing which befalls Vida's childhood. When, in after years, that chivalrous lover makes the mistake of revealing the attachment to his yung pupil, and Vida mistakes for a season the impulse of gratitude for love, the rectitude and unselfishness of both convert what mīt hav been an unpleasant incident into one of the best parts of the story." [Athenæum. **1891**

VILLETTE [by C.. (BRONTË) NICHOLLS: *Smith*, 1853.] "is a work of astonishing power and passion. From its pages there issues an influence of truth as healthful as a mountain breeze. Contempt of conventions in all things, in style, in thought, even in the art of story-telling, here visibly springs from the independent originality of a strong mind nurtured in solitude. As a novel, in the ordinary sense of the word, 'Villette' has few claims; as a book, it is one which, having read, you will not easily forget. It is true that the episode of Miss Marchmont, early in the first volume, is unnecessary, having no obvious connexion with the plot or the characters; but with what wonderful imagination is it painted! Where shall we find such writing as in that description of her last night, where in the memories of bygone years come trooping in upon her with a vividness partaking of the last energy of life? It is true also that the visit to London is unnecessary, and has many unreal details. Much of the book seems to be brought in merely that the writer may express something which is in her mind; but at any rate she has something in her mind, and expresses it as no other can." [Westminster. **1892**

VIOLIN PLAYER (The) [by BERTHA THOMAS: *Bentley*, 1880.] "has a satisfactory theme and is a well-constructed story . . . In studies of character the book is unusually rich. The author understands the artistic temperament throughout, and has traced it in a musician and in a sculptor, in a woman and in a man, with great skill. No less able is her delineation of the character of a fascinating woman of the world, a person with artistic taste but not an artist." [Athenæum. **1893**

VITTORIA [Sequel to "Emilia,"

by G: MEREDITH: London, 1866.] "has perhaps been one of the least popular of Mr. Meredith's novels, because of the repelling nature of the theme and the huge proportions of the book. But in its philosophy, its knowledge of human nature, its superb diction, its epigrammatic vividness, it will be found, if the right point of view is gained, not inferior in value as a social study to any of its stately companions." [American. **1894**

VIVIAN GREY [by Lord BEACONSFIELD: 1826.] "took the literary, social, and political worlds by storm . . . Notwithstanding the many flashes of genius in it, the novel would find few readers now were it the production of an unknown writer, but it was in complete harmony with the scandalous and scandal-loving tastes of the society to which it was offered, and through its preposterous burlesque of the things and thoughts around him was always expressed the daring individuality of the author. Neither Lord Lyndhurst nor Lord Clancarrig may have been intentionally caricatured as the Marquis of Carabas; Foaming Fudge may not have been purposely designed as a burlesque of Lord Brougham, nor Charlatan Gas of Canning, nor Fitzborn of Sir Robert Peel, nor even Stanislaus Hoax of Theodore Hook; but none the less were all these and nearly all the other persons in the book exaggerated reproductions, some clever, and some clumsy, of the characters and temperaments of actual persons conspicuous when the tale was written." [Athenæum. **1895**

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS (A). [by CAROLINE FOTHERGILL: *Ward & Downey*, 1888.] "The man with a mad wife who falls in love with a more attractive maiden is not exactly a novelty in fiction [compare No. 762],

but unexacting readers may find quite as much of sentiment and entertainment as they care for in Miss Fothergill's new version. The style is very good. There is no fault to find with it, and the dialog is managed as gracefully and easily as the description. Welsh scenery and town life are painted with equal facility." [Athenæum. 1896

WAGES OF SIN. [by "LUCAS MALET," i. e., Rose G. (Kingsley) Harrison: *U.S. Book Co.*, 1891.] "James Colthurst was an artist, a man of great talent, who had forced a recognition from his countrymen, and placed himself at the top of the ladder of fame in the artistic world of London. In his early youth, while a student in Paris, he became entangled with a woman by whom he had a child, and to whom he always felt himself in a measure bound because she had supported him, by questionable and unquestionable means, when he was ill and starving. He became the head of one of the art-schools in London, and there fell deeply in love with a rarely gifted woman who was his pupil. At first, knowing that his past life had rendered him unworthy of her, he made up his mind that he would never ask her to be his wife. Finding that she returned his love, however, his resolution weakened and they became engaged. His mistress, hearing that he was to be married, set his fiancée and told her the whole story of his life with her. On the spur of the moment, his sweetheart gave him up, but was soon convinced she had been too hard upon him, and was determined to recall him. In the meantime, the woman who had made the mischief was dying of consumption, and had sent for James Colthurst's intended wife to come to see her. Once arrived Mary sent instantly for James to come and make his peace

with the dying woman [compare plot of No. 1639]. It is just here that the extreme improbability of the 'The Wages of Sin' comes in. Mary renounced her lover forever, not in anger or in scorn, but because she deemed it right that he should belong to a woman whose hours were numbered, though she knew that his life would be ruined by her decision. It was not surprising that he threw himself from a cliff and was dashed to pieces." [Critic. 1897

WARDEN (The). [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: 1855.] See Nos. 1082, 1455.

WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS (The) [by JUSTIN MCCARTHY: *Tinsley*, 1867.] "is a good novel — well-written in good nervous English, — brief and emphatic, without any appearance of striving. The story is interesting, the characters speak as people in life talk when they have anything to say; and all talk well. Each one has his or her individuality, and they speak for themselves. The interest lies in the frank reality of the characters, who follow their fortunes regardless of author or reader. This gives a freshness to the book which is as grateful as a draft of sparkling water from a wayside rock to a thirsty traveler. The story turns on the power of a true and genuine nature to overcome strokes of adverse fate, sorrow, disappointment, and even grave mistakes in life and practice; making all work together to a mature and perfect growth of character." [Athenæum.] — "It is a book which no one can read without pleasure, nor close without regret; it is interesting but never sensational, picturesque but not exaggerated, unaffected and natural without becoming wearisome or insipid. The story opens in a retired portion of Switzerland, where an English clergyman and his wife are sojourning, and accidentally be-

come acquainted with Ralph Lennon, the hero." [Round Table. **1898**

WAY OF THE WORLD (The). [by D: CHRISTIE MURRAY: *Harper*, 1884.] "The history of Mr. William Amelia and his paper, 'The Way of the World,' may be taken as a satire on the society journal and the methods of its editor. The man and vocation fit each other, and worldly prosperity ensues. Mr. Amelia is diligently and delightfully snubbed, but that is small comfort, since inability to recognize a snub is part of his fortunate nature. The characterization is a clever and amusing piece of work—so clever and amusing that it almost excuses the author for whipping up choice items from the daily papers before the ink dries, and presenting them to us as fiction. At the same time it shows him scourging with the left hand what he imitates with the right. He holds Mr. Amelia up for detestation as an unscrupulous gossip, knowing that the spice in the dish is, for a great many readers, the inferential identification of Mr. Amelia [E. Yates?] with very interesting current gossip." [Nation. **1899**

WAY WE LIVE NOW (The). [by ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1875.] "The good American will find in this novel not only an entertaining story of modern life, but also a justification for his love of country. Whatever hard things have been said in times past of America by English travelers, English newspapers, and English writers, no description of ordinary American life at their hands was ever made blacker than this picture of English civilization by Mr. Trollope. . . . The novel contains descriptions of several kinds of life—the great world; the younger club life; genteel country life and humble country life; and we are allowed to get a glimpse or two of the journalistic world and of commercial life, and of

course learn a good deal of the condition of the matrimonial market. . . . Mr. Trollope's picture of literary life is entertaining. We have heard something before now of that dishonest tribe, the critics, and it hardly needed the amusing correspondence of Lady Carbury, the doting mother of Sir Felix, with the 3 editors of the Bee-hive, the Morning Breakfast-Table, and the Evening Pulpit, on the subject of her venture, 'Criminal Queens,' to show the real relation between authors and the conductors of the press. How Lady Carbury cajoles one editor and throes herself on the mercy of a second, and allows a third, without too much reproof, to kiss her in a moment of frenzied admiration, need not be told, nor how little her manœuvres help the sale of 'Criminal Queens.' Poor Lady Carbury, whose severe literary labors are only varied by the performance of the maternal duty of letting her son in at day-break, when he is in a condition which renders the use of his latch-key difficult, has a hard life, and it would have seemed only fair for the author to have disposed of Sir Felix in some way. But though he is terribly mauled on one occasion by honest John Crumb, who suspects him, not without reason, of dishonorable designs with regard to the young woman John desires to marry, he makes no sort of resistance, but allows himself to be beaten like a cur, and so preserves his valuable existence, to the inevitable future misery of his mother. Paul Montague, the honest young man of the book, is so extraordinarily weak that we cannot help wondering that he comes out as well as he does. He is always getting into some mess, either being engaged to one woman when he is rapidly becoming interested in another, or gambling, or getting his property involved, or entangling himself in some other way.

He is well drawn, as all the characters in the book are, but, one asks, why should so feeble a creature be thought worth drawing at all? He is in love with Hetta Carbury, and has been engaged to Mrs. Hurtle, an American widow, who has killed her man and been divorced from her husband, but with all her eccentricities is perhaps the nicest person in the book; and with Hetta her cousin Roger Carbury is also in love. Roger is an honest country gentleman, who is almost removed from the main current of the story, and who evidently thinks that 'the way we live now' is not at all a good way to live." [Nation.

1900

WE TWO [by "EDNA LYALL," i. e., Ada Ellen Bayly: *Appleton*, 1886] "is beautifully written, so that the style sustains one through the length, and certain striking and dramatic situations at times relieve the monotony with startling vividness. It is chiefly remarkable as a book written in the interests of what is known as revealed religion, which yet has an atheist for a hero — and really a hero; while the heroine, although a converted atheist, is none the less a clear-sighted, liberal thinker. Besides being radicals, the father and daughter are journalists, and the book is full of clever transcripts of the vicissitudes in the life of these 'two.' Incidentally, of course, there is a love-story." [Critic.] — "It gives the history of a father and daughter whose tender and intimate relation is defined by the title . . . She clings to her father, who is misunderstood, hated and denounced, and feels with all the warmth of her woman's heart the worth of the tie which binds them. There is much which is truthful and winning in the book, and the character of both father and daughter rouse our interest and sympathy." [American.

1901

WEARING OF THE GREEN (The).

[by "Basil," i. e., R. ASKE KING: *Chatto*, 1885.] "When have we read a more delightful story than 'The Wearing of the Green'? It opens as the typical Irish story, with the charming Irish girl; and it holds us from the first page to the last with the genuine fascination of the wit and humor, the drollery and pathos, the winning warm-heartedness and contagious lit-heartedness, of that pathetic and interesting people." [Critic.] — "He who loves a rosy cheek, and the native grace of Irish womanhood, painted on a background of uncompromising green, shall here find as pretty a story as he wishes. The mingled simplicity and guile, the humor and geniality, the brogue and the politics of Erin, do not possess an equal charm for everybody, and there are people with sufficient prejudice to decline beforehand the reading of a tale in which these things make up the whole plot and narrative. They will do themselves an injustice, however, if they refuse to read 'The Wearing of the Green,' for it is a bright and pathetic novel, with good characters and a lively style." [Athenæum.

1902

WEE WIFIE. [by ROSA N. CAREY: *Tinsley*, 1869.] "May every bachelor we know be as well-mated as more than one husband in this pleasant story, albeit Fay has her humors, — and so with some other charming women enshrined in this book. It is a joy to be among them." [Athenæum.

1903

WELLFIELDS (The) = No. 1010.

WENDERHOLME [by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON: *Roberts*, 1877.] "professes to be a study of Yorkshire life and character, but the representative natives who talk dialect and the middle-class mill owners who develop into millionaires are not half as well depicted as the people of gentler breeding, the poverty-stricken Prigleys at the parson-

age, with their patrician sympathies and their cruelly outraged tastes, and Colonel Stanburne, the commander of the militia, and his hi-born wife, Lady Helena. These last ar admirable. Colonel Stanburne is that very rare personage in fiction, a living gentleman—manly, kind-hearted, unintellectual, thūro-bred, lavish,—lapsing into pecuniary ruin more throu courtesy to others than indulgence to himself. His wife is a hi-spirited creature, a great deal more clever, conscious, and cautious than he, wiser, but not so sweet-natured, an exceedingly real woman, both in her pitiless anger at the discovery of her husband's folly and in her sudden and deep repentance for her severity." [Atlantic.

1904

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH [by "S.. TYTLER," i. e., Henrietta Keddie: *Dadly Isbister & Co.*, 1877.] "is a pleasant book. Pleasant in style, which neither aims at flippant brilliancy nor descends to important declamation or gush, but is that of a cultivated lady,—natural and pleasant in the persons and places with which the story deals, as well as in the happy end to which it is brôt. At the same time other characters besides the heroin hav to cōme throu their share of troubles enuf to make the story resemble life; and while the happy conclusion is sufficiently probable it is also sufficiently unexpected for fiction, and givs the reader genuin satisfaction. The heroin is a girl of gentle birth on her father's side, at whose death she and her sister wer left almost without money and with only two relatis." [Athenæum.

1905

WHAT THE WORLD WOULD SAY? [by C: GIBBON: *Bentley*, 1875.] "The Major falls genuinly in love with Bess, and, when she finds she is thwarted by the indifference of Austin, and her

father fails in a rich marriage he projects for her, in a moment of pique she elopes with the soldier. Then cōmes the narrativ of their poverty and struggles, and our author, by very natural degrees, converts the tolerance with which she first regards her husband to duty and affection. The dramatic interest in the story is confined to these. But incidently we ar introduced to many characters worth knoing. Killiwar is an amusing and worthy Highlander; Miss Janet's oddities ar pathetically humorous; the gate-keeper is a fine specimen of the reckless Scotchman." [Athenæum.

1906

WHAT YOU WILL [J. W. Parker, 1858.] "is full of cleverness and character. The incidents ar not numerous, and òne, constituting a sort of turning point, is nothing more than a commonplace; but the writing is natural and pointed, the illustrations of human nature ar vivid, and there ar sōme charming sketches of home life. The clergyman of Acton Bars is an admirable portrait, sōmewhat in Mr. Trollope's style; but the best part of the narrativ is described as 'The winding-up of the thread;' it is most tenderly conceived and most touchingly developed." [Leader.

1907

WHAT'S IN A NAME? [by S.. DOUDNEY: *Hodder*, 1883.] "is a very romantic story. One H: Jervaux marries secretly a girl belo him in social position, and thêreby offends his family. He dies, leaving òne child; and, we ar led to believ, that his wife dōes not long survive him. The child is adopted by his grandparents. Then a wido lady, who undertakes her education, appears upon the scene. Who this lady is, how she is avenged upon one who had wronged her in former times, we may leav for the readers to find out. The

tale is written with considerable power.”
[Spectator.]

1908

WHEAT AND TARES [by H: STUART CUNNINGHAM: *Harper*, 1860.] “is a capital story. Fresh, sparkling, and cheerful as a summer’s morning, it has also the hier elements of a first-class novel, in its striking delineations of character, in its fidelity to life, and in the essential nobleness of its sentiment and its philosophy. With some free and easy conversations, which may scandalize those who would treat the church and all its adjuncts as especially sacred, it has a good sense in its view of things sacred, as well as things worldly, which is very refreshing after the cant of so-called religious novels. [See No. 1346.] It may not increase reverence for bishops, deans, archdeacons, or popular preachers, but it will foster respect for manliness, generosity, frankness, and all christian virtues. Its vivacity never degenerates into slang, nor does it overstate the graces or faults of any of its personages. It is, we have no doubt, a very faithful picture of the life in an english sea-side town.” [Christian Examiner.] — “This is a *natural* work. It will please all readers, whose tastes and human feelings have not been utterly obliterated by the blood-and-thunder ‘sensation’ romances of the time . . . Altho there is nothing very novel either in its incidents or situations, the reader is agreeably interested to the close. Like most other modern stories, it is chiefly concerned with what may be described as the superficial aspects of ‘the course of true love;’ but, unlike most stories, so charmingly as all these adjusted and exposed, that the entire work becomes an exquisite picture of life. Trifles have no undue importance. We are not requested either to wail over exaggerated grief, or to prance with

spasmodic joy. There is neither the sickly whine of sentiment nor the lugubrious plaint of morality. The characters are natural, and vividly portrayed. The bits of description occur gracefully, and sometimes with excellent dramatic effect. The conversations are skillfully managed. We seem to be hearing the unaffected talk of clever people, who are always spritly and often brilliant. And throughout, the story is pervaded with a spirit of genuine humor, refinement, good sense, and feeling, which makes it altogether delightful.” [Knickerbocker.] — “The man of whom all men speak good because he does well to himself; who makes cleverness take the place of hard work, and taste that of conscience; and to whom ‘the world appears merely an “I writ large”’ has no doubt always been a recognized character, tho it has been left to comparatively recent writers to formulate him. Probably the ruffian manner of a more plainspoken time kept him in his place; it may be doubted, indeed, whether even Tito Melema [No. 926], the type for all time of this character, could really have risen to influence in the Florence of his day, and whether he is not a modern man projected on an ancient state of society. However this may be, he flourishes now, and several writers of our time besides G: Eliot have studied him with precision. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Justice Cunningham. Middle-aged people remember as one of the cleverest short novels which they ever read a book called ‘Wheat and Tares,’ in which is sketched a brilliant young man of this sort.” [Athenæum.]

1909

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. [by ELIZA (TABOR) STEPHENSON: *Macmillan*, 1871.] “The stories read very like the genuine recollections of the real girlhood of a charming woman, for

such a childhood could not help developing into a graceful and excellent womanhood. The stories are generally cheerful; but there is one which will bring tears into the eyes of all who read it. For simplicity and pathos we have seldom read anything more touching than the death of little Callie; but the book ends cheerfully and it will be pleasant reading for grown people as well as for children." [Athenæum. **1910**

WHEN WE TWO PARTED. [by S. DOUDNEY: *Maxwell*, 1885.] "There is much to praise and little to find fault with in this homely romance. The nonconformist minister and his surroundings, his puritan daughter and her lively maid, and the humors of his congregation are drawn with a thoroughly sympathetic hand. Shrewd sayings in a sententious form are scattered thickly throughout these pages, and prove the author to be a close but kindly student of humanity. She possesses, moreover, a vein of quiet humor which emerges pleasantly at times, as well as an artistic restraint which spares the reader unnecessary details." [Athenæum. **1911**

WHERE TEMPESTS BLOW. [by M. W. PAXTON: *Ward & Downey*, 1885.] "So unpretentious is the opening of this novel, that not until the middle of the first volume is reached does the reader realize the welcome truth that he has lit upon an uncommonly clever and engrossing novel. . . . There is a great deal of local coloring, but the freshness and humor of these pictures of scotch provincial life can not fail to enlist the sympathy of the reader by their truth and unconventionality. . . . Out of simple materials the author has written a singularly effective story, steadily advancing in interest, and concluding by a simple and artistic dénouement. We have read 'Where

Tempests Blow' with genuine pleasure. The style is vigorous and unaffected, and in keeping with the bracing moral atmosphere which pervades the whole story." [Athenæum. **1912**

WHICH SHALL IT BE? [by "MRS. ALEXANDER," i. e., Annie (French) Hector: *Bentley*, 1866; *Holt*, 1874.] "If we call this a remarkable novel, it is less for what it performs than for what it promises. In itself it is rather a series of studies than a finished work, and the reader will find it a curious study rather than an interesting novel. . . . Madame de Fontarce, born Blake de Ballyshanahan, is not only a new character, but is drawn with consummate art. Her outward appearance and her ménage are not new to us; but her religious principles, her cheap charity, her way of living on others and dying for them, are sketched to perfection." [Athenæum. **1913**

WHITE HEATHER. [by W. BLACK: *Macmillan*, 1885.] "Mr. Black here displays more than one attractive quality of his art as a writer of fiction, and it is fortunate both for his readers and for himself that some of these qualities are much fresher, at any rate in their manifestations, than others. Mr. Hudson and his daughter, for instance, who are followed in their holiday pilgrimage through the Scottish heather, are American studies of the best kind, and will win their way at once to the heart as well as to the critical approval of the reader. Still more directly will his heart be reached by the gentle Meenie, a veritable Scottish lassie, drawn in Mr. Black's tenderest, if not his strongest style. Ronald Strang, the keeper, is the true hero. . . . The verses constitute another element of freshness." [Athenæum. **1914**

WHITE HOUSE BY THE SEA

(The) [by MATILDA [BARBARA] BETHAM EDWARDS: *Smith*, 1857.] "is a novel of a class now uncommon, being made of love, pure and simple, and in the form of an autobiography. The heroine has two passions . . . The tender-hearted reader, however, must not despair; there is balm in Gilead, for the young girl quaffs a sweet nepenthe of second love, and lives with her husband in a place of pleasantness where all her paths are peace. Then returns the false one, base and haggard, and begs to be forgiven, which being done, he disappears through the shrubbery and embarks for the East. It is a tale told, apparently, by a youthful writer, and may be commended to readers old enough to sympathize with its ecstasies of joy and grief, and not too old to believe in heart-blits and breathing passion-flowers." [Leader. **1915**

WHO IS SYLVIA? [by A. PRICE: *Harper*, 1883.] "There is a 'bar sinister' in 'Who is Sylvia?' and so much misery descends upon her lovely head that it would be well to read the last chapter first, and then with a free mind to enjoy the always charming country life from which the book is made. Sisterhoods afford new ground for the novelist, and the scenes in St. Mary's Refuge show them at their best and worst." [Nation. **1916**

WILD HYACINTH [by — () RANDOLPH: *Lippincott*, 1875.] "is a very good novel, rich in good sense, pleasant pictures of English life, and instructive sketches of character. Its tone is exceptionally refined, and its moral, though not emphatic, is excellent . . . The author is very severe on ritualism and woman's rights; but these subjects are not prominent features of the story. The characters are drawn with great skill." [Boston "Literary World." **1917**

WILFRED CUMBERMEDE [by G. MACDONALD: *Hurst*, 1871] "is extremely original, clever and interesting. But the fact that it satisfies these conditions will not make it popular in the face of one defect: we mean the want of continuity in the narrative, in which are many lacunæ which one would like to see filled — perplexities which remain unsolved, motives which are left unexplained, actions which are never accounted for . . . The good-hearted, unworldly uncle to whose singular wisdom in dealing with children the boy owed whatever happiness of his boyhood he knew; the worldly lawyer, — his antitype — in whose physiognomy the unerring instinct of the child read the base nature his conduct revealed, Charley Osborne, his school and college friend, ruined by his father (an evangelical) from whom he inherited an abnormal sensibility, and who hated his son for not having inherited also the dogmas of his school; Clara Coningham, a woman capable of infinite good and infinite baseness, if the motive were there; and above all Mary Osborne, the 'Athenasia' of his dream who concealed, behind the veil of a commonplace, expressionless countenance, a nature more divine than human, — in all these the reader will find tokens that Mr. MacDonald's hand has not lost its cunning. But besides the faculty of drawing character, Mr. MacDonald has a wonderful gift of word-painting, which is shown more especially in his descriptions of alpine scenery, but comes out whenever he has an occasion to make language supply the lack of pictorial illustrations." [Athenæum. **1918**

WILFRED'S WIDOW [by — (SMEDLEY) HART: *Bentley*, 1883.] "is a thoroughly amusing book, the interest of which carries the reader on through every

page of a sufficiently brief story. We must say, however, that we have seldom read a story so lively which is open to the old criticism that the bad character of the novel is more interesting than any of the good characters with which she is brought into unfavorable comparison. It shows a good deal of that quiet humor in which women, when they have any humor at all, so often excel. The story opens with a picture of the deepest grief. News of Wilfred's death has just reached his family, who belong to the stiffest county society. Then follows the announcement that he had been married in Australia, and that his widow is coming. She arrives, and every one is captivated by her surpassing beauty. But she shows a strange forgetfulness or ignorance of all sorts of details with which Wilfred's widow ought to have been familiar [compare plot of 'Mrs. Fenton'] . . . The pictures of refined country life are excellent; and the young widow's astonishment, her vulgarity and cleverness, and the absurd influence of her beauty show a keen power of observation and a sort of genial shrewdness which charm the reader and interest him in the story, although he cannot fail to see what the conclusion is to be. The author's warm sympathy prevents her insinuating into character leading her to become cynical. She succeeds in the cleverest way in raising a kind of pity for the 'widow' at the very moment when her wicked imposture is unmasked. The style is brief and simple throughout, without any affectation of cleverness, and the characters appear to unfold themselves in whole chapters of self-analysis." [Athenæum.

1919

WILL DENBIGH. [Roberts, 1877.] "Herter Kenrick, its heroine, is a fresh, lovable bit of drawing. Her pretty rages and jealousies, her warmth, her

impulsive speeches, and loyalty to old friends and fixed ideas, are well depicted, and very like the girls we know in life. Of Will Denbigh, the 'nobleman,' we cannot say as much. He is a little too deep and earnest and self-abnegating, a little too unlike mankind out of novels, to excite our full sympathies. No such fault, however, is to be found with Miss Kenrick's other lover, Frank Halliday, who is admirably natural; spoilt, attractive, versatile, uncertain." [Boston "Literary World."

1920

WINNA [Charing Cross Pub. Co., 1878.] "is interesting. The people are 'nice,' and although they have their 'little weaknesses' they never scare us by getting into any serious scrapes, or into doubtful company. The scene of the first half of the story is laid in Italy, at the house of a baronet. To him enter his nephew and his niece Winna, who have agreed to meet their widowed mother on her way from India to Florence. The society of Florence seems to be cleverly sketched, without any attempt at word-painting or picturesque writing . . . The scene changes to the Devonshire village . . . She continues to entertain us by brief passages of shrewd observation and characterisation . . . Each character has an individuality . . . The story is readable and thoroughly pleasant throughout." [Spectator.

1921

WINTER STORY (A) [by F. M. PEARD: Roberts, 1877.] "is of rare excellence from every point of view. There is about it an air of good breeding—an artistic completeness, symmetry and finish—which sets it quite apart by itself . . . The landscape of the south of England is pictured with a loving and faithful hand. The atmosphere is fresh, pure, invigorating. The child life of Ronald and Jess, the earlier remorse and later peace of Philip, the gentle and

WINDOW IN THRUMS (A). [by JAMES M. BARRIE: *Cassell*, 1891.] "Tō the pleasure givn by the records of life in the hamlet of Thrums, it is difficult tō say whether humor or pathos contributes most. The grinding poverty, all the more severe because decent and self-respecting, the stern and unyielding religious creed practiced by these poor weavers, the patience and dignity with which both poverty and "the decrees of God" ar borne, touch the heart with pity, while the pictures of their vivid curiosity as tō their neighbors, and the pains they take tō satisfy it, and the conduct of their love affairs, ar replete with a quiet humor that is very taking. The author, tho principally occupied with the history of one family, givs glimpses of T'nowhead, Tammas Haggart, the minister—not Mr. Dishart [See No. 1475 m], his wife, and others of the village. The glimpses of Hendry's life open with the pleasing excitement attendant upon the minister leaving for a Sunday, and the conjectures as tō the personality of the supply, and, more interesting yet, the probable lodging of the supply. Jess, Hendry's wife, and the dauter, Leebie, ar fairly beside themselves with curiosity, and finally triumphant over certainty of knowledge. This description is full of dry humor and naturalness. Stil more amusing is the call which Hendry, Leebie and the dominie make upon the minister, during which Leebie assumes a downcast aspect and dumb manner, which deceives even the minister's wife intō a belief in her dulness, but the dominie listens as Leebie on her return home tels her mother the exact particulars as tō the furnishings of the manse, of the darned spot in the carpet

under the table, the worn place in the chair cover and the chamber fire-irons which don't match. The interest of these sketches lies in the recital of the homely pleasures, the pitifully small ambitions of the family (the struggles tō attain a beaded cloak ar of a gravity sufficient for the conduct of a state), the sweetness of their affection, their pride in Jamie the son, and the bitterness of his neglect and final desertion which ar told by the sympathetic onlooker, who deeply pities tho he can not help. In this book perhaps more than in any other, Barrie evinces his appreciation of the Scottish character. Many sentences contain whole volumes of evidence as tō the mingled narrowness and ambitions of the people." [Springfield Republican.]—"These reminiscences of a very old man ar grouped about a lame woman who, for 20 years or more, sat at a window looking down the brae tōwards the town with the dismal name of Thrums. The daily life of the decent poor is pretty much the same the world over, always commonplace, frequently dismal. It is no more interesting in fiction than in reality, unless the people who ar obliged tō put up with it hav some inborn strength, or grace, or purity which can't be destroyed by hard conditions. Such people Mr. Barrie has chosen tō tel about very simply and plainly, as befits his subject. Tō appreciate the story fully, one must hav some acquaintance with English as it is spoken from Maidenkirke tō John o'Groat's House, tho enuf is told in the uncorrupted tung tō giv an idea of the fine spirit inhabiting Jess Hendry's poor body, and of the great love with which she inspired family and neighbors." [Nation.

1920 p

true Hester, quaint farmer Ben and his strong-minded wife, and the ins and outs of the Pollard Farm, make up an 'ensemble' of uncommon attractiveness. The author writes with a reserved power, pleasantly mingles the humorous with the pathetic, and with great skill brings a spring-time of life and joy to succeed the 'winter' of grief, loneliness and despair with which her opening pages are chilled." [Boston "Literary World." **1922**

WITH HARP AND CROWN. [by WA. BESANT & JA. RICE: *Tinsley*, 1875.] "The heroin has the advantage of most heroins, in that she has some value as an ideal. She is patient, loving and womanly; an energetic worker in the world without the cant of strong-mindedness; and faithful to a deep attachment without hysterics or selfishness. Her story is not an uncommon one; she simply finds that the love of men does not bear the test of separation like that of women; her struggle with the world leaves external wounds, which impair instead of enhancing the only beauty for which her hero loved her; and she has to resign the happiest of her hopes in favor of one who has not earned them . . . Owen, the schoolmaster, is good and genial; the impetuous heartiness of his plans for regenerating society is excellent. Another figure at the zero point of moral excellence, is the sublime Lillingworth, the hermit of Lowland street, who deliberately contemplated the purchase of immortality by the production of clap-trap and sensation memoirs." [Athenæum. **1923**

WITHIN SOUND OF THE SEA [by C.. L.. (HAWKINS) DEMPSTER: *Paul*, 1878.] "is a novel of a kind which is not at all too common; short, natural, picturesque, never tedious, and thoroughly healthful." [Contemporary Re-

view.] — "The author of 'Blue Roses' writes delightfully. In her present tale the scotch scenes are particularly well-done. Only those who know Scotland well will be able thoroughly to appreciate their truthfulness. The description of the literary and scientific society at Edinburgh, when 'yung Robert' is at the university, is particularly good, and is not overdone by fine writing. We can most thoroughly recommend the story to all persons seeking a sound, wholesome novel." [Westminster Review. **1924**

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Smith*, 1879.] "The heroin is Lottie Despard, the daughter of Captain Despard, a gentleman of Irish descent and fallen fortunes, who has recently been elected one of the chevaliers . . . We feel greatly for these two young people, whose troubles come home to us vividly; and we cannot repress a throb of sincere sympathy when their jaunty, pretentious father, in his shabby coat with the flower in the buttonhole, brings matters to a climax by providing them with a stepmother in the person of an atrociously vulgar and flippant young dressmaker, who is a mésalliance even for him, and turns the already miserable home literally upside down . . . How Lottie wins a lover, considerably above her in society, and how she is innocently and unconsciously brought to the brink of ruin, is touchingly told; our sympathies go entirely with Lottie throughout the story, and she wins our affection involuntarily. Within the Precincts is a pleasant, cheerful bit of life, with its touch of romance and sentiment, its clever but harmless irony, and its fidelity to human nature." [Boston "Lit. World." **1925**

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS. [by E.. CLEGHORN (STEVENSON) GASKELL: *Harper*, 1865.] "In 'Wives and

Daughters' Mrs. Gaskell added, we think, to the number of those works of fiction — of which we cannot perhaps count more than a score as having been produced in our time — which will outlast the duration of their novelty and continue to be read and relished for a higher order of merit. Besides being the best of the author's tales — putting aside 'Cranford' [No. 1175], that is, (which as a work of quite other pretensions is not to be weighed against it, and which seems to us manifestly destined in its modest way to become a classic) — it is also one of the very best novels of its kind. So delicately, so elaborately, so artistically, so truthfully, and heartily is the story wrought out, that the hours given to its perusal seem like hours actually spent, in the flesh as well as the spirit, among the scenes and people described, in the atmosphere of their motives, feelings, traditions, associations. The gentle skill with which the reader is slowly involved in the tissue of the story; the delicacy of the handiwork which has perfected every mesh of the net in which he finds himself ultimately entangled; the fitness of touch which, while he stands all unsuspecting of literary artifice, has stopped every issue into the real world . . . these marvellous results, we say, as such as to compel the reader's warmest admiration, and make him feel, in his gratitude for this seeming accession of social and moral knowledge, as if he made but a poor return to the author in testifying, no matter how strongly, to the fact of her genius." [Nation.]

1926

WIZARD'S SON (The) [by M^r. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Harper*, 1884.] "is in the author's less pleasing manner, the plot being of the mysterious and exciting kind; but she manages her old castle and her en-

chanter or her ghost better than any body else now writing can. The reader's approval of the tale will vary in proportion to his willingness to put up with unexplained mysteries, but all will agree in the charm of the young girls. 'Hester' is as delightful as any whom Mrs. Oliphant has drawn, while so different from the others as to strengthen the opinion long prevailing in circles where her books are enjoyed, that she must take each one carefully from life, for how could one imagination supply so many?" [Nation.] — "It is a book which comes so near to positive greatness that the sudden and amazing falling-off in the final chapters moves one to a species of exasperation. A very commonplace young man falling heir to an ancient and ghost-encumbered inheritance in Scotland afforded a matchless opportunity for the calm and candid consideration of the relations between the canny and the uncanny, between the comforts of modern civilization and the venerable phenomena of second-sight. The story is accordingly conceived in a quaint spirit of equal hospitality to the two sets of influences; and it is most skillfully sustained to the last, being made to move smoothly and, so to speak, naturally along the narrow line between the possible and the impossible. The human characters are as distinct as need be, — altogether such as ourselves, and visited only from time to time by the 'blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized;' the 'revenant' is entirely '*comme il faut*.' All goes weirdly and well up to the moment of the final catastrophe, which it would have been so easy, one would think, to manage with the same fine and faultless ambiguity. If only the haunted tower had been made to crumble without warning of its inevi-

table decay, putting forever beyond the reach of investigation the mysteries which had pervaded it, the conclusion would have been perfectly consistent and credible, and the reaction in the reader's mind would probably have been toward wonder and faith. The lovers might still have been buried beneath the ruin, and then exhumed alive, if their merciful author absolutely would. But the antiquated and tawdry machinery of the secret chamber, the mystic lamp, the winking portrait, and the alchemist 'properties' generally test our credulity too severely, and make us more than half ashamed of the sincerity of our interest. Loch Houran tower is reduced to the rank of the Castle of Udolpho [No. 858].” [Atlantic.

1927

WOMAN OF MIND (A) [by — (JERROLD) SMITH: *Low*, 1879.] “is a pleasant tale told in a pleasant and unaffected manner. The style is fresh and bright, the characters simple and straightforward, without a touch of that obnoxious fastness with which too many novelists think fit to pander to a corrupt taste. Her heroine, if a woman of mind, is none the less a woman of heart.” [Athenæum.

1928

WOMAN'S KINGDOM (The) [by DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK: *Harpur*, 1868.] “as a love story is a success. It is not easy to conjure so much out of so little; and the author deserves credit for having made so readable a book with only ‘speaking parts’ in it . . . But Letty, the bad angel of the book, is truly amusing; her airy selfishness, meant to be very wicked, is piquant and excessively diverting. Her author called her into being to teach young people how wicked it is to flirt and break young men's hearts, by pretending to love them. But the young persons will see that a fatal error had been made in

Letty's anatomy, by leaving out a heart; consequently, they will be diverted by her old speeches, and may possibly see that they are not so beautiful as this heartless young woman is represented as being. And, after all, is there not a certain flavor of wildness in the human heart that revolts at the prospect of such a dead level of humdrum goodness as that which we are morally certain must be the lot of the married Doctor and Edna?” [Overland.

1929

WOMAN'S VICTORY (A) [by AGNES C. MAITLAND: *Tinsley*, 1876.] “is a thoughtfully written story . . . Wynward, a thoughtful and noble sort of man, has married a cold-blooded lady of fashion, who is attracted to him by his fortune, and soon ceases to conceal the indifference she feels for his aspirations. [Compare plot of ‘Marcia.’] The falling of the unequal yoke is described with painful fidelity. After the pair have long lived separate comes the acquaintance between Acton and Miss Colquhoun. Some scenes of terrible trial which the latter pass through together awake in the man the consciousness of his true feelings for the woman. In a moment of pain and weakness he reveals his secret. They part in an agony of love and shame, never to meet again. Helen, who is most worn down by what she thinks her guilt, is enabled, by a strange turn of fortune, to save the life of the woman to whom she owes an act of reparation, and perishes in doing so. Such is the outline of the tale, and its powerful conception is equalled by the skill of its gradual development. The victory of poor Helen over her rebellious heart involves a desperate conflict, but she comes out from it in the full possession of those faculties which throughout her short life have been devoted to the good of others. The incidents of life.

in a manufacturing town, which include the memorable famine during the American war [compare 'Probation'], as told with a vividness which denotes either actual experience or large powers of observant sympathy." [Athen. 1930]

WOMAN'S WILL. [by F.. [E..] (H.) BURNETT, Warne, 1887.] = *MISS DEFARGE*.

WOODLANDERS (The) [by T: HARDY: *Harper*, 1887.] "is a story of the present epoch, yet it seems better to describe Shakespeare's England than the England of our own time; the England of May-poles, midsummer-eve wanderings in haunted woods, all sorts of rustic customs and old time observances. It is indeed the magic of the triumph of Mr. Hardy's art that he has thus wrought imperishably into the mosaic of his novels the vanishing poetry and traditions of old England. The story before us is too hilly and subtly colored by the author's genius to be fairly told except as he has told it. It is in a high degree fascinating, but it is also one of the dreariest and most hopeless of books." [American.] — "The Woodlanders is a disagreeable novel; there is no disguising this melancholy conclusion. It arouses the keenest sympathies on the part of the reader, may, indeed, if he be of sensitive fiber, wring him with anguish, and leave him at the last, baffled, stupefied, cast down. The quality of inevitableness is there, and gives the book high rank as a work of art, but the inevitableness is too irresistible, too implacable. Edgar Fitzspiers is a monster of selfishness — a man who, while engaged in a shameful intrigue with a village wench, is pursuing the courtship of the sweet girl who soon becomes his wife, and whom within a few months he forsakes for the companionship of an adventuress. And when one nift it is

thought that Fitzspiers has been killed by a fall from his horse, these 3 women meet and shed their tears together; while the wife, altho in love with another — poor Giles Winterbourne, the most pathetic of all these victims of circumstances — the wife, wooed again by the returned husband, succumbs to his blandishments and consents to a reunion before the grass has grown upon the grave of the guileless, chivalric lover who gave up his life to save her from open shame. By the side of Giles Winterbourne Mr. Hardy places another figure whose consistency of purpose and unyielding fidelity, as equally pathetic and devoid of fruition. Mary South is a supremely successful embodiment of homely, faithful love, one who, made to play a thankless and even absurd part, at the last touches sublimity." [Boston "Literary World." 1931]

WOODLEIGH [by F: W: ROBINSON: *Hurst*, 1859.] "is a good novel, and one which will be read with interest not merely for the story — the interest of which is kept to the last — but for the knowledge of human nature and life-like characters it contains, with the sound common sense which is so deficient in most novels, but which is one of the especial attractions of the author of 'The Wild-flower.' There is no high fiction description of beautiful heroes and heroines; the characters are all poor earthly mortals, as plain as one meets in every day life, and painted with all their imperfections on their heads, as a warning to others with the same faults — as novel characters should be. . . . Woodleigh is not a novel to be read and thrown aside; it will be found quite as interesting in the second perusal. The author possesses two excellent qualities requisite for the novelist, namely, — a great knowledge

of character and the art of telling a story." [Leader.

1932

WOODED AND MARRIED [by ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY: *Lippincott*, 1876.] "bears in its title a rather frank avowal of those subjects which writers of fiction have seldom found it to their interest to eschew. Here we have our old friend, the poor governess, apparently insignificant and girlish; but, altho she has a way of yielding to her quick temper, she has the good fortune to interest a number of people in her, and in time, after much delay, she marries the squire 'with the quizzical eyes.' There is in all this a good deal of 'gushing'; but there is less of it when the author fairly buckles down to business, and it is her digressions which are the most tiresome things in the book. There is besides this a more serious fault—the wholesale slaughter and maiming of so many of the characters. Rheumatic fever, dislocated ankles, blindness, heart disease, hunting accidents, and sudden death make the story almost as alarming reading as a report of sewage commissioners; but then they supply incidents enough to interest the most callous." [Nation.

1933

WOOLING O'T (The). [by "MRS. ALEXANDER," i.e., Annie (French) Hector: *Holt*, 1873.] "Mrs. Berry is a good type, and so is the polished and scoundrelly M. de Bragance, who after he has married the widow and got hold of her property, begins his travels not only with her but with another lady no better than she should be, not troubling himself afterward much about the former, who finds a refuge in England . . . Maggie Grey, the heroine, with her familiar eyes of changing blue, pensiv, sensitiv,—shy mouth, indescribable nose, frank, open forehead, delicately turned neck, and pretty figure, beloved by

Lord Torchester, her cousin John Grey, and by the hero, Geoffrey Trafford, always modest, always natural, always charming, has not infrequently been met by novel-readers; while Trafford himself, the aristocratic, sarcastic, witty, traveled man of the world, who at 32 has exhausted its pleasures, and who, tho 'steady,' would 'stick at nothing which he wanted very much,' who is always a perfect gentleman, however, with infinit depths of possible passion in his dark eyes, which makes all women say instinctively to themselves, 'How he could love!' who deeply loves Maggie and is deeply loved not only by her but by a legion of other women—Geoffrey Trafford, too, has been playing his part for a long time." [Galaxy.

1934

WORLD WE LIVE IN (The) [by OSWALD CRAWFORD: *Chapman*, 1884.] "is a capital novel. It is lively and sparkling throughout, and one can only regret that it is so short. The story is excellently contrived, and told not merely in an easy and racy style, but with admirable skill. The action all takes place in the course of a few days at a country house. The house party furnish the characters, and an excellent party they make. They are drawn with a firm hand, and stand out distinct and intelligible. 'The World We Live In' will be popular with men as well as with women. It is the sort of novel which men like. Not much burdened with analysis, and free from disquisition, and description, it is full of good spirits, and love, and bits of good criticism. It is a pleasure to find a writer who takes a cheerful view of life and is ready to believe well of human nature, and who yet writes like a man of the world, and, if it is not impertinent to say so, like an educated gentleman too." [Athenæum.

1935

WORLD'S VERDICT. [by "ANNIE

EDWARDS: "Hurst, 1861.] "We could not give a sketch of the story without greatly diminishing the reader's pleasure when he gets the book, for it contains a story, and a very good one, worked out with all the art which is necessary for concealing art. The only questionable point in the mere execution, is whether the first chapters, in which the hero, saddened by his wretched fate, is introduced to the reader at Brighton, should have been the first chapters, or not. But the best beginning of a tragic tale is sometimes difficult to find; and poor G: Rutherford might not have excited the reader's attention, if he had not been introduced on his first starting in life as an artist. The character of Laura Bellayne is powerful in its truth; there is no word too much or too little about that woman. Vain, weak, coquettish, false, heartless, cold and sensual, yet beautiful outwardly, with brain and histrionic talent enough to act any part they choose for their selfish ends, such women have the power to lure the love of the best men, if those men are too young and unworlily to be aware of their dodges. Laura is a fine specimen of a bad woman—very different from Becky Sharp; but as clever a sketch as the latter is a finished picture. Laura, with her large, soft, hazel eyes, her small, white hands, and her graceful figure, is as clear to the mind's eye as the wonderful, piquante, plain, white-shouldered Becky." [Spectator. **1936**

WYNCOTE [by — () ERSKINE: *Holt*, 1875.] "is a very quiet story, remarkable for its pleasant pictures of village society, and its delineation of a noble family reduced almost to indigence, and restored by marriage into a rich plebeian family. Three of the feminine characters are very lovely,—Phœbe, the heroine, Rose Cooper, and

the brave, strong, yet tender-hearted Camilla." [Boston "Literary World."]—"Mrs. Erskine's heroine is a young girl who has been brought from Rome, where she was the much-tried daughter of a blind and starving artist, to officiate as companion to an ancient lady, under the eye of the latter's daughter, a strenuous old maid of charitable pursuits and a romantic history. Miss Camilla, the old maid, is extremely good, and the author has happily commingled in her composition the disagreeable and the sympathetic. There are various other persons, especially a certain Lydia Ashton, a young lady who 'goes in' for the highest æsthetic culture. She is very well done, her companions are lightly but happily touched, and the story, albeit rather tame, is agreeable and naturally unfolded. It has a compactness and symmetry which denote an artistic instinct, and it is, in a good sense of the term, a ladylike book." [Nation. **1937**

YOUNG MISTLEY. [*Bentley*, 1888.] "Except in a few scenes in which some melodramatic foreign conspirators play an eminently futile part, the characters of 'Young Mistley' are well drawn and in effective contrast . . . It is a graceful and pleasing story, with an attractive heroine and a gallant hero, equally successful in diplomacy and private theatricals. The author has a wholesome regard for chivalrous adventurers, and metes out hard words to the disciples of asceticism, who are described as 'damsels who mistake, in themselves, bodily weakness for mental weakness, dressing in sombre misshapen garments in order to pass on the belief to others.' Nor is the pathetic side of life unrepresented in these pages. Laurence Lowe is an interesting figure, a taciturn, steadfast man who had 'stood by' all his life." [Athenæum. **1938**

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE. [by DI-
NAH MARIA (MCLOCK) CRAIK: *Hurst*,
1879.] "It requires courage to write a
book, nowadays, in which the sentiment
is healthful and the characters healthy.
This book takes us back to a few such
simple ideas as love, truth, honor, and
embodies them in strong personifications.
There is a refreshing optimism which
abounds on every page, altho now and
then degenerating into 'gush.' There
is no striking originality in the story or
the people it tells of. Roderick Jardine
fell in love with a young girl whom he
saw by the lake side at **Neuchatel**,
and afterward discovered to be Silence
Jardine, the daughter of the kinsman, who
had died . . . The poverty was the
graceful, self-respecting poverty of the
swiss protestant community, and the
picture of Silence is drawn with affec-
tionate eagerness, as presenting a not
unknown type of puritan loveliness.
Roderick was enchanted with the village
refinement of life into which he was
suddenly thrust . . . The book is chiefly
an account of the love, life, and strug-
gles of this young couple. Roderick is
unused to poverty, is ashamed to work
at first, and learns the lesson with some
bitterness of heart, coming out nobly,
however, at the last. 'Young Mrs.
Jardine,' who is, perhaps a trifle over-
drawn, is an unselfish and devoted
character. We have no hesitation in
pronouncing the book worthy of the high
reputation of its author." [Californian
and Atlantic.

1939

YOUNG MUSGRAVE. [by M^{rs}. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Macmillan*,
1878.] "Pity that a thoroughly successful
writer should be stirred by the natural
but rather childish ambition to show that
his or her power is not limited by one
style, or one tone of feeling, or to the
description of one class of people and

manner of life. Mrs. Oliphant is so
thoroughly admirable — so unrivalled in
her peculiar department (country-town
life, and the strife between Church and
Dissent at the vicarage, the chapel
house, the squire's and the grocer's) —
that it is to be regretted that she should
try her hand at what approaches ro-
mance, — the castle, the lake, the fells,
the gypsies, the madman, and the mur-
derer [compare Nos. 744 and 1927].
And yet this story had nearly been a
success. We read the first volume with
great pleasure and some genuine delight.
The decaying grandeur of the castle,
the bleak fells, and the gleamy lake,
bordered by its storm-beaten pines, are
described with a striking picturesque-
ness; and in keeping with them are the
wiry old squire, who has been a hard
man in his day, the venerable and re-
spectable now, — for, as Mrs. Oliphant
rather cynically observes, 'age has a
way of counterfeiting virtue, which is
generally very successful;' and Mary,
his daughter, a timid, gentle, loving old-
maid, still blushing at the recollection
of her admirers, who devotes herself to
her old father and a little niece and
nephew; and the said niece and nephew —
motherless children — the former a most
attractive picture of the motherly instinct
in little girls, which is capable of nerv-
ing them to unwonted courage, but which
gives way quickly to the timidity of the
child and the dependence of the woman."
[Spectator.] — "It contains many ele-
ments of a first rate novel. Had Mrs. Oli-
phant only been content to tell a simple
story instead of straining her inventive
faculties to the utmost in order to con-
struct a far-fetched, intricate plot, in-
tended to keep on the tip-toe of expectation
to the end of the third volume, her present
book would be a truly charming work . . .
The interest of the story depends on the

author's nice discrimination of character, sympathetic insight into child life, true sentiment, and fine descriptive power. She has what Carlyle calls the faculty of 'seeing.' In a few words, sometimes, she not only renders the outer aspect of nature, but its inmost expression. Some of her descriptions rise to the height of poetry." [Athenæum. 1940

ZAIDEE. [by M^A. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*, 1856.] "A charming family at a country house in Cheshire are about to celebrate the coming of age of the heir; the father has long been dead. A few days before the grand event, Zaidée, the orphan child of a younger brother, finds inside an old book in a deserted garret, a lost will, — by which the estate is bequeathed to her

father, and consequently she is the rightful heiress to the Grange. Dreadfully shocked at this discovery, she mopes about the house, not daring to destroy the document, and yet made miserable by keeping it, — her sorrow betrays her and her secret is surprised; the fatal document is read by the family, who all acknowledge it as genuine, — and cousin Zaidée, driven to despair because her cousin will not accept the estate as a gift, obtains a very apocryphal letter of introduction to a family in London who are in want of a nursery governess . . . All these impossibilities are, however, so well and pleasantly narrated that the reader is carried along, step by step, until it pleases the author to unravel the tangle of affairs." [Athenæum. 1941

"Who read English books? American young people read them—to their own undoing. Much has been said of the evil results of the reading of cheap sensational novels upon boys and girls. They are advised not to read these bad books, but to take good books. Thousands of our young people never see the dime-novel type of book because they have plenty of good novels, well written, refined, interesting, moral in tone, and apparently without any harmful tendency. Now the larger part of these (in a literary sense) excellent books are written in England by English authors, and are read by American young people to their lasting injury, and to the injury of our time and country. These English writers intend no harm; their books are strictly moral and convey many good and noble lessons; and yet the books do lasting harm, and to their influence can be traced much of the false pride, incompetency, idleness and vice to be found in our cities. These harmful lessons in so many English novels are writ between the lines — unread, yet clearly understood and believed . . . It is impossible to say what is the exact influence of these books on our young people. It is clearly not for good. Do they not explain in part much of the idleness, the false pride, the secret worship of rank that fills their minds? At any rate, they are un-American and we do not want them." [Maurice Thompson in Critic.

Romantic Novels are divided into two classes,—those which are and those which are not, historical. This list is devoted to the latter, but a few historical tales, in which history is at a minimum, have been included. An excellent bibliography of Historical Fiction exists in the L. H. catalog of the Boston Public Library.

“No author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable event of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall flowers, need ruin to make them grow.” [Nathaniel Hawthorne.]

“Few things are more conclusively established in this commonplace day and practical land than the utter abolition of the romantic element of life. People who read Mrs. Radcliffe and the Ledger—and there are those besides ourselves, we are credibly informed, who are in the habit of reading both—must often heave a sigh of regret for the vanished and delightful mysteries commemorated in those obsolete but fascinating pages. Not the subtlest effort of imagination can again people the prosaic walks of daily life with the weird shapes that haunted every nook and corridor of Otranto’s enchanted and enchanting castle. The lonely wayside inn which was wont to be the very nursery and stronghold of romance has become disgustingly commonplace and safe. No ingenious trapdoor opens to engulf the slumber of the unsuspecting traveler; no horrent spectre with flaming eyes and hollow voice emerges from the wall to menace and dismay; no lovely and compassionate barmaid clambers in at the window to warn of the murderous landlord and to save from his sanguinary toils; no foe the chance sojourner has to dread more deadly than the susurrant mosquito or the insidious cimex. The secret doors and hidden stairways and subterranean passages, the unbodied voices, the irresponsible skeletons, and unaccountable knits who made beautiful and thrilling the ways of a preternatural past, have forever disappeared. That whole charming web of mediæval romance the ruthless besom of modern enlightenment has swept into dust and oblivion. We are encompassed with an atmosphere of almost oppressive reality, and it is a genuine relief when some unusually ingenious murder or flagrant fall of unsuspected respectability gives us a brief respite from the tyranny of the commonplace.” [Round Table.]




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
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